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JANUARY 11, 1999

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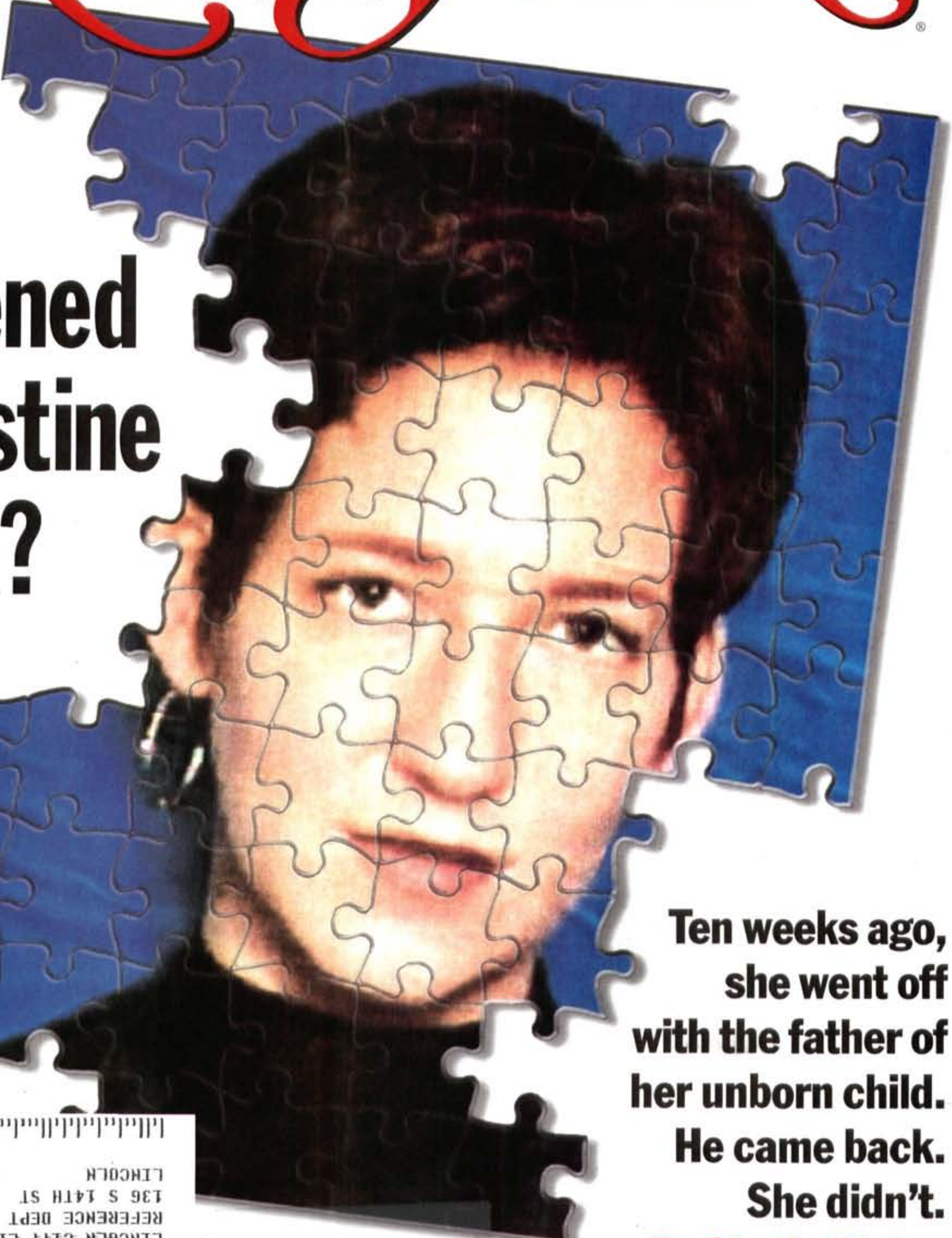
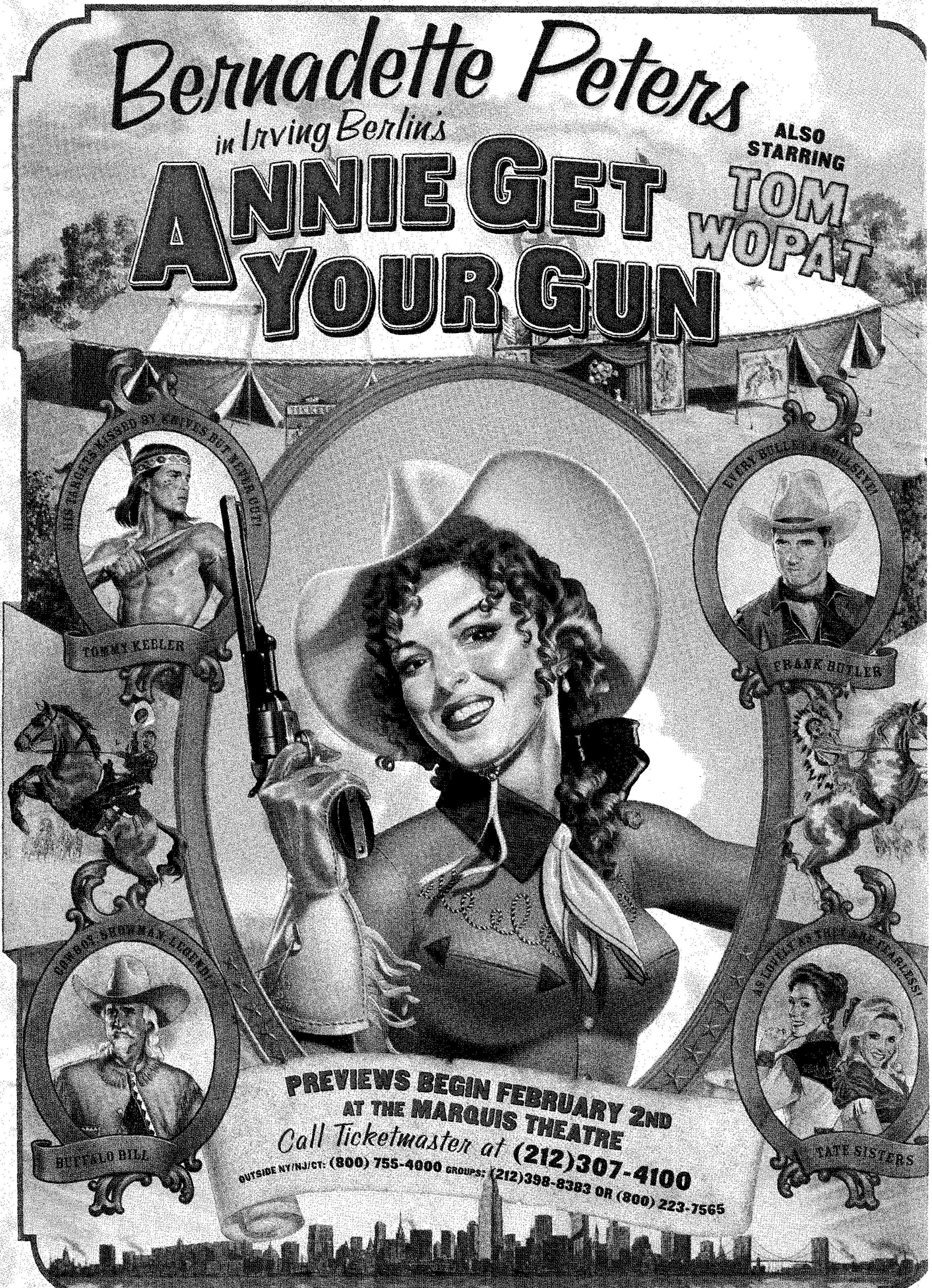


What Happened To Kristine Kupka?

Ten weeks ago, she went off with the father of her unborn child. He came back. She didn't.

By Sheila Weller

JAN 11 1999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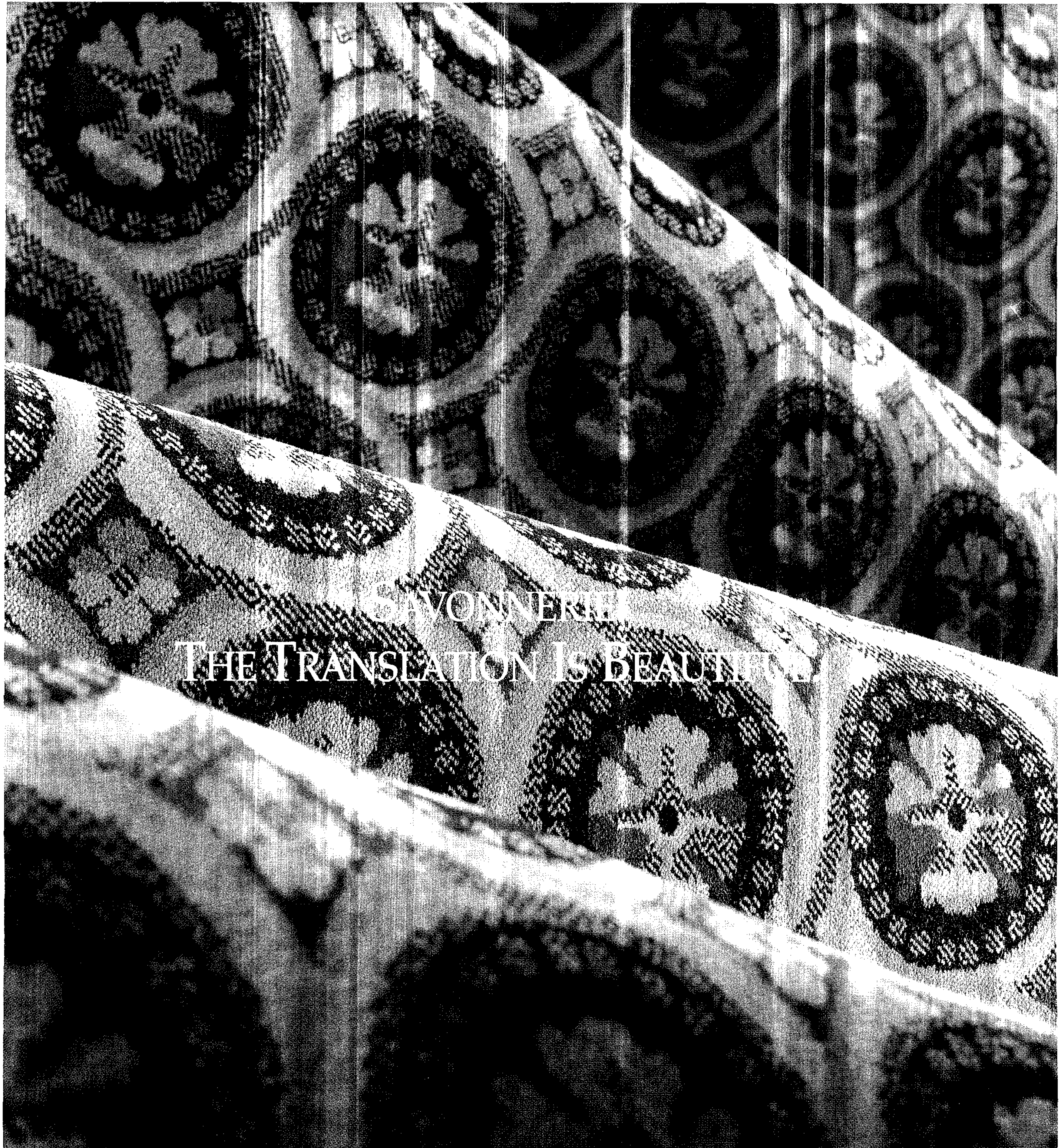

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By Sheila Weller

Vivacious, popular, and five months pregnant, Baruch College honor student Kristine Kupka was thrilled about the baby and making plans for law school when she disappeared on October 24. Her family and friends are sure the unborn child's father—a married Guyanese émigré and Kristine's former science instructor—knows what fate befell her. But after ten discouraging weeks of searching, police aren't convinced it's an open-and-shut case—and Kristine is still a missing person.

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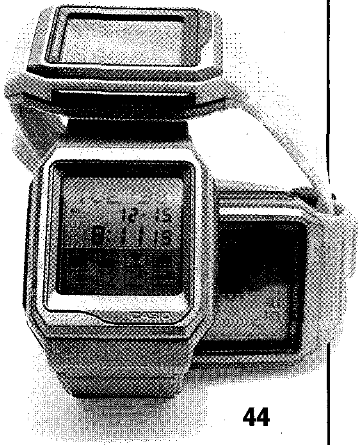

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The Latest Dish

THE SMALL, PRIVILEGED SECT KNOWN as People Who Get Paid to Eat is inducting a new member this week: Joseph O'Neill joins *New York* as the "Underground Gourmet" columnist. The column has been a vital part of the magazine ever since founding design director Milton Glaser and contributing editor Jerome Snyder invented it in the sixties as an excuse to take their colleagues out to dinner. The mission, then as now, was to mine the city's vast reserves of culinary talent—from sceney storefront bistros to the latest ethnic sensations, from lunch counters with faultless tuna-fish sandwiches to barbecue joints with the ultimate ribs.

An Irish-expat lawyer and novelist (his well-received first book, *This Is the Life,* was published here in 1991 by Farrar, Straus & Giroux), O'Neill was educated in Iran, Turkey, Holland, and England. But it was only by coming to New York, he says, that he was finally able to satisfy his hunger. "The most pressing question among New Yorkers is 'Where do I eat?' This is a population with constant pangs of hunger."

O'Neill possesses just the culinary antennae—and finely tuned sense of humor—to scour the metropolis for the little-known but eminently edible. He also happens to be married to *New York*'s fashion director, Sally Singer, which means the column's original purpose of feeding the staff will continue to be fulfilled. His inaugural "Underground Gourmet" is on page 59; expect the column to appear in the magazine every other week.

O'Neill joins our chief food critics, Gael Greene and Hal Rubenstein, along with Peter Kaminsky, who has been our occasional "Underground Gourmet" columnist and will henceforth be writing longer pieces about who's in the city's premier kitchens and what they're stirring up for those of us who have a penchant for making reservations rather than casseroles. Robin Raisfeld, who covers restaurant news in the "Cue" section, will also be writing in our new "Smart City" section on food trends—and the best places to sample them for yourself. Dig in. ▬

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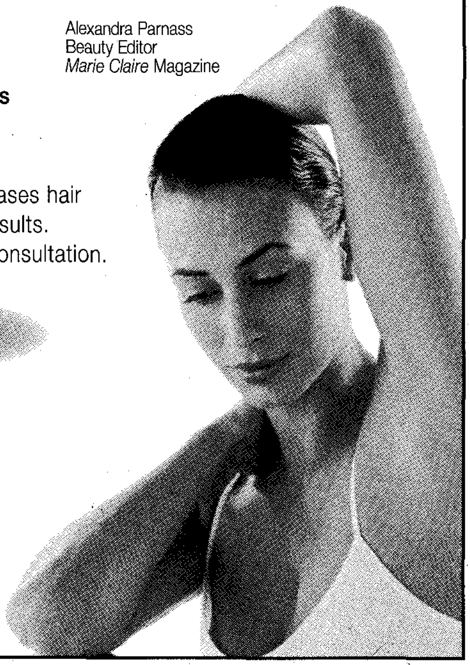

Tough Guys

Tony Ricco's aggressive defense of Corey Arthur earns him some enmity; patients deserve honest answers at any age; a double crossword whammy.

I ASKED ANTHONY RICCO "HOW CAN you sleep at night?" shortly after the verdict was read convicting Corey Arthur of second-degree murder for the death of Jon Levin ["Tony Ricco Sleeps Very Well, Thank You," by Chris Smith, December 7]. Contrary to Ricco's statements in the article, he did not threaten me: "You don't back up, I'm gonna put you to sleep." Ricco simply responded that he was "doing [his] job." Apparently, distorting the facts is something that he is quite accustomed to. Ricco falsely portrayed my friend Jon Levin as a drug addict, even though the issue of drug use was irrelevant. It seems hypocritical that Ricco would claim that he is an advocate for the less fortunate while attacking the character of an individual who devoted his life to helping underprivileged students. I find it ironic that Ricco was so incensed by my question yet found it acceptable to maliciously attack the character of an individual who could not defend himself.

Greg Fornasar
MANHATTAN

WHAT MAKES TONY RICCO SUCH A DESPICAble human being is not that he tries to be a "good" defense lawyer but that he tried to hurt Jonathan Levin's reputation in order to get his client a lesser sentence. Is that what it takes to be good at your job? Ricco says that the real tragedy of the Levin case is that people will be fearful to extend themselves to help others. I think the real tragedy in the Levin case was the loss of a truly heroic person. It is pretty amazing that after Ricco is done with his self-promoting he is able to sleep like a baby. I wish Levin had that luxury.

Elizabeth Mulholland
MANHATTAN

IT IS CERTAINLY COMMENDABLE THAT TONY Ricco tries to help people in his community. It is also despicable that he apparently blames Jonathan Levin for allowing Corey Arthur to murder him by naïvely reaching out to Arthur without "fully understand[ing] what and whom he was grabbing hold of." Nice logic—I didn't learn that defense in law school. Sounds like a double standard: Give the underprivileged a chance but don't treat them like the other kids. Is that how Ricco's teachers treated him?

Michael Chernis
MANHATTAN

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, or sent via e-mail to NYLetters@aol.com. Please include a daytime phone number.*

Powerful Children

AFTER YEARS OF WORKING WITH SERIOUSLY ill patients, this year I saw the process from both sides of the bed ["Painful Choices," by Susan Brenna, December 7]. My family experienced six hospitalizations and one outpatient evaluation for metastatic cancer. While medicine has its magic, it's apparent that we have much to learn about talking and listening to our patients—irrespective of age or socioeconomic status. I applaud Drs. Philip and Elena Lister and all families who assertively advocate for all family members to be spoken to honestly at all times regarding their treatment. This is the ultimate challenge for the practitioner.

Marilyn Schiller, Ph.D.
MANHATTAN

I WAS DRAWN TO SUSAN BRENNA'S RIVETING story because my husband and I faced an equally challenging predicament with our own child. At 3½ months, our baby girl was diagnosed with a fatal form of heart disease. In retrospect, our decision was made easier by the absence of choice; it was either transplantation or death. Despite the difficulties we face whenever our baby is summoned for biopsies or is "poked" for blood for analysis, seeing Sabrina grow has made all our troubles worthwhile. My heart goes out to the Listers—losing Liza at the age of 6 must have been incredibly difficult, given all the smiles and memories they shared.

Mary Chan
MANHATTAN

I WAS SURPRISED TO READ THE COMMENT that Dr. Fred Epstein's office was "full of awards and certificates," the implication being that Dr. Epstein was pompous and self-aggrandizing. I have been in Epstein's office many times (he saved my daughter Kelsey's life), and the only certificates that I have ever seen on his walls refer to the New York Yankees. Ask the parents of *any* of the children whose lives Dr. Epstein has saved. There is no one better.

Nancy Calabrez
ISLIP, N.Y.

Good Eating

I WAS RAISED IN ECUADOR ON A DIET OF seafood, grains, fruits, and vegetables, and I was unaware that the "national dish" of my homeland was lost to my taste buds ["Gotham: Rodent du Jour," December 7]. Writing that cuy is the national dish of Ecuador is akin to anointing roast squirrel the national dish of the U.S. Many Americans eat squirrel, and I'm sure that just like cuy, it makes a wonderful meal, but neither I nor any other members of my family have ever eaten "roasted rat." The Third World–barbarian spin of your article paints cuy as the meal of a backward culture. Especially when it is placed alongside that photo orgy of the fabulous called "The Scene."

Otto Avila
MANHATTAN

Crossword Jungle

AS LONG AS WE'RE GETTING BIBLICAL, LET me say this: Let him who is without sin cast the first stone ["Gotham: Cameo," December 21–28]. After castigating the *Times* for not catching two crossword-puzzle errors in the same week, you failed to turn the scepter of judgment upon your own puzzle of December 14. The clue for 71-Down matched up only to a five-letter blank—unless the penitent looked one space to the left, where it was revealed that the number corresponding to 71-Down miraculously appeared in the middle of the answer to 45-Down. Perhaps the true sign of the coming apocalypse is two errors in two crosswords by two news outlets on the same day.

Laura Tatum
MANHATTAN

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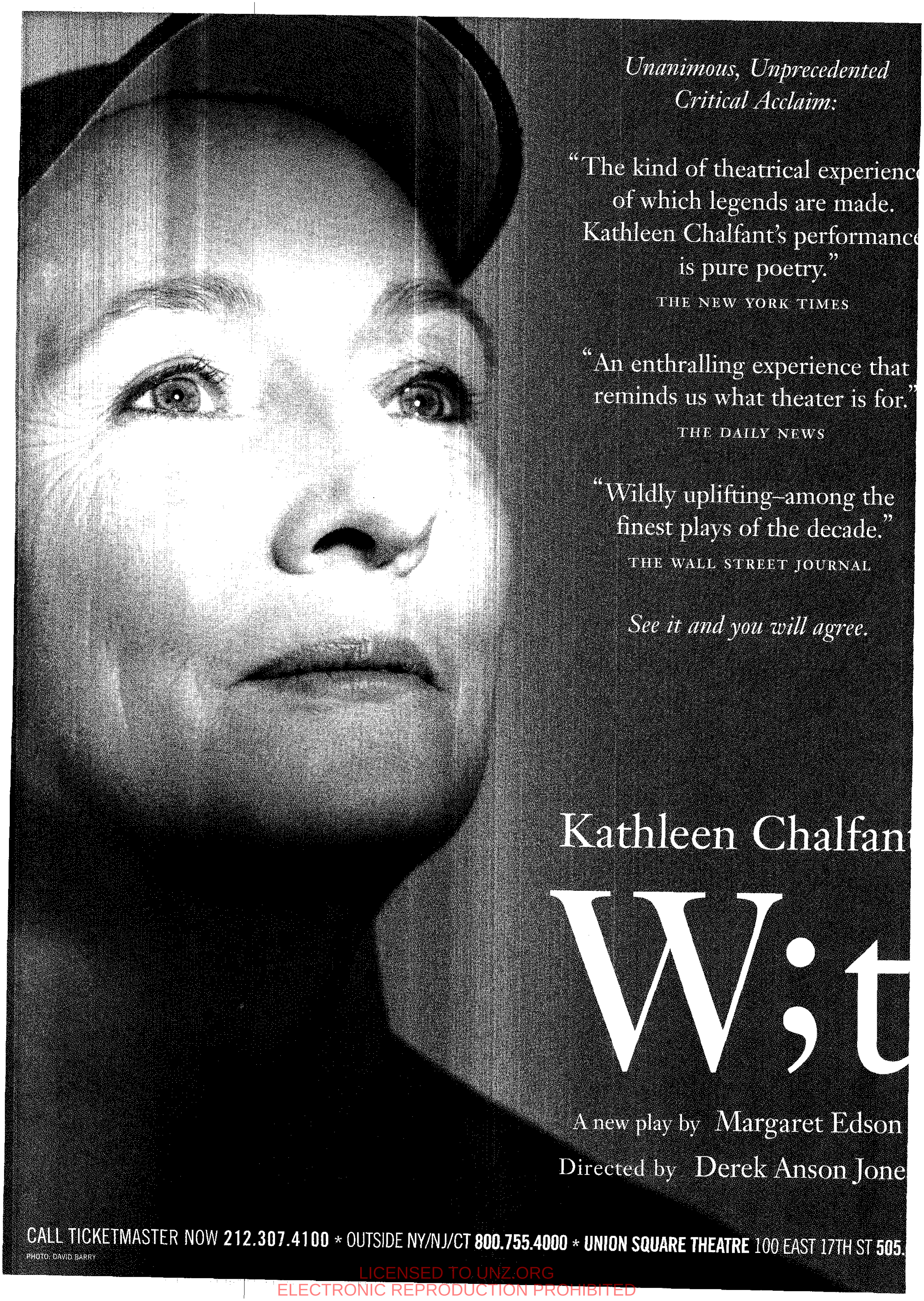

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INTELLIGENCER

THERE'S NO LOVE LOST AT HOT 97

Ed Lover, the popular morning D.J. at Hot 97, could get some laughs by reading his Equal Employment Opportunity Commission file over the air. **Maija DiGiorgio**, who was hired in August to replace **Lisa G** and Lover's longtime partner, **Dr. Dre**, just had her lawyer, **Neal Johnston**, file a notice with the EEOC that details a particularly outrageous event last November. "You got Dr. Dre fired," a heckler at Carolines comedy club shouted at DiGiorgio, who retorted with a standard insult and finished her act. But when Lover took the stage, according to DiGiorgio's affidavit, he turned to the heckler and said, "The reason why Dr. Dre isn't here and Maija is, is that she sucks my dick. Dr. Dre wouldn't suck my dick, but Maija does and she does a good job of it." After the next morning's show, Lover and DiGiorgio met with Hot 97's execs. "I didn't want to lose my job, so I kept my mouth shut at first," reports DiGiorgio. "Ed started yelling that I was crazy and he couldn't work with me." Once she made it clear that she would not tolerate Lover's sexual harassment, her affidavit charges, "my employer responded with a retaliatory termination." But according to Hot 97's general manager, **Judy Ellis**, DiGiorgio was never fired. "Maija said one day she didn't want to do this, period," insists Ellis, who adds that she's never heard of the incident at Carolines. DiGiorgio says the station won't even give her tapes of her shows. Maybe they're afraid she'll work them into her new show at Nada 45, *Rats!*

CEO, COP KILLER—IT'S ALL RELATIVE

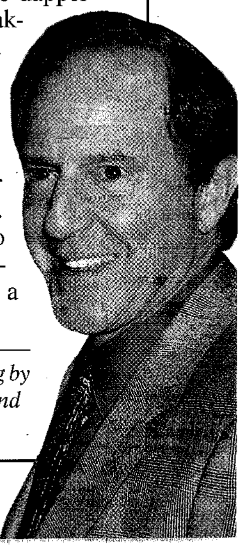
Forget about six degrees of separation. It turns out there's only a single degree separating the nation's highest-paid female executive, **Linda Wachner**, from **Scott Schneiderman**, the failed stockbroker who tried to rob his father and wound up murdering a police officer. More than 25 years ago—before Wachner commandeered Warnaco's corporate fleet—she sat next to a businessman playing gin rummy on a commercial flight from Florida to New York, and married him. Seymour Applebaum died in 1983, and three years later his widow took over Warnaco and started flying high with the likes of **Barbara Walters**, the late Pamela Harriman, and former governor **Hugh Carey**. But during the ten years of her marriage, Wachner knew Applebaum's daughter—who just happens to be Scott's mother, **Ann Schneiderman**. In his criminal trial, Scott testified that he decided to rob his father because he "grew very angry" while helping his mother fill out an application for food stamps. Ann Schneiderman clearly never went to her famous stepmother for help—perhaps because Wachner was divorcing Applebaum when he died. "I haven't seen Ann in twenty years," says Wachner. "I'm certainly not in contact with her."

CHAOS BURSTS PATRONS' BUBBLES

The owners of Chaos may be planning to sell their club, but they seem determined to squeeze every last penny out of the place while they can. Two recent visitors to the SoHo hot spot stopped by for a drink and ended up with a $450 tab for a bottle of Cristal they claim they were tricked into ordering. **Melissa Geiger** and her friend **Cheri Di Cerbo** say they were about to order a couple of cocktails when their server informed them that they were sitting at a reserved table and would have to buy an entire bottle of liquor or champagne—no wine—if they wanted to keep their prized seats. After they specifically requested a bottle of $80-to-$100 champagne, the patrons say, their waitress suggested, "Cristal's the best," and uncorked the pricey bubbly before telling them that its cost was more than four times what they'd said they could spend. When the stupefied women then refused the bottle, a manager was called—and his solution was to keep them under bouncer guard while he called the police. The officers told the naïve nightclubbers that they could be arrested for theft of services and spend up to two nights in jail waiting to be processed out. "We were humiliated. I was on the verge of tears," says Di Cerbo. She and Geiger scraped together a total of $160 but say that the club's manager refused to let them off for a penny less than $250, which they eventually borrowed from a sympathetic reveler at a neighboring table. A Chaos manager would neither confirm nor deny the story but did want to say that Cristal is *only* about $400 a bottle at the club, adding, "A lot of these minor players playing pretend for the night are sometimes a bit shocked at the amount of money they've committed to spending."

IN HOLLYWOOD, LESS IS MORT

Mort Zuckerman may have made a triumphant return to the *Forbes* 400 at the billion-dollar mark, but he's willing to shed his worldly goods in the name of art—at least onscreen. Heeding the siren call of Hollywood, the dapper media mogul is taking on an unusual cameo spot in MGM's soon-to-be-released **Val Kilmer–Mira Sorvino** heart-wrencher *At First Sight.* "They cast me to type," jokes Zuckerman. "I play a homeless man."



Additional reporting by Ian Spiegelman and Elana Zeide.

hotographs: clockwise from top, Rose Hartman/Globe Photos; Henry McGee/Globe Photos; Photofest.

Bahamas Getaway Sweepstakes

Being swept away to the easy, breezy Islands Of The Bahamas is as simple as watching CNN *Travel Now* Saturdays at 6:30a (ET) or 12:30p (ET). Kick back and tune in for the answers to Geo Quiz, mail in the entry form and you could spend 7 days and 6 nights working on nothing but your tan.

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To enter, watch **CNN *TRAVEL NOW*** Saturdays 6:30a (ET) and 12:30p (ET) beginning January 4 - February 1, 1999, for the answers to the **CNN *TRAVEL NOW*** Geo Quiz listed below and you could win a 6-night Bahamas getaway.

1. How many islands make up The Islands Of The Bahamas? ____
2. What is the name of the largest Bahamian Island? ____
3. The Islands Of The Bahamas lie off of the coast of which U.S. state? ____
4. How many miles do The Islands Of The Bahamas stretch? ____

Name ____ Phone ____ Age ____
Address ____
City ____ State ____ Zip ____

Mail your entry form postmarked no later than February 8, 1999 with the correct answers to two of the four trivia questions to: CNN *Travel Now* Bahamas Getaway Sweepstakes, PO Box 7888, Atlanta, GA 30357, and you could be on your way to Nassau!

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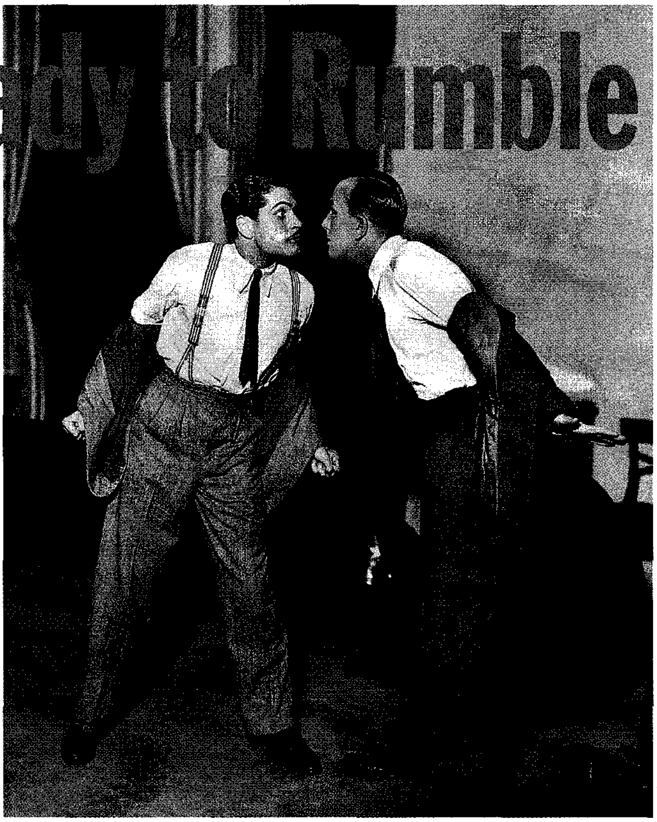
NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. Open to legal residents (except Florida) of the continental U.S., 18 years or older at the time of entry. Void in Florida and where prohibited. Odds of winning will be determined by the number of eligible entries received. Total AMV of Sweepstakes: $4,600. Winners are responsible for all taxes. To enter print your name, address, telephone number and age on an Official Entry Form or standard postcard with the correct answers to two of the four trivia questions and mail to: CNN Travel Now Bahamas Getaway Sweepstakes, PO Box 7888, Atlanta, GA 30357. Subject to Official Rules, for a copy send a SASE (WA and VT residents may omit return postage) to "Bahamas Getaway Rules", PO Box 512, Atlanta GA 30301. Sweepstakes ends February 8, 1999.

GOTHAM

Get Ready to Rumble

A primer on the feuds of 1999.



EXCEPT FOR THE MAYOR and Donald Trump, who stay in training year-round, most of the city's feuders are part-timers. That should change in 1999—the remillennial year, the Y2K-care year, the come-to-my-ew-Year's-Eve-party-or-else ear—when rivalries will heat p and stay hot. A few celebrity eath matches are already gearng up. So why not plan your 999 around them? A prelimiary fight card follows:

Monica Lewinsky's upcoming inerview/book teaser with Barara Walters signals more than ust the apocalypse. This year, the hite House scandal fully mirates from the political sphere o the publishing pit: New York ill greet impeachment, as it oes everything, with dueling ooks—starting in February with *onica's Story*, co-written with iana hagiographer Andrew orton. "She's probably going to ie a lot, but then again, everyody lied," predicts right-wing vengali Lucianne Goldberg.

George Stephanopoulos's memoir follows in the spring; *The ew Yorker*'s **Jeffrey Toobin** plans is own account; and *Time*'s **ichael Weisskopf** is shopping a en Starr book with the Washngton *Post*'s **Sue Schmidt**. Golderg has loaned her files to *ewsweek*'s **Michael Isikoff** for is scandal book. What does oldberg get in return? "A lastng friendship," she says, "and at east one book that gets it right."

In mid-February, ex–Giuliani staff member **Christopher Lynn** spars with Tom Duane protégée **Christine Quinn** and three others for the Village City Council seat Duane vacated to join the State Senate. Lynn is a quality-of-life booster, while Quinn pledges independence from interests like Chelsea Piers, which has endorsed Lynn. Stakes are high: If Lynn wins, he'll break a long streak of far-left Village pols that started with Bella Abzug.

In April, the first official ratings report comes out for **Jammin' 105**, Chancellor Media's mysterious new format of R&B, pop, and Motown. Chancellor,

(continued on page 12)

SUBPLOT

They Like Us, They Really Like Us

NEW YORK'S IMAGE HAS improved immeasurably in recent years, but how about the image of New York*ers*? We polled some tourists (where they're from is in parentheses) at Rockefeller Center last week:

- "The people are still rough. The pace of life is still very fast. Tourists are considered to be kind of a joke. We aren't a joke, are we?" *(Bangkok)*
- "New York is cleaner than it used to be. But the people are pretty much the same. But no one's given us any trouble. We even took the subway." *(Delaware)*
- "New Yorkers are quite courteous. Based on what I had heard, I expected this. I haven't seen any violent behaviors." *(South Africa)*
- "New Yorkers treat Mexicans nicely. Friendlier than we thought, because in Texas and L.A., people tend to be rude to Mexicans." *(Mexico City)*
- "Are you serious? All we've seen are tourists." *(Pennsylvania)*

JOHN BOWE

CAMEO

What Does the Bully Do for an Encore?

LET'S SAY THE JETS WIN THE SUPER BOWL, which is conceivable, even though their quarterback is a recycled scrub named Vinny Testaverde. If Bill Parcells stays true to his coach-'em-and-jilt-'em form, he'll be out looking for work the next day. The problem now is that after winning three Super Bowls, what would he have left to accomplish in football? There's another big job that's opening up soon, and it's a perfect fit. Picture this: Tuna for mayor. We've gotten so accustomed to having a tyrant in City Hall, it'll be a big letdown to go without one when Rudy splits. And there's reason to believe he might be more tolerant than Giuliani—as a coach, Parcells has demonstrated faith that criminals can be rehabilitated. Consider the alternatives: Hevesi, Green, Vallone. Nice guys, every one of them. Just like Rich Kotite.

ographs: top, Hulton Getty/Gamma Liaison; bottom, John Greilick/AP/Wide World.

Rumble *continued from page 11*

which also owns dance station **WKTU** and poppy **Z100**, is using Dick Morris–like triangulation to squeeze its competition, **WCBS** and **KISS-FM**. Chancellor exec John Fullam says the station attracted an unprecedented million listeners in its second week. Can Motown and seventies funk sound the death knell of urban contemporary pop? Or will disco die a second death?

May brings—what else?—more fun with the Clintons. **Gail Sheehy**'s planned *Vanity Fair* profile of Hillary is a teaser for the First Lady bio she's shopping to publishers. Sheehy reportedly is using **Carl Bernstein**'s usual agent, **Lynn Nesbitt**, causing Bernstein to hire **Owen Laster** to peddle his own Hillary book. Apparently, Hillary's own *Dear Socks, Dear Buddy*, Simon & Schuster's collection of letters sent to White House animals not named Bill, cannot trigger the Rapture by itself.

June through August, feuding adjourns to the Hamptons, where this year's Bad Neighbor nominee is **Leonard Riggio**, who might plant one of his Barnes & Nobles across from Bridgehampton Commons. (Previous Hamptons Bad Neighbors include Ira Rennert, Martha Stewart, and Puff Daddy.) Come September, the brothers **Weinstein** and **S. I. Newhouse** spar on the newsstand, using *Talk* chief **Tina Brown** and *New Yorker* editor **David Remnick** as proxies. And by summer's end, circulation reports come out for ***Maxim***, the men's title that's practically driving ***Details*** out of business. The first one to make the logical leap from lingerie layouts to a full-frontal Thanksgiving issue wins.

Some duelers might not make it to the twenty-first century. Citigroup co-chairman **John Reed** says he won't stay joined at the hip for long with partner **Sanford Weill**—shaking up the already shaky Travelers-Citibank merger. And the latest **People vs. Donald Trump** battle might do in the Beekman Place preppies fighting his East Side skyscraper. As bruisers go, **Walter Cronkite** and **Stanley Kaplan** are lightweights, but New York loves underdogs. Even if they live in brownstones.

ROBERT KOLKER

COLLECTIONS

Anyone Seen Hitler's Dog?

A guided tour of Dr. Lattimer's cabinet of horror.

HISTORY, ACCORDING TO Dr. John Lattimer, is best when it comes in small packages. "If you are going to be a collector, collect things that can fit in your pocket. It makes you a better dinner guest," says the 84-year-old urologist as he pulls Hitler's dog license from his jacket. "Hitler liked Alsatians. He had one with him in the bunker when he died. He tested out the cyanide on the dog first."

For the past half-century, Dr. Lattimer, a former chair of the urology department at Columbia-Presbyterian hospital, has assembled an incredible inventory of keepsakes from history's darker moments: Lincoln's blood-stained collar, Oswald's letters from Russia, the monogrammed underwear of Hitler's right-hand man, Hermann Göring.

Lattimer's most notorious collectible, however, is in a small leather-covered box emblazoned with a gold letter N. Inside, the doctor insists, is Napoleon's phallus, severed posthumously by two vengeful Corsican doctors whom the diminutive corporal tormented in his final days at St. Helena. Lattimer says he obtained it through dealers in Paris seven years ago, with ample documentation of its authenticity. There are doubters.

"Dr. Lattimer is a nice old gentleman," says Dr. Philip Corso, a Napoleon expert. "But I have been offered two Napoleon penises over the years."

Lattimer is not just a collector of history; he's lived through plenty of it, too. He tended to the wounded on Omaha Beach during the Normandy invasion, and after the war, he was selected to care for the Nazi defendants at Nuremberg. When Göring committed suicide shortly before his planned execution, Lattimer came away with numerous souvenirs, including Göring's watch, gold ring, and lederhosen, which are gigantic. "After Hitler turned on him, he started to eat," says Lattimer.

Dr. Lattimer also owns more than 500 eighteenth- and early-nineteenth-century silver-hilted swords, many of which are on view at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. His cache of Lincoln artifacts is considered the most extensive private collection in the world, and he has more than 250 items relating to John F. Kennedy, including the bloody seat cover from the limousine in Dallas.

In recent years, Lattimer has completed a book about the behind-the-scenes story at Nuremberg, but he no longer acquires new pieces as aggressively as he once did, and h worries about what will become of his collection after he' gone. For tax purposes, he ha given most of the collection t his three children, and he'd lik more of it to be on public display so that his mark as a collector might be preserved. "I you die unexpectedly," he say "all of your thoughts go dow the drain."

ANTHONY LAPP

Dr. Lattimer displays some of hi macabre memorabilia.

STREET LIFE

Merry XXXmas: Santa Likes Naughty Girls, Too

FOR STREETWALKERS, JUST as for Macy's, Christmas is the busiest time of the year. Which is why, as dusk settled, volunteer Donald Suggs, clad in an ill-fitting Santa suit, was clambering into a Winnebago parked off 29th Street, holding a giant turkey and a sack of condoms. Except for the safe-sex posters, the inside of the Winnebago, decked in holly and Santa decals, could have been someone's living room in Levittown. It is one of three vehicles operated by FROST'D (From Our Streets With Dignity), an organization that provides food, condoms, counseling, and medical referrals to street prostitutes around the city.

Tonight, there are special gift bags for the ladies: a cache of sweaters and scarves, and a plastic "beauty bag" containing a toothbrush, toothpaste, and a roll of toilet paper, wrapped in a scarlet ribbon. The Winnebago makes stops all over the city, serving mor than 70 women, ranging in ag from 16 to 65. They come i shivering from the cold an delightedly line up to hav their pictures taken in Santa' lap. "Ho, ho, ho!" Suggs call out. "You talkin' to me?" joke a woman in a full-length leopard-print coat. Many, strun out on crack, spurn the foo and go right for the condoms One woman asks for an extr meal to bring her roommate dying of AIDS in a tenement u the street. "He good for nothin' now," she says. "His leg just gave out yesterday. But h was nice to me, and I be nic to him. Besides, where else gonna get a room for $6 a week?"

"What can Santa get you today?" Suggs asks a woma perched on his lap. "Santa go any crack?" she replies. "Jus lots of love and Christma cheer," snaps Suggs. "*Don't* ge on Santa's nerves."

MAER ROSHA

Photograph by Bernd A

TRANSPORTATION

High Roller

Cabdriver Michael Higgins moonlights as a synergy-obsessed media mogul.

Michael Higgins presides over the *Taxi Talk* empire.

SITTING ON TOP OF A FILE cabinet next to a box of Cap'n Crunch in his new Hell's Kitchen headquarters, cabdriver Michael Higgins hardly looks like a media powerhouse. But as publisher of the *Taxi Talk* newspaper, producer of the *Taxi Talk* TV show in Manhattan (as well as a forthcoming spinoff in Queens), host of a *Taxi Talk* radio program beginning in January on WEVD, and editor of the www.taxitalk.com Website, Higgins is the one-man Bertelsmann of the taxi world.

He never intended to do it all himself. For years, he submitted unsolicited critiques of the taxi industry to the city's daily papers, and after enough rejection, he explains, "I decided, 'I'll start my own baseball team.' " So now *Taxi Talk,* which began as a flimsy newsletter ten years ago, has expanded into a 56-page full-color tabloid distributed to garages, airports, diners, "anywhere you see a cluster of cabs." Features run the gamut from exposés on overticketing by the police to how-to columns on successful immigration. Tips for co-existing with a cabbie-hating mayor is another favorite topic. "Mayor Giuliani is quite the schoolyard bully," says Higgins. "He did whack crime in the city, but now instead of being quickly killed, cabdrivers are being tortured to death."

Life as a communications baron is not all politics, however. Higgins was an extra in Howard Stern's *Private Parts* and appeared in a bit on *Letterman* in which a bunch of cabbies lunched at The Four Seasons. For his own TV show, he writes and stars in campy sketches along with the scantily clad "Ms. Taxi Talk" girls, who also pose for pinups in the newspaper. It's synergy, Higgins maintains proudly, that helps him keep production costs down. "If I take a video of a taxi commissioner's meeting, it also translates into an article, plus I can put it on the Web," he notes. "One feeds off the other."

To get material and "to separate fact from fiction," Higgins still drives three or four shifts a month. The recent night when Plácido Domingo's voice bellowed each time his cab hit a bump provided fodder for an upcoming skit. But most of all, Higgins considers taxi driving a personal necessity. "If it were up to me, I'd be driving a cab aimlessly though the streets forever and ever," Higgins says. "You can work it as the ultimate cowboy existence."

Lately, however, his empire building has cut ever more deeply into his taxi driving. "I'm putting the studio there," he says, gesturing excitedly to the back of his cluttered, storefront office. And while he's at it, he plans to cordon off a section for a megastore of taxi memorabilia that will lure tourists from the nearby *Intrepid.* Not a surprising move from a man who spots potential profits in the unlikeliest of circumstances. Like the time he agreed to drive a carload of drunk models and their wealthy chaperon. "Every time they threw up, the guy gave me another $20," he says. "I got $60 for a ten-minute ride."

SARAH BERNARD

THE SCENE

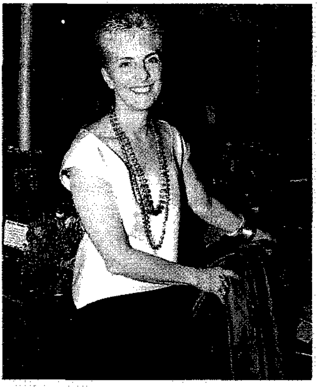
Ladies First

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

Lauryn Hill and Rohan Marley don Armani for an event benefiting the Refugee Project at Emporio Armani.

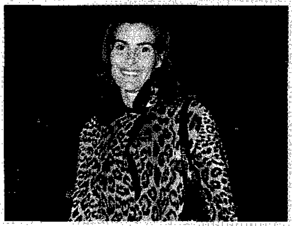
Isabelle Adjani at Indochine in celebration of Patrick Mimran's exhibition at the Marlborough Gallery.

Gloria Steinem and Geraldine Ferraro at Lifetime's Remarkable Women of the Twentieth Century reception at the Sony Club.



Kitty Hawks at Collection Rouge, a party benefiting DIFFA at the Metropolitan Pavilion.

Nora Ephron with Nick Pileggi at the American Museum of Natural History for the premiere of *You've Got Mail.*

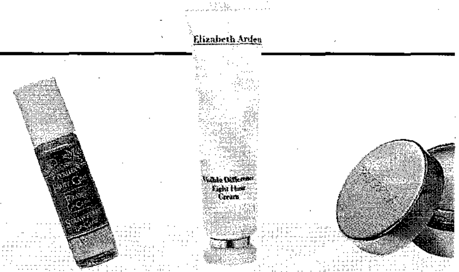


Jennifer Creel at Sotheby's for a vintage-handbag auction benefiting CRIA and NABCO.

Pierre Bergé, Rene Russo, and Todd Hanshaw at the opening of the Yves Saint Laurent boutique in SoHo.

tograph by Jason Todd.

GOTHAMSTYLE

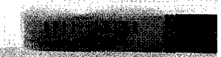


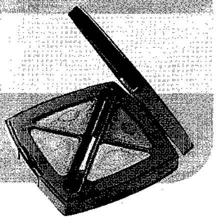
Lip Service

For their spring collections, fashion designers took a shine to greasy seventies lips (à la Cheryl Tiegs). Ever since, devoted trend-seekers have besieged beauty counters, desperately seeking the perfect goop. Here, a few contenders:

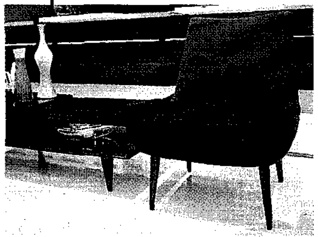
PRODUCT	SHINE FACTOR	UPSIDE	DOWNSIDE
***Perlier Fruit Gels Lip Gloss,* $6**	**Juicy-sheer**	**Italian-ice-flavored roll-ons are making a comeback**	**Melts off in about ten seconds**
***Elizabeth Arden Eight Hour Cream,* $13.50**	**Ivory Girl sheen**	**Strange multipurpose balm doubles as an exfoliant**	**Tastes like gasoline**
***Prescriptives Tranquil Lip Lacquer,* $15**	**Alpine ice**	**Looks blue in the jar but supposedly goes on clear**	**On cracked lips, stays blue**
***Stila Lip Gloss,* $17**	**Wet shellac**	**14 goopy finger-paint tubes**	**Should come with a smock**
***Bobbi Brown Lip Gloss,* $18**	**Laminated**	**Sugary taste satisfies sweet cravings**	**Acts as flypaper for unkempt manes**
***Chanel Lip Metal,* $48**	**Disco ball**	**Mix-it-yourself 4-color palette for *Charlie's Angels* glam**	**Hard to apply in a limo**

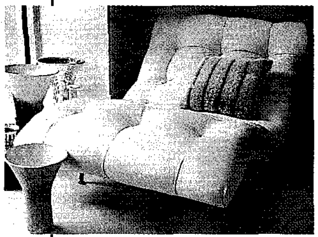
for moisture and Shine apply Stila lipgloss alone or over lipstick with a brush





SHYAMA PATEL



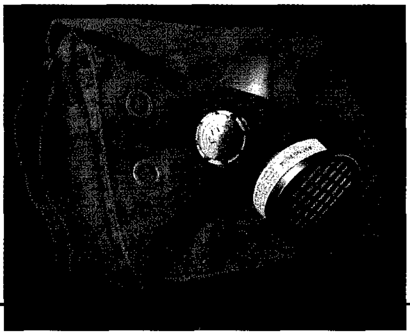


Wardrobe Your Home

For fashionmongers who cringe at the thought of clashing with their couch, area . . id moderne, a two-month-old boutique in NoLIta, sells furniture constructed out of the fabrics used by clothing designers. The small space is chock-full of reupholstered flea-market finds, like fifties modern chairs in Donna Karan's nylon stretch and Ralph Lauren's cashmere-wool blend, daybeds made out of Isaac Mizrahi's wool-and-nylon stretch, and chair pillows in the same camel hair that Michael Kors uses for coats. "The idea is that your home can make a fashion statement," says co-owner Debra LaChance. The only problem is choosing whether to outfit your sofa or yourself. Prices range from up to $2,200 for a pair of chairs to $2,600 for a couch, or about the same as the cost of a Prada evening ensemble. KAREN ROBINOVITZ

Now If I Could Just Find a Parka With an Oxygen Tank

As air strikes and anthrax raids threaten to touch our corner of the world, the city's clubber boutiques are starting to stock a new messenger bag with a working gas mask. It's from Shin and Company, a design conglomerate in Tokyo, created in response to the city's subway-station mishap in 1995. "The mask on the bag is just for regular and metallic fumes," explains the manager of Air Market, a boutique on Third Avenue that has displayed the bags alongside Hello Kitty paraphernalia and lava lamps. "It's only for use in medium-toxic atmospheres."

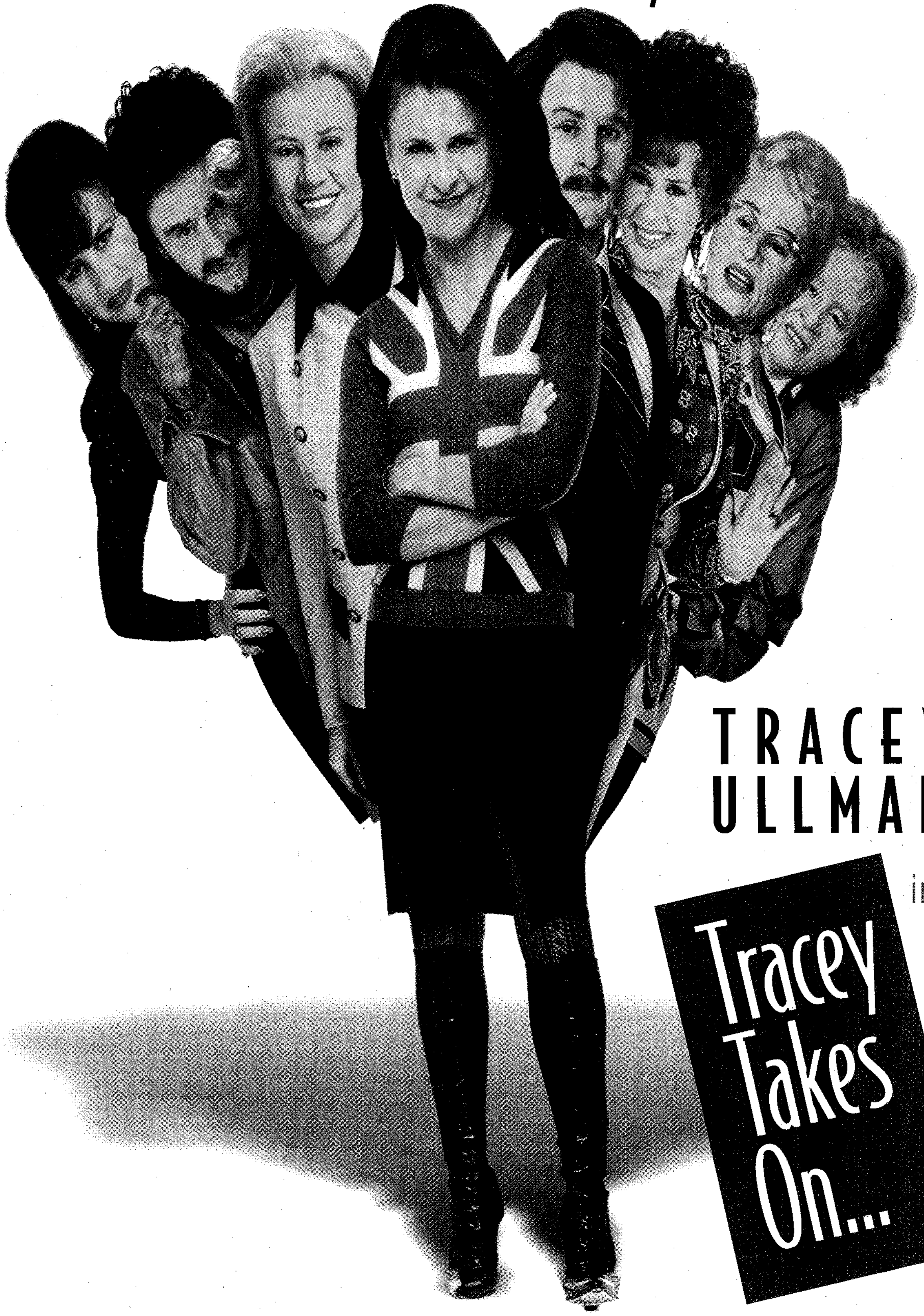


Dirty Dancing About Architecture

Except for the fictional Howard Roark and the larger-than-life Frank Lloyd Wright, architects don't usually turn into mass-media stars. But Frank Gehry has recently joined that club, thanks in part to video director Hype Williams and Mariah Carey, who've put his Guggenheim Bilbao into heavy rotation on MTV. Carey appears with Jermaine Dupri in the video for "Sweetheart" clad in a barely-there metal-mesh bikini, a perfect match for Gehry's titanium walls. Filmed on location in Spain, the video makes swoopy, sexy use of the museum's unorthodox shapes—Mariah struts outside, Dupri makes his move in a gallery filled with Jenny Holzer LED displays, the two clinch on the saillike roof. Gehry's got a lot of post-Bilbao projects with telegenic possibilities, including the oft-postponed Disney Concert Hall in Los Angeles, which ought to be a perfect location for the diva who wants to segue into film. ALEXANDRA LANGE

EDITED BY VANESSA GRIGORIADIS

All New. All Tracey.



TRACEY ULLMAN

in

Tracey Takes On...

Season Premiere WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 13, 10pm ET/PT HBO®

IT'S NOT TV. IT'S HBO.®

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THE NATIONAL INTEREST MICHAEL TOMASKY

The Oliver Twist

If perjury is such an unforgivable sin, then how come so many Republicans treated Oliver North like a hero—and tried to get him elected to the Senate—after he lied to Congress?

AND NOW THE SENATE, WHERE reason wears the crown, and more sensible heads prevail. Right?

It was looking that way last week, as Majority Leader Trent Lott appeared to kibosh House Republicans' wet dreams about having a repulsed populace watch Miss M describe the presidential ministrations in detail. Senators take themselves *very* seriously and regard the House as a sort of *Bad News Bears* operation, which it increasingly is. If anything could prod a howling zealot like Lott toward statesmanship, it's a presumption on the part of mere House members, announced with gusto to the *Times* and the Washington *Post,* that they can tell the majestic Senate what to do.

His announced timetable for the impeachment trial, from January 11 to 22, is hardly written in stone, though. The Senate, after all, is not exactly short on people who'd fit in nicely on the House Judiciary Committee. Through last week, not much had yet been heard from them, but you can be sure that more than a few senators want every ugly truth, or every one that suits their purposes, revealed: Phil Gramm of Texas, John Ashcroft of Missouri, Connie Mack of Florida, Jesse Helms, that sort. Lott seems to believe that forcing Democrats to vote "not guilty" can somehow be used to political advantage in 2000, when fourteen Democratic senators face reelection. It's a nice theory, except that several Republicans are also up for re-election, many of whom—Maine's Olympia Snowe, Delaware's William Roth, Vermont's Jim Jeffords—are likely to vote the same way.

Lott and company, though, are almost sure to pronounce Clinton guilty when the time comes. The world's greatest deliberative body cannot excuse perjurers. Except, that is, when they worship them.

Turns out that these great men have considered perjury at least once before in their careers—and excused it. In 1994, Oliver North, admitted and proud perjurer, ran for the Senate from Virginia. North testified before the select Iran-contra committee in 1987, and under immunity, he admitted that he had lied to Congress in the past about the arms-for-hostages scheme and about his surreptitious aid for the Nicaraguan contras. He broke the law and lied about it, he said, because he was serving a higher purpose than the law (run *that* one by Henry Hyde), a purpose the liberals and the man-hating feminists and the predatory homosexual lobby couldn't understand. He was convicted; the conviction was overturned because a judge ruled that it had been based in part on testimony he'd given Congress while under his immunity grant, but it didn't erase his admission of having lied under oath to members of the House and Senate.

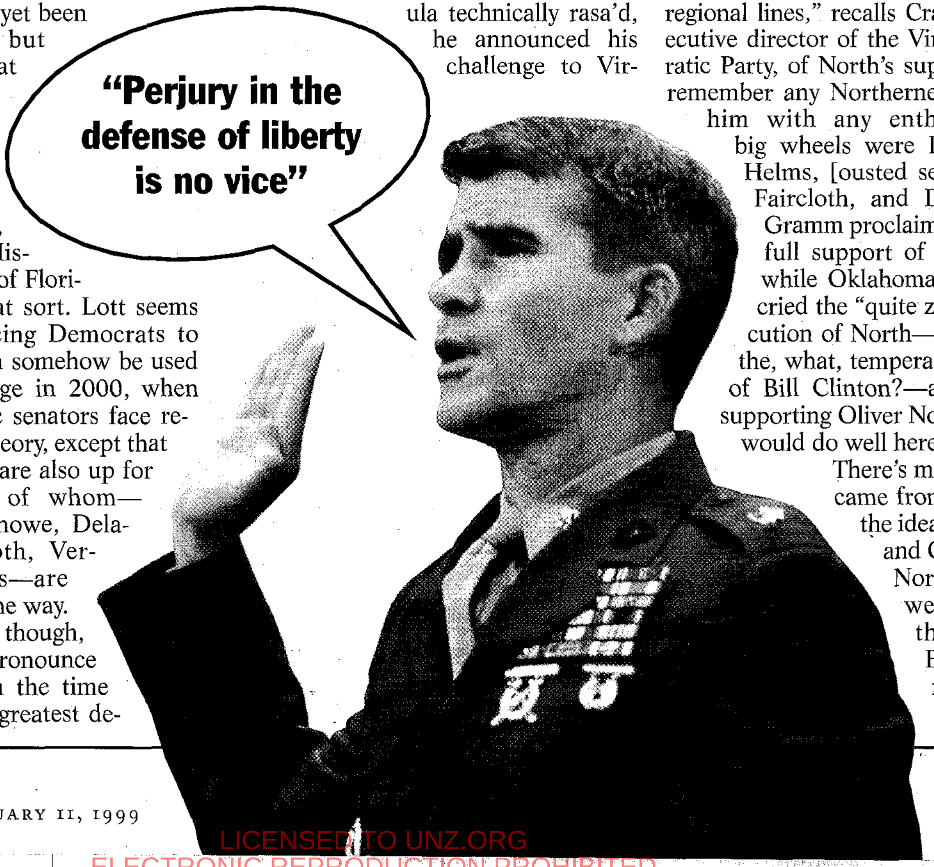
Then, in January 1994, tabula technically rasa'd, he announced his challenge to Virginia's Democratic senator, Chuck Robb, who had some colorful problems of his own at the time.

You might recall that North's candidacy embarrassed some Republicans, notably Virginia's sitting GOP senator, John Warner, who actively campaigned against him. And what did Trent Lott have to say about the possibility of the man who lied to senators becoming one of their number? This: "I'm going to support Ollie any way he will allow me to, and I cannot wait till I see the expression on the faces in Washington when North walks down the aisle and is sworn in next January."

And this: "There is one judge that really does make a difference. Ollie North sat before a bank of people asking him questions, congressmen and senators. The American people watched it, and you know what the American people saw? They saw a Congress they didn't like, and they loved Ollie North." In fact, they didn't, really, not even in conservative Virginia, where North lost.

Among politicians, though, Lott wasn't alone. "Generally, it broke along regional lines," recalls Craig Bieber, executive director of the Virginia Democratic Party, of North's support. "I don't remember any Northerners supporting him with any enthusiasm. The big wheels were Lott, Gramm, Helms, [ousted senator Lauch] Faircloth, and Don Nickels." Gramm proclaimed himself "in full support of Ollie North," while Oklahoma's Nickels decried the "quite zealous" prosecution of North—as opposed to the, what, temperate prosecution of Bill Clinton?—and said "I'm supporting Oliver North. I think he would do well here."

There's more where this came from, but you get the idea. Lott, Helms, and Gramm helped North privately as well. They put the screws to Bob Dole, who retracted his original sour


"Perjury in the defense of liberty is no vice"

Photograph by Bra
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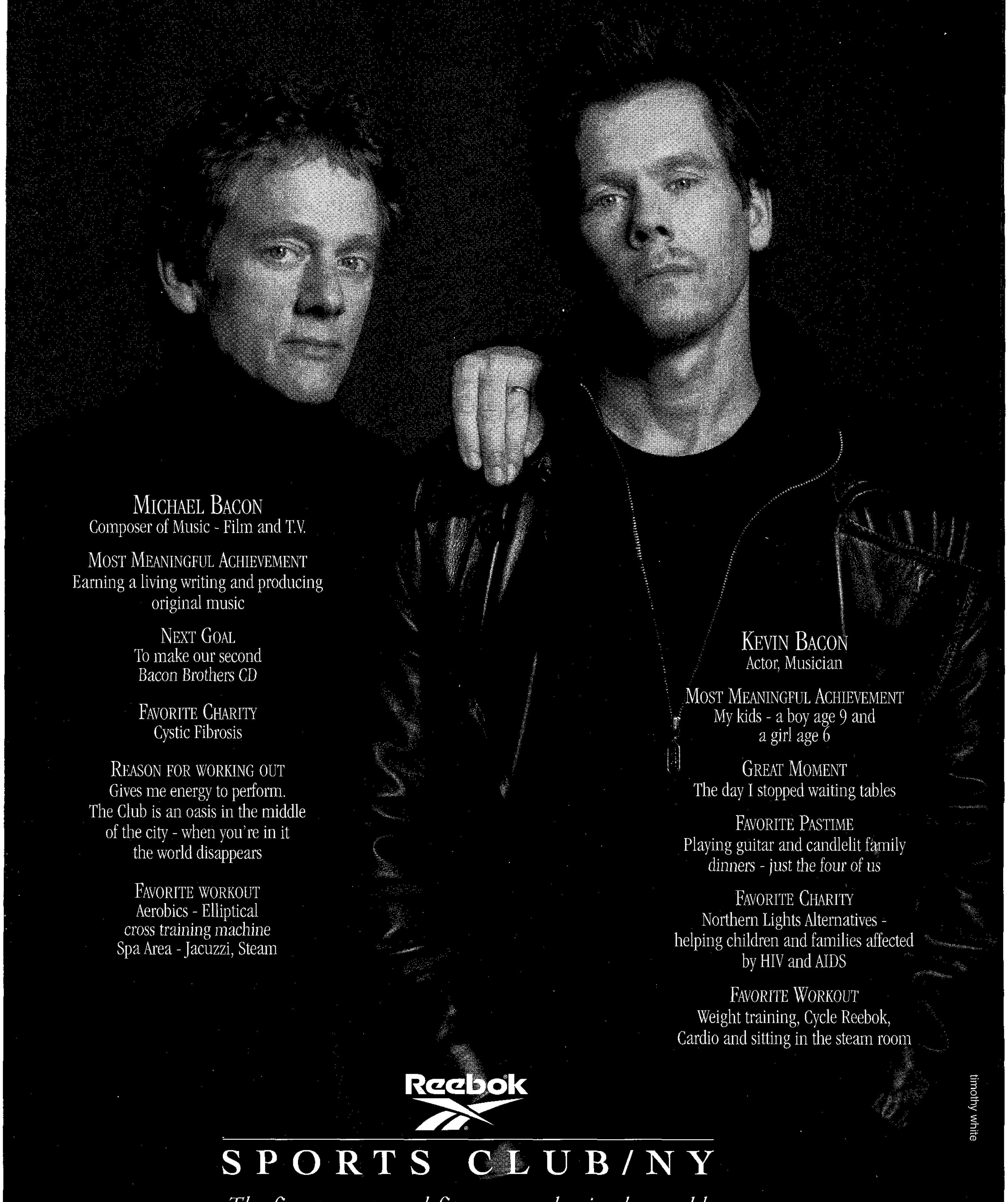

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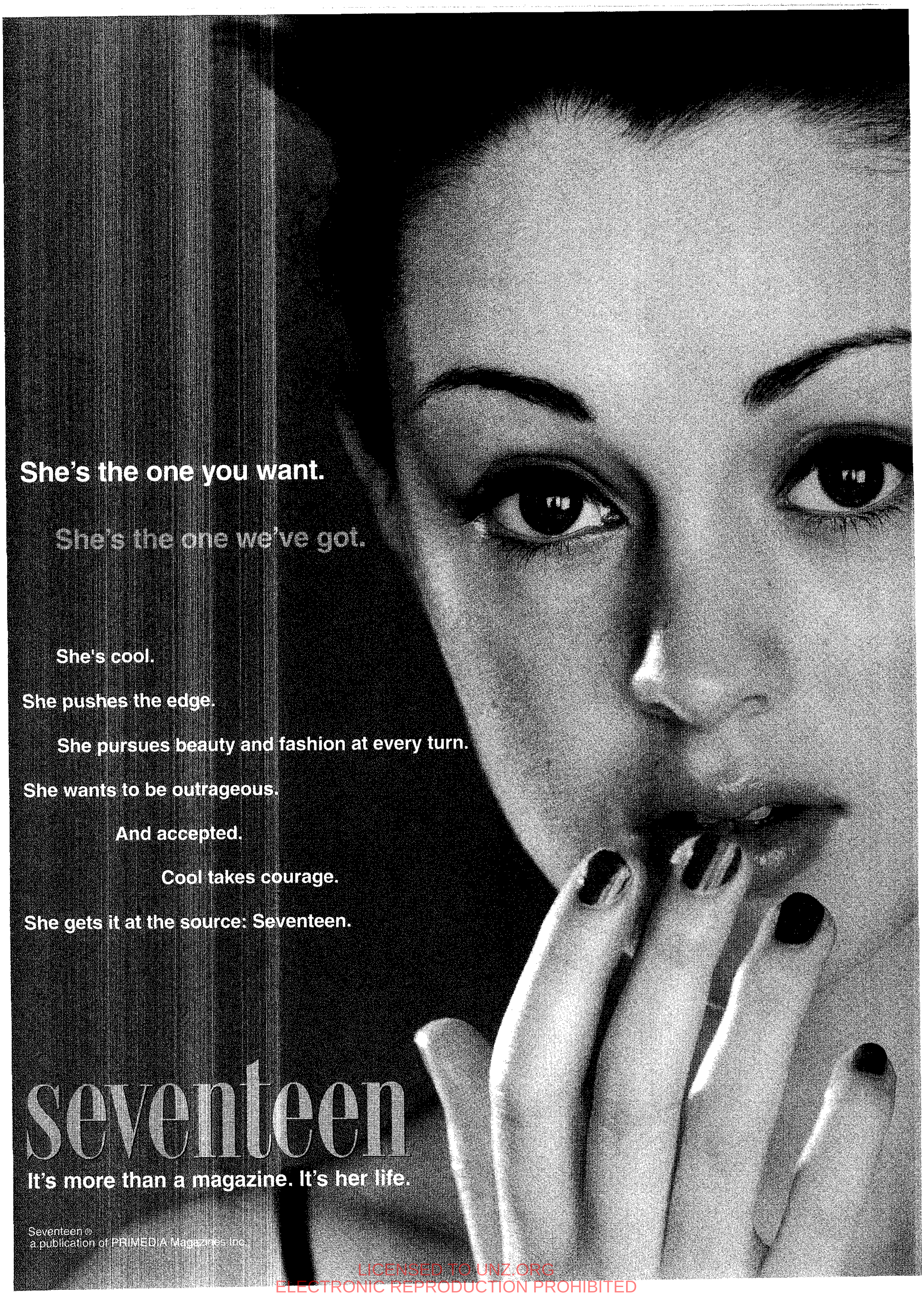
assessment of North's candidacy, sent his campaign $5,000, and announced his willingness to stump with North, under sub rosa assurances from the virtuous troika that he (Dole) could kiss the GOP presidential nomination good-bye if he didn't back North.

It's not the sex, we've heard Republicans say time and time again; it's the perjury. But the North episode makes clear that it's not the perjury, either, since several of the Republican senators who will hear evidence against Clinton and who are almost certain to vote to convict him were willing to forgive perjury once before. So what is it?

When public opinion, expressed repeatedly and forcefully for months, and election results themselves can be mocked and dismissed, there is more than just a whiff of Weimar in the air. Lott, as Tom Edsall revealed in the Washington *Post*, spoke before something called the Council of Conservative Citizens, an organization with white-supremacist views, which Lott praised as "standing for the right principles and the right philosophy." A Lott spokesman has said, naturally, that the senator had no idea of the group's views. But one of the CCC's leaders identified Lott as a member of the group. You'd think the possibility that the third-most-powerful politician in America was a member of a white-supremacist organization would excite intense investigation in the nation's leading media, or at least a forceful call for him to explain himself. Well, you'd be living in a very different country.

Right-wing conspiracy-monger Richard Mellon Scaife, in an interview with *George* magazine, opined that Ken Starr was a sellout (!) and estimated that Clinton has probably had about 60 people snuffed. A family-values lunatic named James Dobson has charged that the White House has directed the schools to have America's children draw the world's largest penis and compare white penises to black. This from a book to which the revered Bill Bennett contributed the introduction.

Scaife, Bennett, and Dobson aren't elected officials (though Bennett still is said to imagine life at the White House), but they set the agenda that people like Lott follow. And people like Lott set the agenda the Washington media follow, which ends up being the agenda the rest of us follow, too. So we're stuck with a few more weeks of Monica, while hypocrites and madmen—including North, now a well-paid talk-show host—play out their culture war. Short trial or long, it's a war the Republicans have lost. ■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MEDIA MICHAEL WOLFF

No Sex, Please

Senatorial sexcapades (and rumors thereof) continue to roil impeachment-happy Washington, but the 'Times' refuses to pursue the whole story. Hello, Larry Flynt!

SOME YEARS AGO—BUSH WAS running against Dukakis—I was hired to help a Washington-based magazine called *Campaigns & Elections* become a more mainstream publishing business. The magazine was targeted at that roving band of political advisers in either party who lived for the excitement and disarray of a political campaign. (James Carville, at that time without much stature in his profession, spent a lot of time at the office.) It had the perspective of, say, *Soldier of Fortune,* taking a chatty, down-to-earth, what-me-worry approach to a weird subculture—"political junkies," the magazine's publisher called this group. I advised that it was probably best not to refer to your readers as junkies, and suggested a formal tag line: "the magazine for political professionals." But *junkie* was a lot more descriptive—these were obsessional types plying their craft with a whole new set of diabolical, technical, and entrepreneurial skills. They were professionals, but they were nutty professionals.

One instance of nuttiness I particularly remember occurred at a trade show hosted by the magazine, where I dutifully engaged in a conversation with a young man whose specialty was something called "opposition research." That is, he dug for dirt. But it wasn't just the talent to dig out the dirt that he was proud of; dirt, after all, was just dirt. What he was most determined to explain was a theory about the dissemination of dirt. Because the problem with dirt is that the media had imposed virtually an iron blockade when it came to the really personal, gamy stuff. Even the tabloids, which would always play up celebrity sex dirt, wouldn't take political sex dirt, unless it was about Teddy Kennedy. But, he said, excitedly, this was changing; there were incredible new opportunities for opposition research.

"We've got distribution," he said, lowering his voice. He spoke earnestly about talk radio and call-in formats (he knew market-share numbers), about the rise in alternative weeklies, about what was happening in cable and other outlets like computer bulletin boards, and how you could take a story "mainstream" by "pumping it up the channels." Indeed, he painted a picture not so much of a changing political climate but of a changing media business.

Mr. Flynt goes to Washington (move over, Woodward and Bernstein).

Naïvely, I was more interested in his gossip than his distribution plans.

I AM, OF COURSE, REMINDED OF THAT young man in his wash-and-wear oxford button-down as the Senate gets ready to open for impeachment business and my friends in politics and media make book on which senators will shortly have their adulteries revealed. As we wait for more shoes to drop (or closets to open, or pants to be caught down), it's clear that my nutty-seeming acquaintance had made a prescient media analysis:

If you're a marginal media outlet trying to call attention to yourself, you print or broadcast news that more mainstream organizations will not (at least not at first). That is how Matt Drudge becomes Matt Drudge. What the analysis did not necessarily anticipate is that the game could be played by all variety of ideological provocateurs.

Indeed, *Larry Flynt!*

Larry Flynt is not only the most feared man of the hour—Drudge and Flynt replace Woodward and Bernstein—but the most interesting. For a moment, he made Bob Livingston come to life.

Still, as a journalist, it is hard to swallow: Larry Flynt!

The *Times* confronted this issue on Christmas Eve when in an editorial it gave its opinion that Larry Flynt was not in the same profession as, say, Ted Koppel, and worried that "too many readers and viewers believe, wrongly, that Mr. Flynt's sleaze empire is just another brand of the established media." Further on, it urged the "mainstream media" not to abandon "their standards or values."

Part of what the *Times* was surely saying—"each media organization must craft its own code, remembering that the most trusted news outfits will be those that try hardest to preserve the traditional journalistic values"—was that it is uncertain about its own standards for publishing or not publishing what it describes, bitterly, as "the pile of documents, faxes and raw gossip that the nation's mainstream journalists must sort through and check out each day."

From my own experience, I assume that any reporter involved in writing about impeachment who has an accessible e-mail address is getting a pretty constant stream of what the *Times* calls raw gossip. I don't doubt that the *Times* reporters get up in the morning and, as I do, look to see whether a favorite rumor has made it into print or on the air. I con-

Photograph by John T. Barr/Gamma Liaison

fess: I run a special robot on the Internet—a rumor bot—that alerts me if any of my favorite hearsay is on the move.

Meanwhile, many Washington reporters—certainly those who deal with Hill staff and lobbyists—are already quite familiar with the details of a wide variety of congressional personal lives and socializing styles (as it were). Political sex lives are one of the subjects talked about with great verve and novelistic nuance in Washington. Sex, in Washington, is not discreet. On the Senate side especially, where a senator almost never travels alone, every senator has a rep. Quite a detailed rep. No one, certainly, would have to place an ad and pay a million dollars for such information.

Which, obviously, prompts the question: Why is this Larry Flynt's story?

THE *TIMES*' R. W. APPLE, IN 35 YEARS NEVER without an opinion as to the fate of the republic, confesses in a front-page story to having no idea what will happen next in this pulpy impeachment tale. He seems to see impeachment unfolding like a Grisham novel—reversals and double reversals, action and reaction, a series of effective if vulgar plot devices.

Now, a probable reason for his lack of confident prognostications and state of constant surprise is that the *Times* is not pursuing the story—the *Times* is as removed from the driving forces of these events, and hence as shocked by them, as *Times* readers are. The *Times* is running the requisite column inches, but it offers no investigations, no reporting about the causes that have led to the effects, no looking behind the curtain, no independently sought and verified information. Instead, the *Times* has left this story to be written by political assassins and self-promoters of one stripe or another, which is what makes the plot twists so unpredictable—it's just one side outmaneuvering the other, Grisham-like.

There's no reliable narrator. No impartial information provider. Nobody's honest here.

I use the *Times* as the *Times* used Ted Koppel, to mean, of course, all mainstream news organizations with the requisite journalistic traditions: Not one of these organizations (with the possible exception of *Newsweek* via Drudge) has broken a significant part of this story. That, in itself, is large news. Scooped by the scum. Reputable news outfits report, instead, absolute certitudes that, days later, are replaced by opposite certitudes.

It is part of the true diabolical cleverness of my young interlocutor's media plan: Partisan groups can float stories that the established media cannot—or will not—independently report. Once the story surfaces, even as rumor, it becomes part of the larger story. That's because none of this gamy stuff is stuff that reputable reporters will take a second look at: track down, make phone calls about, analyze, develop new sources for.

Why did Bob Livingston resign? There is a story here: What is it? What did he do? Was it so bad? So unpalatable? Or is the right wing so rigid that it would sacrifice its own for the merest peccadillo (or for a mere purported four peccadillos)? A set of facts caused a significant event to occur. Why don't we know those facts? Isn't it somebody's job to lay the story out fairly and objectively?

Obviously, the *Times* and other news organizations want the genie to go back into the bottle; they believe—in a way that's really startling, or quaint, given the trends in American life—that sex lives are not relevant to good government. A complicating issue is that not reporting on a politician's sex life is part of the traditional journalistic values of which the *Times* editorialist speaks. And then, of course, reporters are adulterers, too—that's a conflict for you.

> *Sex, in Washington,* **is not discreet.** *On the Senate side especially, where a senator almost never travels alone,* **every senator has a rep.** *Quite a detailed rep.*

But what would happen if the *Times* did the story? A front-page lead jumping to two solid pages inside the first section? What if it took on sex in politics in the thorough, worthy, and evenhanded fashion that is its raison d'être?

If you follow the trend from Gary Hart to Gennifer Flowers (remembering that Clinton's operatives fought off a big sex attack by threatening to push Bush's adulteries to the surface) to Monica Lewinsky to the late Mr. Livingston, it's clear that we're not going to reach closure in the Senate (although getting out of harm's way of this story is going to be a big motivation for many senators). No, the most is yet to come.

Do we have to learn about it in the streets? Context. Please. ■

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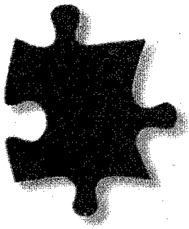
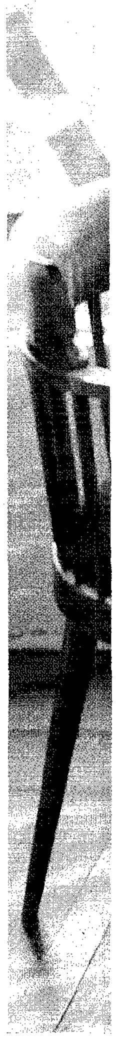


SMART, SPIRITED, AND HAPPILY PREGNANT, KRISTINE KUPKA TOLD FRIENDS SHE WAS GOING TO CHECK OUT AN APARTMENT WITH THE FATHER OF HER BABY. THAT WAS TEN WEEKS AGO. SHE HASN'T BEEN SEEN SINCE.

BY SHEILA WELLER

SHE WAS A ROMANTIC—YOU COULD SEE IT IN HER ROOM: HANDMADE MUSLIN drapes looped through dogwood boughs, low tables bearing plants, vases, goblets. A shawl-draped dresser displaying a tin Barbie box, pictures of herself as a child in Wisconsin and of her sister Kathy's adorable 2-year-old son, named Marshall, after Thurgood Marshall. The books on her shelves (*Voices of Freedom: An Oral History of the Civil Rights Movement, The Philosophy of Right and Wrong, Development and Dependency*) advertised a feisty, cerebral idealism. And on the floor near a stack of CDs (Jamiroquai, Liz Phair, Jeff Buckley, the Fugees) were more books, including a dog-eared copy of *Two of Us Make a World: The Single Mother's Guide to Pregnancy, Childbirth and the First Year*. She was five months pregnant; and though the baby was unplanned and she was adamantly pro-choice (after vegetarianism, reproductive freedom was the cause she fought for most fiercely), she never considered abortion. She was *thrilled* about having this child, and while her friends had no doubt she could handle single-motherhood ("Kristine is the most competent person I know," says Denise Lilien, her girlhood friend from Madison, Wisconsin), they had worried about her involvement with the baby's father. She had detailed to at least eight confidants every twist and turn in her strange, sporadic five-month relationship with her former Baruch College science instructor and had shared key parts of the story with several others. And so when, shortly after noon on Saturday, October 24, Kristine Kupka, 28, left her room with little more than the clothes on her back and didn't return, her disappearance led those who knew her well to fear the worst.

Kristine was a passionate, opinionated person with a strong circle of friends and clear, close-at-hand goals. A college philosophy major two months from graduation, with a 3.97 average, she planned to go to law school and specialize in women's issues. She had a job waitressing at the Caribbean restaurant



PHOTOGRAPH BY ETHAN HILL

NG

A SISTER'S VIGIL Kristine Kupka's sister, Kathy, hired an ex-cop to search for her.

“YOU KILLED KRISTINE!” NICK INSISTED. “WHERE IS SI

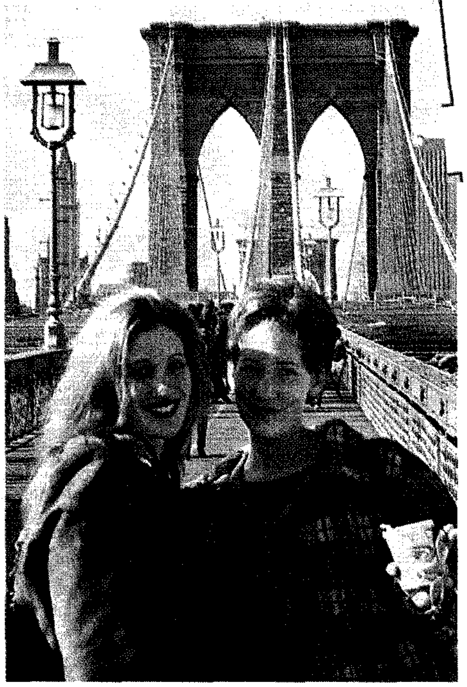
Negril, near Chelsea Piers, that she would not have abandoned. And she was *happy;* to those who knew her well, suicide was unthinkable.

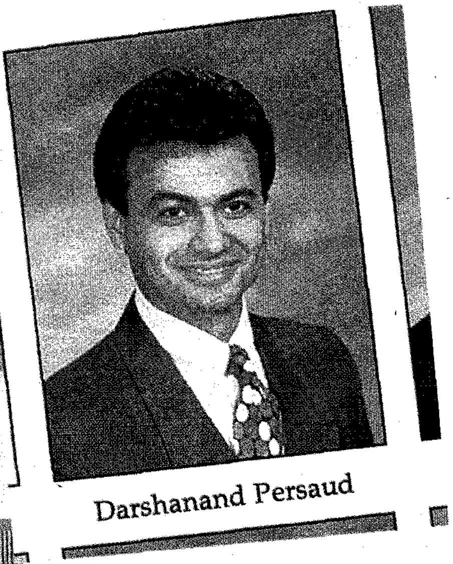
Indeed, her life seemed as disciplined and spirited as her room in the wide-porched house near Coney Island Avenue, in a hidden pocket of Brooklyn called Kensington. Deeming Park Slope too expensive, Kristine, who had also lived in the East Village and TriBeCa, rented two floors of this house for $2,200 a month from a Turkish family. Then she shrewdly sublet the extra bedrooms, creating a kind of MTV's *Real World* of frugal young urbanites: an extravagantly tattooed club bouncer, a New York *Times* cyber-journalist, a hotel trainee, and two college students.

Within a week, there were news reports of her disappearance (PREGNANT HONOR STUDENT IS MISSING; SIS FEARS PREGNANT BARUCH COED WHO VANISHED IS DEAD), and on November 10, her friends held a vigil. Outside Baruch's main building at Lexington Avenue and 23rd Street, they embraced, cupped votive candles, held up signs expressing their fear and outrage (KRISTINE KUPKA: MISSING 17 DAYS; 17 DAYS TOO LONG). Kristine's sister, Kathy, heartbroken and hoarse, was given a bouquet, and a plate was passed to collect reward money.

Then weeks went by without a breakthrough. As the November wind loosened the flyers (PLEASE HELP ME FIND MY 5-MONTHS PREGNANT SISTER) from the maple trees, the candle-clutching group that assembled in front of Kristine's house for a second vigil was smaller, and the TV crews failed to materialize. A mere $5,000 had been raised to induce anyone with information to come forward. (It has since been doubled, with a donation from Baruch's alumni association.) Kathy Kupka had taken on the drained aspect of Dorothea Lange's dust-bowl mother. Desperate to believe Kristine might still be alive, she had spent a recent day and night in New Jersey, futilely following a telephone tipster who promised to lead her to her sister. That outing had underscored her hellish limbo: Should she hope, or grieve? Use common sense, or take leaps of faith? Speak in the present or past tense?

BROOKLYN-BOUND: Below, Kupka with friend Suzana Riordan; right, Darshanand Persaud, with whom Kupka was last seen leaving her Brooklyn home.





Frustration of a different sort plagues authorities in missing-persons cases. Without a body, it is extremely hard to prove that a crime has even been committed. Prime examples are the recent indictment of grifters Kenneth and Sante Kimes for the murder of heiress Irene Silverman, and the indictment, in November 1997, of prominent Delaware attorney Thomas Capano for the June 1996 murder of governor's assistant Anne Marie Fahey. In both cases, police had early circumstantial evidence that pointed to the suspects. But the absence of a body made securing indictments extremely arduous. In the Kupka case, the police still aren't certain that a homicide has been committed.

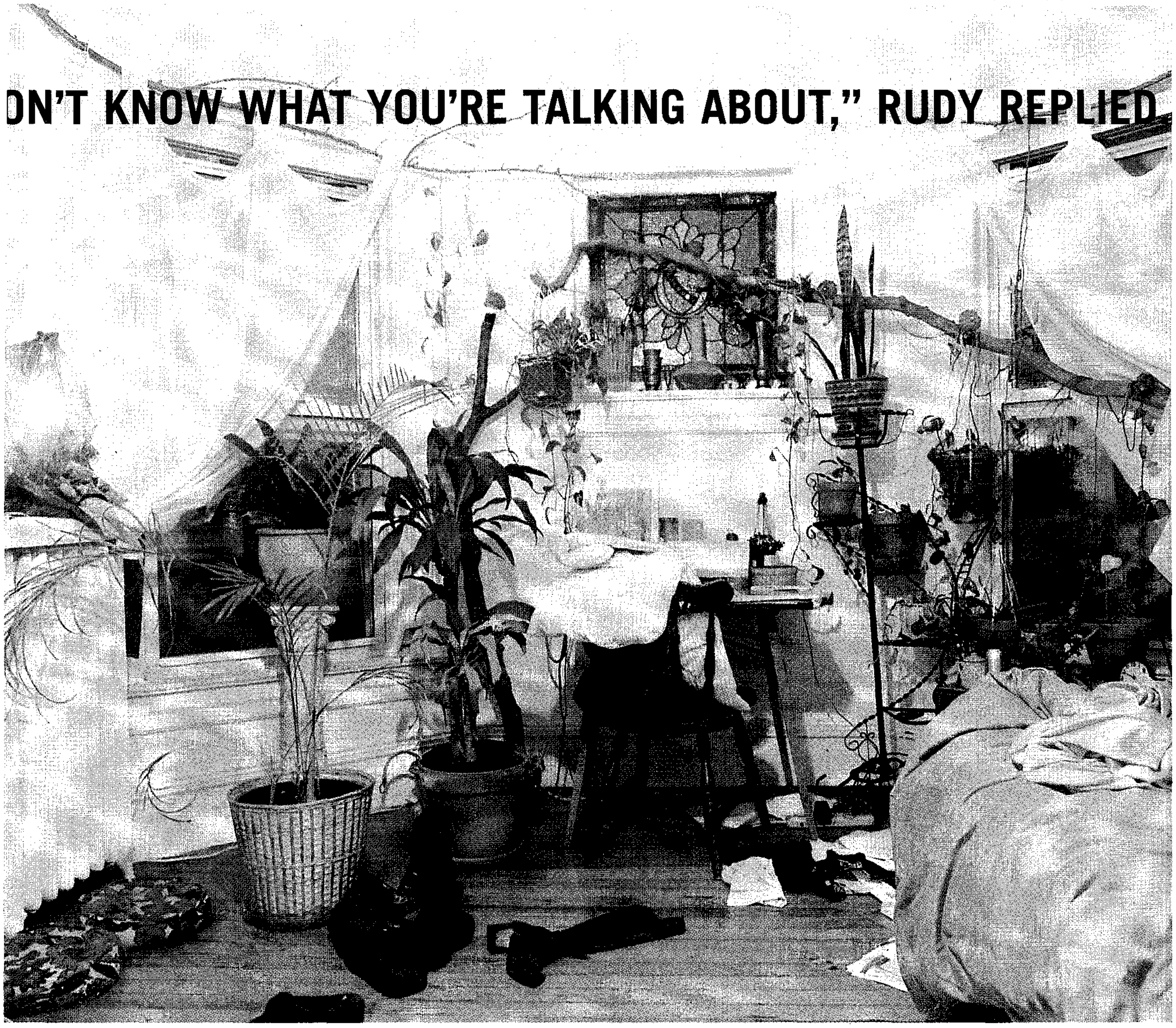
By early December, the number of detectives working on the case had shrunk to four; by mid-December, to just two. Today, ten and a half weeks after Kristine's disappearance, the identity of the Baruch College teacher who left with her tha morning is still being kept secret by the nervous college and the proprietary Police Department. Kristine Kupka's family and friends, convinced her fate lies in his hands, believe it is time to change that.

THE MAN WHO ACCOMPANIED KRISTINE on her October 24 outing is Darshanand Persaud; most people cal him Rudy. Persaud is a respectable young Indo-Guyanese-American. A 1995 graduate of Baruch, a Manhattan-based branch of CUNY, he was a quality-control chemist testing glue products at Basic Adhesives, in Brooklyn, and an adjunct lab instructor at his alma mater He currently attends the New Jersey Dental School in Newark, making a cumbersome commute (subway to PATH train to school bus) to get there each morning. He is now married to an accountant in the Dreyfus Corporation's Park Avenue office the couple live with his parents in a nea house in a rundown section of Brooklyn He's the family's only son; the oldest of his three sisters is a physician.

Miguel Santos, the lecturing professor for Introduction to Environmental Sciences, whose lab sections Persaud taught found him “a very pleasant, cordial, nice person, knowledgeable in science and a good teacher.” Students characterized him as handsome, sometimes polite, sometimes angry and moody. He was decorous he had refrained from dating Kristine, his student, until he had filed her course grade. It was Kristine—with her long black clothes, bright-red hair, extra-strength opinions—who had flirted with him. When Kristine's classmate Anthon Grant, a 26-year-old Trinidadian who had befriended Persaud on the basis of their mutual interest in computers and shared Caribbean background, told him last May that he thought Kristine had a crush on him, “Rudy said, ‘Come ahhhhn. . . .’ ”

Kristine found Persaud's shyness charming. “She thought of him as this gentle-lamb sort of guy, honest and naïve,” says Michael Legatt, a member with Kristine's of Baruch's Philosophy Club. Indeed, Persaud's clean-cut looks and slight

ON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT," RUDY REPLIED.



EMPTY NEST: The room Kristine Kupka rented, in a house near Coney Island Avenue in the Kensington section of Brooklyn.

awkwardness led her to compare him, to several friends, to "a newborn baby."

Where Kristine saw guilelessness, Anthon Grant saw calculation. "Rudy was very *GQ*-ish. He never had a bad-hair day. He seemed like someone who had his own agenda—like his main goal was getting ahead in life, like he didn't want to be where he was, that's for sure. He would walk into class late, in a trench coat, like he'd just come from someplace important." He was "Mr. Persaud" to his students, who were mainly his age, and when the class first overheard Dr. Santos address him informally, "we looked at each other, like, 'Rudy'!?" Grant says, laughing. It seemed too goofy a name for Persaud.

Though few at Baruch knew, Persaud was that rare thing in India, rarer in Guyana, and rarer still in New York: a true Brahmin. And a Brahmin with a pandit (a priest) for a father. Kristine Kupka was a kind of reverse Rudy Persaud. They represented two different versions of the romance of migrating to New York City—colliding examples of the postmodern melting pot. He moved here as part of an esteemed ethnic family, part of an ambitious community of immigrants who had a literal caste system. She moved to New York in a quasi-bohemian fashion: a white, blue-eyed Midwesterner drawn to milieus in which she was the racial minority. Baruch has a predominantly nonwhite student body; and Negril, where she worked, has a largely Caribbean clientele. Many of the men she had dated were black. Anthon Grant says, "I don't think Kristine saw color."

Where Persaud maintained the formality and reserve of the Anglo-Indian culture, Kristine, a graduate of the Forum, a modified reincarnation of Werner Erhard's est seminars, "*revealed* herself," Denise Lilien says. "She didn't hold back; she really developed intimacies. She was willing to put so much on the table so quickly. She was 'This is who I am; this is what I can give.' That's how she was with men, too. It was often too much. It could be overwhelming."

On October 24, a little past 11 A.M., Persaud pushed the buzzer at Kristine's house. He had called the night before, she told her roommate Ozlem, a 22-year-old Near Eastern college student (who asked *New York* to withhold her last name), to tell her he had found an apartment in Queens and wanted her to see it. But Kristine had overslept; she called out to Ozlem to let Rudy in. Ozlem says she sensed that Rudy did not want to come upstairs. When he did, "he was pacing around. He had his hands in his pockets, like he was distressed." Kristine came out of her bedroom in her pajamas and sat with Rudy, eating her health-food breakfast. Ozlem then went to her room; another housemate glimpsed Kristine, in a long black skirt and black sweater, leaving with Rudy. That was the last time any of Kristine's friends or family saw her. Her last communication was a message left on Kathy's answering machine, apparently just before she walked out the

Photographs: this page, Ethan Hill; opposite, top, Steven Freeman.

FULL HOUSE: Kupka shared two floors with an assortment of five hip but frugal housemates.

door: "I'm going to look at Rudy's new apartment in Queens. I'll call you later this afternoon. See ya."

When Kathy didn't hear from her sister that afternoon or that night, she began to worry. When Ozlem called the next morning to say Kristine had still not returned, Kathy's worry turned to alarm and dread. She and her husband, Kevin (he's a parole officer, she's a teacher), bundled up their toddler, Marshall, and rushed to the 70th Precinct.

At the 70th, Kathy and Kevin were given a stock response: Because Kristine was over 16 and under 65 years old and of sound mind and body, a missing-person report could not yet be filed. Maybe she took a trip home to Wisconsin or a vacation to Bermuda, it was suggested. *Kristine wouldn't do that!* Kathy protested, to no avail. It would be two days before the police called her to take an "informational account" of Kristine's disappearance.

The couple raced back to their Brooklyn apartment, with its pictures of Gandhi, Martin Luther King, Frida Kahlo, and Huey Newton, to plot their next move. Both former caseworkers and political activists, Kathy is cool and wry, and Kevin, who is African-American, has the efficient manner of a young executive. They immediately started making calls and designing a flyer. Kathy left a message for her and Kristine's mother. Ellie Bodell, 64, is as much a freethinker as her daughters: At age 56, she became a long-distance truck driver. She was on the road and didn't get Kathy's frantic message until October 31. When she heard it, she says, "I just sat here in total shock." Then she flew to New York.

Monday morning, October 26: Still no Kristine. Kathy and Kevin went to Baruch. Joining them was Nick Papanikolu, a darkly handsome, quiet graduate student who had lived with Kristine for three years; since breaking up two and a half years ago, they had been the closest of friends. Kristine's disappearance has since taken over Nick's life; he dropped out of school to search for her, and virtually lives at Kevin and Kathy's. They tried to get Persaud's home address from Baruch, but a clerk in the personnel office told them they'd need a subpoena. Through a chain of acquaintances, they came up with an approximate address in Bushwick.

Nick and Kevin drove out to a row of attached redbricks with aluminum awnings, gated windows and doors, shrubs, and chain-link fences. In front of one: Indian and Guyanese flags. Its sidewalk bore a child's worn wet-cement legend: RUDY.

Nick and Kevin waited in the car. When an older man approached the house, they approached him. Rudy's uncle. He had seen Rudy Saturday morning and then not again until Sunday evening. At 5:30, a woman appeared. Rudy's mother. "We started hitting her with all these facts," Kevin recalls, "and told her we needed to question Rudy and to have him here at seven."

Nick and Kevin waited in the car. At seven, a police van pulled up. Two officers got out, guns drawn. (The NYPD refused to grant *New York* an interview with the two officers.) They ordered Nick and Kevin out of the car and lightly frisked them. Then a young man climbed out of the back of the police van. "He was dressed very preppy," Kevin recalls. "Cardigan sweater, white shirt, dark dress pants, Jansport backpack." It was Rudy. Apparently alerted by his mother that two men were harassing the family, he had gone to the precinct and obtained a police escort.

"Where's Kristine?" Kevin demanded.

"How should I know?" came Rudy's flippant answer, according to both men.

"You killed Kristine!" Nick insisted. "Where is she?"

"He said, 'I don't know what you're talking about,' and 'Why don't you go file a missing-persons report,' " recalls Kevin.

Kevin asked Rudy what he and Kristine had done on Saturday, since "you were the last one seen with her." He said that he had dropped Kristine off two blocks from her house between 3 and 4 P.M., because she wanted to go to the health-food store, and that that was the last time he had seen her.

Kevin asked Rudy where he'd gone with Kristine. Rudy said they went shopping. Kevin asked where. Rudy answered "Some mall." Kevin and Nick kept the questions up: Which mall? Which stores? Rudy said he had stayed in the car while she shopped.

Five days later, when the news media were told of Kristine's disappearance, reporters canvassed Kristine's neighborhood, as had the police and Nick, Kathy and Kevin—all asking whether anyone had seen her on Saturday. A Laundromat owner said he'd seen her through his window, and a health-food-store worker thought she may have seen Kristine in the store—"after dark," at about 7 P.M.

The health-food-store worker is now "pretty sure" the woman she saw after dark on Saturday, October 24, was not Kristine—among other things, that woman was wearing peach-colored pants, which Kristine did not own—but, rather, another customer "who looks a lot like her." And the Laundromat owner, who says he told his original story "to try to help," now says he does not know whether he saw Kristine on Saturday, the 24th, or Friday, the 23rd. On November 2, Rudy Persaud sat down for police questioning with his attorney. A police source says, of Rudy's November 2 interview: "Did he cooperate? Yes. Did he have an airtight alibi? No."

"THERE'S AN OLD MOVIE WHERE A GUY IS walking down the street under a streetlight looking at the ground. Another guy says, 'What are you looking for?' The first guy says, 'I lost my glasses.' The second guy says, 'Where did you lose 'em?' He says, 'I lost 'em over there . . . but the light's better over here.' "

Lieutenant Phillip Mahony, commanding officer of NYPD's Missing Persons Bureau, likes telling this story. His small office is dominated by metal file cabinets. Several drawers are marked PATZ and contain files relating to the maddeningly unsolved 1979 disappearance of 6-year-old Etan Patz in SoHo. The lost-glasses story, says Mahony, illustrates the problem with having too obvious a suspect: He might not be the killer.

"I can tell you this, none of the four detectives on the case think it's open-shut," he says. "This Rudy *may* be the guy. You certainly had a guy with a motive. He was the last one seen with her—you can't ignore that. But it still doesn't add up. It's no crime to be the last person seen with somebody. It's no crime for a married guy to get his girlfriend pregnant. It's a shame but not a crime. You can even say, 'I have plenty of reason to want her gone,' but you're still not gonna get an arrest on it."

KRISTINE FOUND PERSAUD'S SHYNESS CHARMING. "SHE TH

(Repeated efforts were made by *New York* to contact Rudy Persaud for an interview.) Mahony says: “Our biggest fear is, she’s lying in a ditch somewhere”—the result of an accident or random mayhem—“and we’re walking by her every day because we’re focusing on Rudy.”

To this end, detectives combed the tracks of the D train, which she took to Baruch. They choppered low over Brooklyn and Queens and took pictures. Kristine’s family and friends have also gone searching. With the help of ex–NYPD detective Gil Alba—a specialist in solving kidnappings by Colombian and Dominican drug dealers—and using maps of abandoned industrial sites, parks, wetlands, and isolated land near bridges (all places where bodies tend to be buried) they have gone out in small parties several times a week, talking to park personnel, harbor patrolmen, dog walkers, joggers, and vagrants. But these searches for Kristine have been futile.

DENISE LILIEN, NOW A BUSINESS CONsultant, first met Kristine back in Madison. They were both teenagers at an alternative high school, Malcolm Shabazz—named after Malcolm X—which Kristine transferred to when her regular public school proved too confining. Kristine, the youngest of six Kupka children, had moved to Madison with her mother (then a factory worker) and several siblings after the death of their father, a firefighter whom Ellie had divorced. After rural Mount Carroll, Illinois, the avant-garde atmosphere of Madison, with its history of academic and political activism, suited Kristine—as did the ultraprogressive Shabazz school, where students reclined on couches and did “free writing” exercises. Kristine went on to the University of Wisconsin, then dropped out.

OF HIM AS THIS GENTLE LAMB, HONEST AND NAÏVE.”

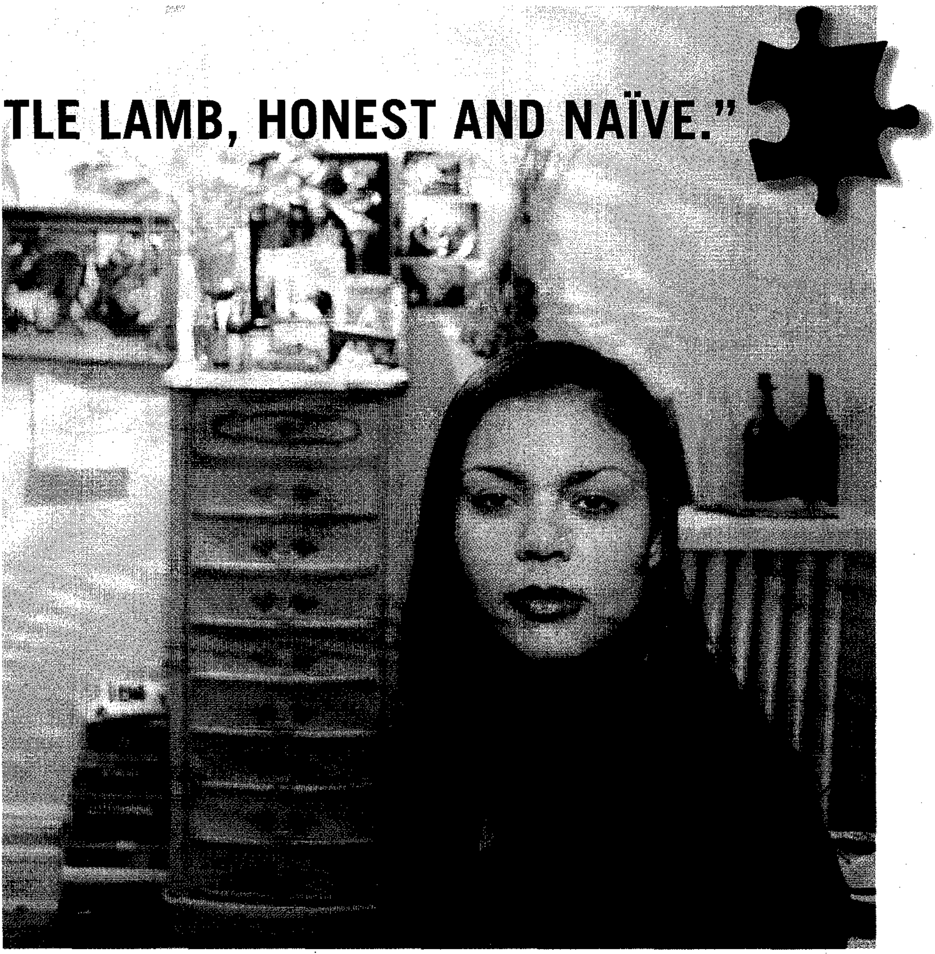
In her early twenties, Kristine made her way to Atlanta. She got a waitress job and roomed with Kelly Richardson, now a film-production assistant. But Atlanta was too makeup-and-big-hair; and on a trip to New York, when she visited her sister Kathy, who was living with Kevin in a tenement on East 3rd Street, she vowed to move there. When Kathy and Kevin moved out, Kristine moved in. Her clothes changed from flowing neo-hippie to sleek black-on-black.

She got a job at MacDougals Cafe, a tourist magnet across from Cafe Le Figaro in the Village. Nick Papanikolu—a young Greek-American raised in Brooklyn, Greece, and the Boston suburbs—also waited tables there, while putting himself through college. He was solemn; she was vivacious. They went to MOMA on their first date. “She kept touching the paintings,” Nick recalls. “I said, ‘Kristine, they’ll kick us out!’ ” She moved into his apartment on Hudson Street, near the mouth of the Holland Tunnel. After three years, they broke up—her decision—but remained best friends. She entered Baruch and, maintaining high grades, won a full Provost scholarship. She founded the school’s Philosophy Club, setting up debates on whether organized religion is oppressive, on whether focus on the Holocaust obscures the evil of slavery, and on the media’s role in the death of Princess Diana. She typed papers for blind students.

Kathy and Kristine, working-class sisters, shopped at thrift stores, cooked at home, got $12 haircuts, and took the subway everywhere—always competing over who could save more money. Kristine’s weakness for Joan & David shoes almost cost her the honor until she found the house in Kensington and began filling it with roommates to defray the rent. Ozlem has been there the longest, and she became the little sister Kristine never had. “I would knock on her door five times a day,” says Ozlem, usually with a question about a romance. “Kristine would say, ‘Stop being a drama queen. Just look at the facts!’ ”

With men, Kristine could give as good as she got. She often chewed them out for not calling when they said they would. “She didn’t want to dominate, but she was powerful. It was challenging for the man and for her,” says Ozlem. Kristine put it more bluntly to her friend Suzana Riordan: “You’re like me. We have balls—we scare ’em off.” She was involved with a law student, then, for months, a security guard. Lilien says, “I felt she picked men who weren’t her equal. She’s a really strong person. She needed somebody who could match her.” Her mother, who had thought the security guard was “an overgrown brat,” was pleased when Kristine stopped seeing him sometime around last winter. At the time, her mother recalls, “Kristine said, ‘No more men! No more relationships! I’m going to settle down now and just finish school!’ ”

But in the spring, Kristine started telling people she had a crush on her science teacher. She told her mother she was attracted to his intellect. Ozlem recalls her saying that “his skin was so clean and



CONFIDANTE: **Kupka’s roommate, Ozlem, was the little sister she never had.**

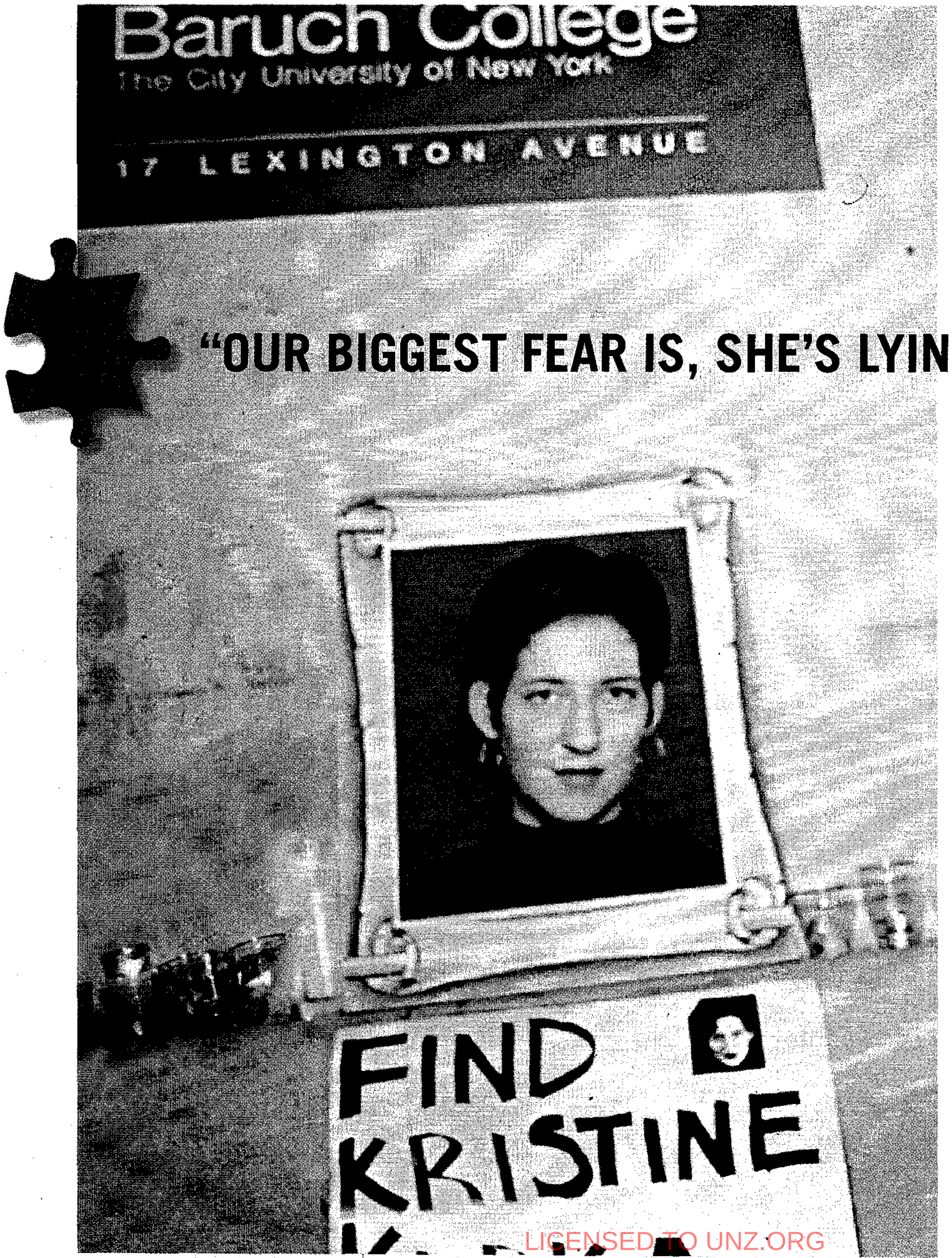
Photographs by Ethan Hill (2).

he didn't drink, didn't smoke, never ate meat. She also liked him because he had all these tacky neckties and not-matching clothes." Valerie Santos, a social worker who was Negril's night hostess, says that at first Kristine "didn't know how to read him; she was trying to figure out if he had a girlfriend." Then Kristine told Valerie that Rudy "was single—he had recently broken up with someone. He basically gave her the impression he was available." They exchanged numbers—her phone, his beeper. During conversations they had after class, he told Kristine about a business trip he would soon be taking to Turkey. An envious Kristine quipped to Kathy, "I wish he could take an assistant."

Once he filed the class grades, Rudy Persaud drove to Kristine's house for a date. He was leaning on a walking stick, Ozlem recalls, the result of a foot injury. "He made it sound like he wanted a relationship," Kathy recalls Kristine later telling her about the day, which had included lovemaking. But Ozlem had picked up a different vibe. "He's adorable," she said, "but he's hiding something."

RUDY PERSAUD'S FAMILY IS ONE OF THE more than 200,000 Hindu families who have flocked to America from Guyana (overwhelmingly to Queens, especially Richmond Hill) since the sixties, during and after the unfriendly regime of Prime Minister Forbes Burnham. They left a Caribbean country where they and their forebears had lived since coming there as indentured laborers from India between 1838 and 1917. Queens now has about twenty Hindu temples. Pandits like Rudy's father, having witnessed a full generation of Hindu youth raised on rap music, make pleas for traditional morality and spiritual regeneration.

KEEPING THE FAITH: **A shrine set up at the November 10 vigil in front of Baruch College.**



In mid-June, Kristine told Valerie Santos she felt certain she was pregnant; Valerie brought her a pregnancy test from the health clinic she worked in. When it came out positive, despite the certainty she'd expressed to Valerie, "she was shocked," Kathy says. "It took a day for it to settle in—she hadn't planned it. But then she said, 'I'm graduating in January, I have a great house, I'm already 28—I can do it.' "

Even though she only had sex with him once, Kristine told friends there was no question that Persaud was the baby's father. Still, she was afraid to tell him, Kathy says, but she did not put the task off. She beeped him, and when he called her back, she said she had something important to discuss; could she see him in person? When he said he was busy, she broke the news on the phone. According to the accounts of several of Kristine's friends, he heatedly denied paternity, claiming he'd had a vasectomy (a "partial vasectomy" was the term Kristine told Kathy and Nick he had used). Then, in a subsequent conversation (again, according to what Kristine told friends), he backed away from the vasectomy assertion. He stopped denying paternity. "He started crying—literally crying," Kathy says Kristine told her. "He started *begging* her to have an abortion." He told her that he had gotten married. (Apparently, the Turkish "business trip" had been his honeymoon, and his new wife was a young Brahmin woman.) "He said, 'You're going to ruin my life! My parents are going to disown me!' " He said his wife and his parents were going to pay his tuition to dental school. " 'You can't do this to me!' 'This can't happen!' "

"OUR BIGGEST FEAR IS, SHE'S LYING IN A DITCH SOME

KATHY REPORTS, "HE TALKED TO HER A FEW more times. Each time, he begged her again to have an abortion—the baby 'would ruin his life.' She was trying to work it through with him. I said, 'Would you stop already? It's his problem! You don't have to make it right for him.' But she wanted it to be right for him."

She had reasons for this. She wanted his name on the birth certificate so her child wouldn't be embarrassed enrolling for school with a document that did not list a father. The acknowledgment of paternity would also allow her to sue him for child support, something Kathy pressed her to consider. "But Kristine is definitely not about money. Never once did she say, Oh, he's gonna be a dentist one day!' " Kristine would only consider suing for child support "later," Kathy says, "if lown the road she needed money to safeguard the baby."

During these weeks, in July, of talking with Rudy about the pregnancy, "it got bad, real bad—very negative—between hem," says a Negril waiter named Sean, who had joined Kristine's band of confidants. She'd become so afraid of Rudy's eelings on the matter, she told Sean and others, "she only wanted to meet him in a public place. I thought she was being paranoid; she was very assertive and very ogether, so I was surprised when she said hat." She confided to Nick several times her fear that Rudy might "hit her in the stomach" or find some other way to end he pregnancy. She told Valerie (who was arranging her prenatal care) "words to he effect of 'If anything happens to me, he will have probably done it.' It was her gut [feeling] from the beginning. She never told me he threatened her verbally, but she was anxious and scared—and I don't hink even she could explain why."

Still, Kristine pressed on. She "wanted Rudy to have some kind of relationship with the baby," Kathy says Kristine told her. "He said, 'How am I going to do that? I have a wife! My mom and dad would find out!' She said, 'You could do it on a weekend. People have problems when they don't have a father—they think they're worthless. They feel abandoned.' "

He stopped calling. She started beeping. Kelly Richardson pleaded, "Kristine, is here any way you can have this baby and ust . . . completely not involve him? Put him out of the picture?"

AND WE'RE MISSING HER BECAUSE WE'RE FOCUSING ON RUDY."

OZLEM PICKED UP THE RINGING PHONE one evening in late July. A young woman's voice demanded, "Do you know someone named Rudy Persaud? You just called his beeper." Ozlem said no and hung up the phone. The same thing happened the next morning, at seven. Ozlem woke Kristine and said, "She called again; I don't want to get caught in between." The next time, Kristine answered the phone. And that is how Kristine entered into an astonishing communication, over the course of a number of phone calls, with Rudy's wife, Rochelle.

First Kristine told Rochelle she was merely one of Rudy's students. The second or third time Rochelle called, Kristine admitted they'd been involved but that they no longer were and said there was a reason she was remaining in touch with him. According to several of Kristine's friends, every time Rochelle asked what the reason was, Kristine said, "You'll have to ask Rudy." Finally Rochelle asked, "Are you pregnant?" Kristine admitted she was. As Ozlem listened, Kristine carefully explained that Rudy had told her he wasn't married (which was apparently true at the time of their single sexual encounter). According to Kristine's reports to several friends, Rochelle expressed explosive anger toward her husband, even telling Kristine she didn't want Rudy—why didn't Kristine take him? Kristine said she didn't want him.

Over the course of these phone calls, "at first, Kristine couldn't figure the wife out," Valerie Santos says, "and then she felt more empathy for the woman." Kristine told Suzana Riordan that she tried to assure Rochelle (in Suzana's words): "The pregnancy won't affect your life together or any children you have; I don't want to hurt your relationship; I just need a few things from him." According to what Kristine told friends, Rochelle seemed to pour her heart out to Kristine: describing the wedding (it may have been through Rochelle that Kristine determined the approximate date), musing about an old boyfriend. (Rochelle Persaud was called at her office for a response. Told *New York* was doing an article about Kristine Kupka's disappearance, she abruptly said, "I don't know anything about it!" When asked whether she had placed calls to Kristine, she angrily said, "I cannot talk to you right now! You called my job; don't you ever call back!" and hung up.)

By summer's end, to the relief of Kristine's friends, Rudy and his wife had slipped out of her life, which seemed to return to normal. But at the beginning of October, Rudy was back. His parents were out of town, he said, and his wife had kicked him out. He was staying with a cousin, Kristine told friends. One day, he met Kristine on her porch—he was "disheveled," she said—and told her he was hungry, that he was waiting for Dunkin' Donuts to throw out its leftovers. Did she believe him? Her mother says: "She doubted that he was actually kicked out, but it made her feel bad." Nevertheless, others say she wanted to help him. "She said they would spend days together and kind of walk around," Valerie Santos says. "That they were affectionate but not sexual. She encouraged Rudy to get back with his wife."

He was cool toward the pregnancy, Kristine reported to her confidants. It bothered her that he would pat her head but never touch her stomach. Yet he also seemed to embrace paternal involvement. According to what Kristine told friends, he offered to be the birthing coach. And he said he wanted to give the baby a Hindu name. Still, "she was very confused," Valerie Santos says, "because Rudy had gone from one extreme to another in a really short amount of time. She was not listening to her gut anymore, because his nice behavior had swayed her." Yet she never entirely surrendered her skepticism.

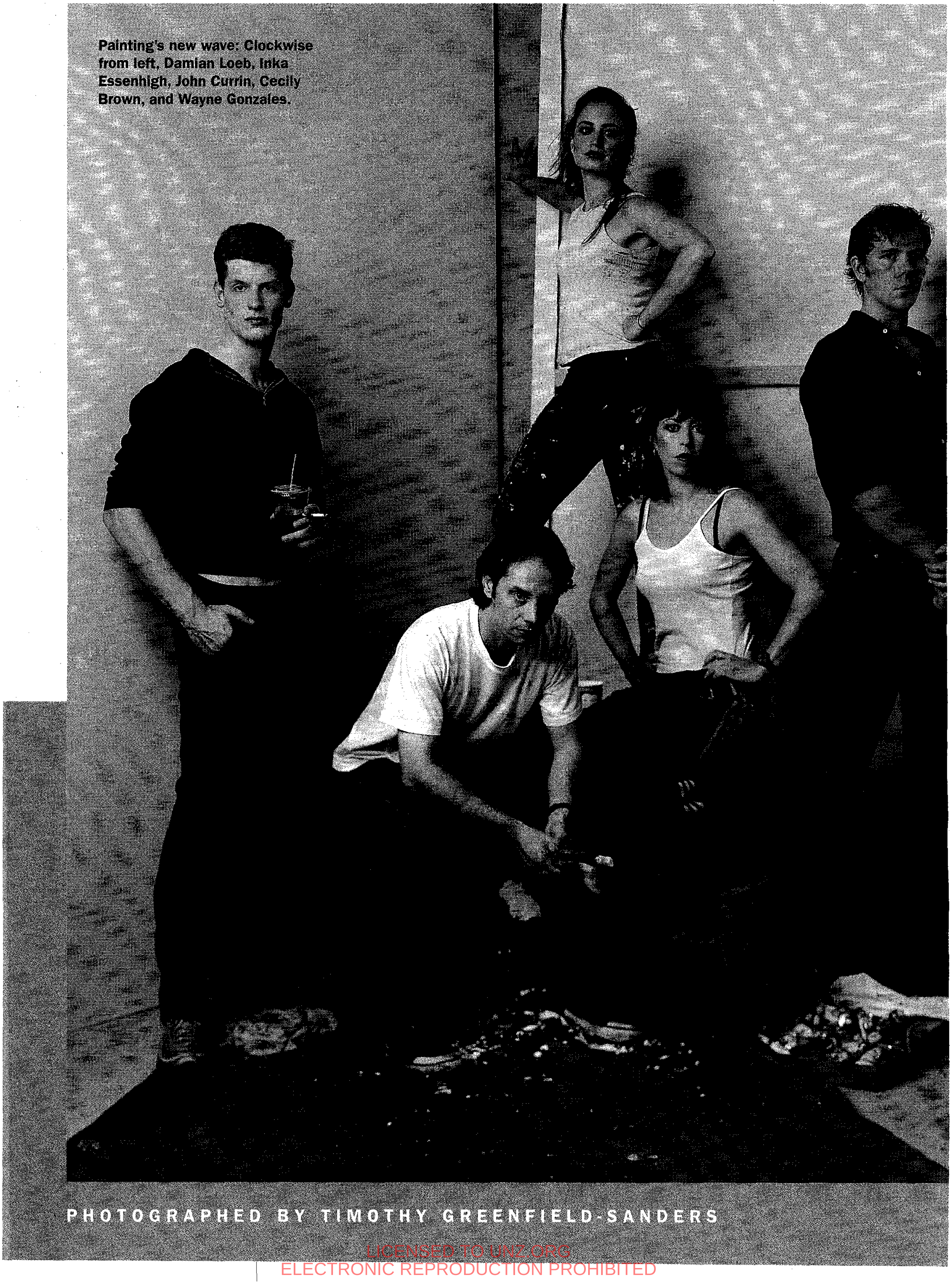
SUMMER OF [illegible]: **Kupka and high-school friend Denise Lilien on Long Island.**

During the last two weeks before she disappeared, in "every conversation we had," Nick says, her wariness of Rudy "always came up. She was afraid of him; she was afraid he was going to get somebody to punch her in the stomach." Ozlem and Kathy say Kristine discussed such fears with them too. But she usually concluded that he wouldn't hurt her, because if something happened to her, it would be too *obvious;* all fingers would point to him.

The third week in October, Kristine was feeling upbeat. She had $7,000 in her savings account, and she had chosen a birthing center on West 14th Street. Just before she disappeared, she stopped by to visit with Anthon Grant at school. They sat together in the student-government office and talked about her future. "She looked so good pregnant," he remembers ruefully, "and she seemed so happy." ▬

If you have any information on the disappearance of Kristine Kupka, please call the police—800-577-TIPS—or log onto the family's Website: www.kristinekupka.com.

Opposite page: photograph by Diane Greene Lent.



Painting's new wave: Clockwise from left, Damian Loeb, Inka Essenhigh, John Currin, Cecily Brown, and Wayne Gonzales.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY TIMOTHY GREENFIELD-SANDERS

THE MOD SQUAD

Banished to the sidelines during the art world's post-eighties hangover, painting is finally back in the picture. But the new generation of New York painters is smitten with technology, suspicious of hype, and avowedly *sober.* **BY PHOEBE HOBAN**

On a steamy day late last summer, Charles Saatchi, the British advertising baron and one of the world's preeminent art collectors, spent the morning at Deitch Projects on Grand Street, browsing through the work of several new artists represented by dealer Jeffrey Deitch. Saatchi had already bought some paintings by a young British figurative painter named Cecily Brown, whose work, with its suggestive blur of nude bodies, owes considerably more to

Cecily Brown's images of near-pornographic rabbits were a huge hit when Deitch displayed them.

Francis Bacon than to Julian Schnabel. Now he was scrutinizing canvases by Casey Cook, a 26-year-old recent UCLA grad who blithely mixes abstract and representational elements in her work.

If a single moment suggested that after half a decade of indifference, painting was making a comeback, it was Saatchi's visit to Deitch, a gallery that until earlier this year had prided itself on representing the cutting edge of installation art—from Noritoshi Hirakawa's panty-strewn chandeliers (*Garden of Nirvana*) to performance artist Oleg Kulik's well-publicized residency as a caged dog (*I Bite America and America Bites Me*).

Though it's not yet a full-blown wave, the burgeoning interest in painting first began at 1997's Whitney Biennial, and intensified after a MOMA show of young painters later that year. But Saatchi, whose renowned art collection was built during the notorious eighties, is to the art world what Warren Buffett is to Wall Street, and his newly piqued interest in these young American artists sent an unmistakable message: After years of critical disinterest and commercial decline, painting was finally back in play.

Deitch, a former Citibank art adviser and sometime critic who promoted many of the eighties' art stars, was one of the first to discover their nineties counterparts. During the past twelve months, he has enthusiastically taken on half a dozen new painters barely out of art school, including Shahzia Sikander, Cecily Brown, Inka Essenhigh, and Damian Loeb. Their work almost instantly garnered both critical and commercial success. While their paintings are hardly expensive, ranging from $5,000 to $12,500, it's not every day that a twentysomething artist sells out a show or makes it into Saatchi's collection. Indeed, the market for their work has become so fevered that last month, two of Deitch's hottest painters defected to uptown galleries: Brown went to Larry Gagosian, and Loeb decamped to Mary Boone.

"When I opened up in 1996, most of the art that I saw was created by performance artists like Vanessa Beecroft and Mariko Mori, and installations where artists create their own private world," says Deitch.

"In the nineties, painting was considered dead. But a lot of the performance art and video art and conceptual art was getting a little academic. The freshest art right now is painting. The ambitious younger artists don't want to do the same sort of imagery as the generation before them. The best new painting is not art about art, and it's not about decoration. It's small-scale and personal—about communicating the experiences that define the self. There is a different approach to painting—it's not purely abstract or purely representational. It's both."

WHEN IT COMES TO THE NEW painters, Deitch may have been slightly ahead of the curve, but he's hardly alone. Eager to revive a hibernating art market, a number of galleries, including Pat Hearn, Matthew Marks, Andrea Rosen, Team, Feature, Gavin Brown, and Greene Naftali, have been showing work by painters in their twenties and thirties, including some who came to prominence over the past few years, such as Rita Ackermann, Lisa Ruyter, Elizabeth Peyton, Monique Prieto, Alexander Ross, and Peter Wegner. In late June, Pat Hearn and Matthew Marks mounted a double-gallery show called, appropriately enough, "Painting: Now and Forever Part I." It included some 45 works, from a Kenneth Noland sixties color-field painting to a candy-colored 1998 piece by Sue Williams.

Across the street, Max Protetch countered with a painting show facetiously called "From Here to Eternity: Painting in 1998" that rounded up a number of the usual contemporary suspects, including John Currin, whose tart renditions of women of a certain age have earned him a bad-boy reputation; Lisa Yuskavage, known for her painterly psychosexual dramas; and such "conceptual abstract" painters as David Reed and Jonathan Lasker.

"VIDEO AND INSTALLATION ART HAVE BECOME THE LAST

Says Marks, "I think there's a sea change: Painting is attracting younger artists who consider it a viable thing. We wanted to do a big group show to try to give a sense of all the different types of paintings made today. One of the characteristics of nineties painting is that it's cooler. You don't see so much expressionistic work. It's a little bit more neo-Pop."

Adds Hearn, "That postmodern thing, up to the eyeballs in emotion and expression, got enervated of meaning. But out of those ashes, painting kind of grew up again with a real energy. These kids coming out of Yale or the School of Visual Arts are doing something that reinvents painting out of itself."

SOME SEE THE CURRENT ENTHUSIASM AS purely a function of economics. Says Marcia Tucker of the New Museum, "For painters, there is no such thing as a return to painting. What we are really talking about is the marketplace—what sells and what doesn't. A good market strategy is based on something new and exciting and different, and this year it's painting."

And Wall Street's boom has been an obvious boon to the market for emerging artists. "There are a lot of new collectors who want to participate," says Deitch. "Painting is accessible. You don't need your own private museum to accommodate it."

Among the new collectors is Dean Valentine, the president and CEO of UPN. "Video and installation art have become the last refuge of artistic scoundrels," he says. "Painting is easier to collect. It's more enjoyable. In classic 1960s terms, the new art would be considered reactionary—reaction against installation art and the overly dry conceptual art of the first five years of the nineties. I guess in my mind, it's a return of the pleasure principle to art. It's okay for people to like the art and want to live with it, and it's okay for the artist to like making it. It's a very heartening development."

But this painting redux is a far cry from the overheated eighties, when neo-expressionism swashbuckled its way into galleries and auction houses, art prices rocketed into the millions, and artists like Julian Schnabel and David Salle became household names.

The new generation of painters are an understated lot whose sensibility has little to do with postmodernism, a word that has itself become passé. If anything, New York's current art scene is not so much a movement as a moment; there is no manifesto. These artists are not making paintings about painting, or appropriating their way into art history. They are simply infatuated with paint.

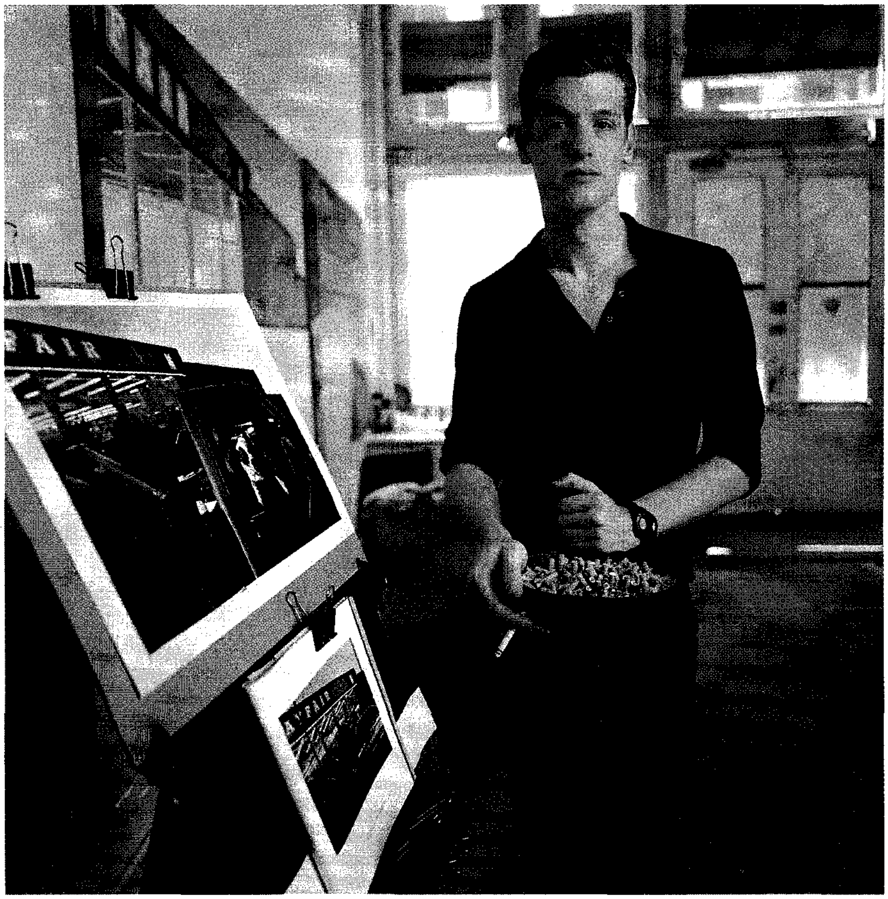
TAKE DAMIAN LOEB, A HIGH-school dropout and former assistant to Alexis Rockman who now works out of a studio-loft conveniently located across the street from Pearl Paint. The 28-year-old artist has already been associated with three galleries; he showed at White Columns in the winter of 1996, where Deitch signed him up, and immediately sold out the work the dealer had planned to show the following December. But when Deitch then appeared to get cold feet about exhibiting Loeb's work, in which he boldly borrows from other artists, Loeb lost no time jumping ship; his much-anticipated solo show at Mary Boone opens on January 7.

Loeb lights up a cigarette. His intense green eyes are focused on a large work-in-progress in his studio. He's making a painting from a collage he's constructed of Xeroxed found images, most of them loaded—a sort of slick-looking hybrid of violent news items and advertising. The painting depicts a black man with a gun in front of a grocery store; pulling away from him in a car are three white kids with a German shepherd, its teeth angrily bared. "I collect images," Loeb explains. "I'm bombarded by MTV and movies and advertising and fashion, and I'm receptive to just about anything."

Indeed, some think he's just a bit too receptive. But while Loeb's predilection for lifting images raised copyright issues that gave Deitch pause, Boone was eager to take the young artist on. "Mary really had enthusiasm," he says of his decision to switch galleries, "and she was willing to put the emphasis on the work rather than on potential legal aspects."

Though his work could pass for photorealism, Loeb bristles at the term. "I don't like photorealism because it's flat," he says. "I'm interested in *environments.* I am looking to cut holes in people's walls,

Damian Loeb, here in his SoHo studio, is a self-described image collector. "I'm bombarded by MTV and advertising and fashion," he says. "I'm open to just anything."



OF ARTISTIC SCOUNDRELS," SAYS DEAN VALENTINE.

but also to make them aware it's a painting. On the other hand, you step back and the pixels disappear, and suddenly you're looking through a window." What you're looking at is usually disturbing: a seductive young girl in the backseat of a car (victim or temptress?); a drive-by holdup with racial innuendos; an exotic Asian odalisque splayed in an Andrew Wyeth–style field.

"Up until last year, the worst things I could hear were it's too accessible and a little too narrative," Loeb continues. "And now, because the focus is on painting, I get away with what I really want to do. You know infomercials for starving kids in Africa? Every once in a while if it's shot well enough, you have a plunge in your stomach. That's what I'm looking for."

Loeb, who never went to art school, began painting nine years ago, shortly before the birth of his daughter, Cameron, who he says is one of the positive outgrowths of his "excessive eighties clubhopping."

The week Deitch signed him on, the artist overslept and nearly missed an appointment with Edward and Agnès Lee, collectors who were interested in getting an early glimpse at his work. At the last minute, he and his brother bolted two paintings together and carried them down to the gallery. The Lees bought the pair. That same day, British dealer Jay Jopling offered him a show at White Cube, a well-known gallery in London.

Mera Rubell, who with her husband, Donald, a Manhattan gynecologist (and brother of the late Studio 54 co-owner Steve Rubell), has collected contemporary art on a grand scale since the late seventies, bought two paintings right out of the artist's bare-bones studio (butt-filled vintage ashtray, beat-up couch, industrial-strength sound system). And Saatchi has also taken a look.

Loeb seems a bit amazed by his sudden success; just a few years ago he despaired of ever getting into a gallery. "Craft was shunned," he continues. "The SoHo art world was a huge fortress, and I didn't have the four years at art school that my peers had. Now I'm at one of the trendiest galleries around. It was almost like I was watching something tilt, and right when it was ready my work was also ready. I was very fortunate in the timing.

"Maybe it's because too many people have gone into big, white empty rooms with a dog bone in the corner. They are finally thinking, *What is so different from that?* Painting!" Loeb answers rhetorically, still sounding somewhat surprised.

"PAINTING MIGHT GO INTO REMISSION, BUT IT never disappears," declares Mary Boone, who has shown, in addition to Loeb, Wegner, and Ross, a number of other young painters, including Karin Davies, Wayne Gonzales, and Ellen Gallagher. "Art seems to go in ten-year cycles," Boone says. "During the past ten years, we suffered a backlash against the eighties, which translated into a backlash against painting. But that's changing now. Suddenly you've got this whole new exciting generation of artists who are combining the best elements of cyberculture with the best elements of paint. This is a generation fixated by technology."

"I think one had the sense that painting had gone underground," says Ross Bleckner, one of the eighties art stars to have survived with his reputation intact. "But painting is always being made when there is the *least* interest in it. In the last nine months, it's started to emerge."

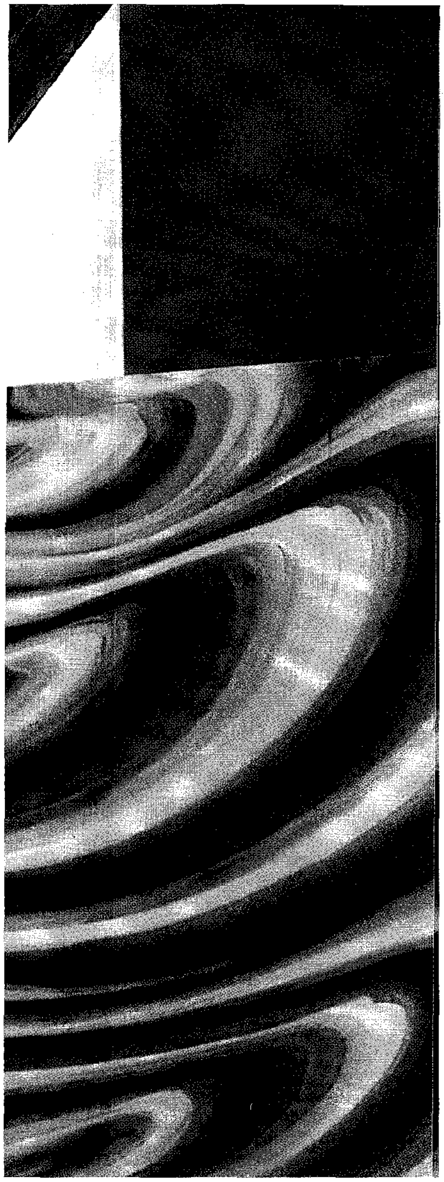
Art is cyclical in nature, so it's not surprising that just as the conceptual and minimal art of the late seventies gave way to the early-eighties big bang of neo-expressionism, what Bleckner calls the "rec-room" aesthetic of the early nineties is morphing into a wallpaperlike cacophony of bright young painters. But that's where the parallel ends. The new art is nothing if not eclectic. Its only common characteristics seem to be its total lack of irony, its unabashed embrace of pop culture, and the fact that most of it is based on secondary-source material—from photographs to the Internet. Fashion photography, in particular, seems to have influenced a number of artists. If the painters of the eighties were appropriating images from Janson's *History of Art,* the artists of the nineties seem to be absorbing images from *Vogue.*

There is a smattering of abstract painting, but most new work is unabashedly representational, and many artists are playing with merging the two. Take Blake Rayne, whose dreamy interiors of cars framing landscapes are in a genre of their own. (Rayne had a solo show at Greene Naftali in September.) Or Elizabeth Peyton, who makes pop portraits of "people I love," including Kurt Cobain. Rita Ackermann paints contemporary Lolitas. Lisa Ruyter uses a camera to capture suburban landscapes, then turns them into vividly tinted works that look like paint-by-numbers pictures. Karin Davies's colorful abstracts look like photographs that were shredded through a computer.

Peter Halley calls the new sensibility "pop figuration." "This art is a resurgence of a kind of pop spirit; it's exciting, funny, provocative, and upbeat, with a sort of intangible pop twist—there's the same kind of kitschy cuteness you see in Japanese graphics, although some of the work has a dark underside." Jeff Koons, who has recently started creating "handmade" paintings, calls it "oppy" (as in op art): "There's a certain playfulness, a certain brashness."

Says Robert Storr, curator of painting and sculpture at the Museum of Modern Art, "It's a little bit like new-image painting, a hybrid of abstract and figurative. It avoids a sort of painterly melodrama. People are working very hard and very intelligently and, on the whole, modestly. I think the stakes are in the art itself, and not just what the art is going to get you. It's concentrating on ideas and materials and not trying to conquer the world and then justify the conquests. You're seeing a surrender to the pleasure of painting that we have not had in a while."

"THE ART WORLD WAS SO EMBARRASSED AFTER NEO-EXPR



Karin Davies displays her swirly abstract works in her new Williamsburg studio.

Others refuse to categorize the work at all. "We're beyond isms," insists Andrea Rosen, whose Chelsea gallery was among the first to support the new painters. "The greatest thing about the nineties is that we don't need to identify ourselves in such strict terms."

Don Rubell, who stores his vast art holdings in a former warehouse the Drug Enforcement Agency once used to house confiscated contraband, agrees. "The art today is highly personal," he says. "It's not so much the figure as psychopersonal representation, whether you are looking at John Currin or Damian Loeb. If you want to contrast them with the eighties painters, the scale is different. They were dealing with the monumentality of the world, and the nineties painters are dealing with the individual."

THE NEW PAINTING ACHIEVED A SORT OF CRITical mass last May, when Cecily Brown, a 29-year-old British artist who moved to New York in 1994, sounded a clarion call in an article she published entitled "Painting Epiphany—Happy Days Are Where, Again?" in *FlashArt*. Brown, who studied art at Slade but left London and its hothouse of YBA's (Young British Artists), wrote about feeling shame at "my pleasure in painting, my predilection for emotionally charged subjects, and . . . my love of dead painters." She quoted Currin as saying, "The art world was so guilty and embarrassed after neo-expressionism . . . painting was a laughingstock."

Brown was so discouraged with the attitude toward painting in the early nineties that she temporarily gave it up. But now, she proclaimed in print, things had changed. "This is an intoxicating time to be painting, and New York an exhilarating and sympathetic climate. The mood is generous and open and eclectic. . . . I don't think that any of the young painters see themselves as part of a movement, but there is a shared sense of surprise, because in our lifetime painting has been so very sick."

Maybe that's why there is no nineties equivalent of the raucous eighties art scene: no clubs that double as galleries, like the Mudd Club, Area, and Club 57. Unlike the last generation of art stars, who spent their nights club-hopping and networking and whose flamboyant behavior frequently landed them in the gossip columns, the new breed of painters are a relatively staid bunch.

"There is no real center," says Brown, who has tried to remedy that by throwing regular parties in her loft. There is a bit of a music-related moveable feast: Cultural Alchemy, producers of SoundLab, throw a D.J. night called Abstrakt at Fahrenheit every Tuesday and draw a number of Lower East Side artists who come to hear D.J. Spooky spin. At last summer's "Warm-Up" series at P.S. 1 on Saturday nights, thousands of art types came to party in the playground created by an Austrian group called Gelatin. And the roving D.J. group Dark Green has hosted parties at various bars on the last Friday of every month. But these painters tend to socialize at home. "We go to each other's studios and have dinner," says Brown. "We gossip about art and each other's love lives," adds Loeb.

Standing in her light-filled loft on Allen Street, Brown, makeup-free, looks even younger than her years. The daughter of Shena Mackay, a well-known British novelist, and David Sylvester, the art critic, she's not unaccustomed to the limelight. "I always had to explain why I was painting, as if it were slightly immoral," she says, laughing. "It was like I was a 'dirty painter.' I had a painting crisis and stopped working."

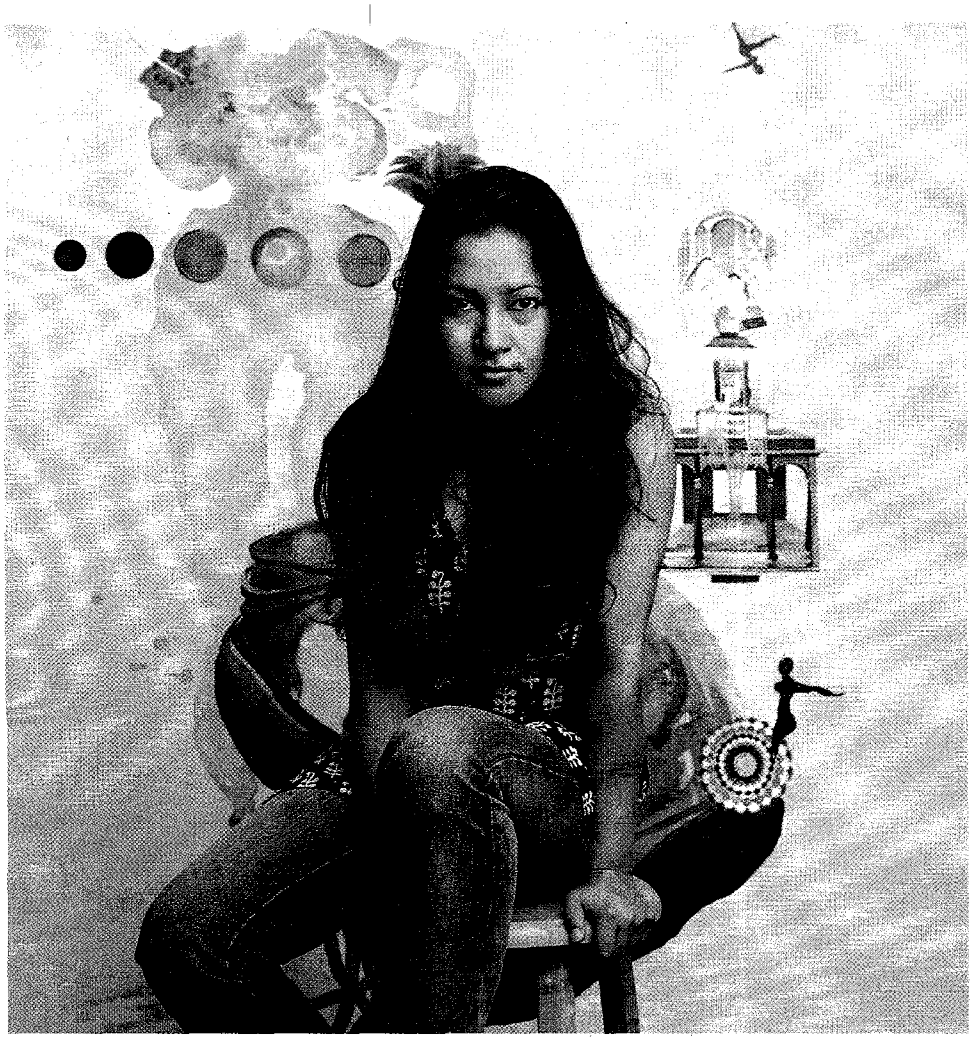
That was then; at the moment, Brown is in the midst of a painting orgy. Slender and unimposing, she doesn't look physically large enough to have created the canvases that line her walls. Dense and painterly, they are filled with tangled images—many of them turn out to be naked bodies engaged in a variety of sexual acts.

"It was considered the most self-indulgent of all the art forms, and you had to justify why you were doing it," she says, gesturing at a painting with a central image of huge, billowy thighs. "I was sick of one show after another of cool, cerebral art. People were missing work that was visceral. People want to see color. Finally, I can be unapologetic."

Brown's canvases of nearly pornographic rabbits were a huge hit when Deitch displayed them in the storefront window of his gallery in 1997 after seeing her work during a studio visit. "The show was sensational," says Deitch. "We had four small paintings, and I'd never seen anything like it. People were standing in front of these paintings for half an hour." This May, she had a solo show of eight large paintings, which immediately sold out to such collectors as Saatchi and Francesco Pellizzi. And last month she left Deitch for Larry Gagosian. Although Gagosian is known for making lucrative contractual offers to artists, Brown insists that money wasn't the motive. "He didn't offer me so much money. I've just always loved that space," she says.

BUT DEITCH IS NOT DISCOURAGED. He has big plans for his remaining artists, including Shahzia Sikander, Inka Essenhigh, and Y. Z. Kami. Sikander, a 29-year-old Pakistani artist classically trained in Persian miniatures, first made a splash when her work was shown in the 1997 Whitney Biennial. "It was really bizarre—the day after the Biennial opened, I got calls from ten different galleries," she says. "But I also do realize it's very fickle." Sikander, who left Pakistan in 1993, went to graduate school at the Rhode Island School of Design and lived briefly in Houston before moving to New York this year. Impressed by her work at the Biennial, Deitch gave Sikander her first

ISM ," SAYS CURRIN. "PAINTING WAS A LAUGHINGSTOCK."



Shahzia Sikander achieved widespread recognition after the 1997 Whitney Biennial.

solo show in New York last fall. Another solo show of her work is scheduled at the Hirshhorn Museum this year.

Sikander's meticulous style is misleading: She subverts classical images to create a new mythology, giving her material a sharp feminist spin. Recently she has moved from smaller, delicately detailed pieces to larger ones painted right on the wall. "They are more confrontational," she says. "My work may not look similar, but I feel an accessibility with all these other artists. There is a shared sense of history and desire to create narrative-oriented work."

A striking woman who speaks with a gentle lilt, she seems utterly, if quietly, confident in her own abilities. The stunningly intricate framed miniatures against the wall in her enormous loft on Franklin Street look as if they could have been created a century ago. Because of her Eastern imagery and themes, she is often compared to Francesco Clemente—a comparison she resents.

"It only reflects on how people like to stereotype," she says. "My desire was never to subvert or reinterpret tradition but more to play and tease with it. It's removed from all nostalgia. *Miniature* comes out of a word that doesn't mean *small* at all—it means *refinement,*" she continues. "By doing miniature painting, I was immediately rejected out of the mainstream anyway, so the question of whether or not painting was exhausted didn't really apply. But I do recognize timing is crucial."

Inka Essenhigh, a 28-year-old artist who will have her first show at Deitch this month, paints carefully rendered, enigmatic, cartoonlike figures that look like a cross between Hokusai and Tin Tin. At first, the images resemble jigsaw-puzzle pieces, but eventually their antic nature is revealed: In one painting, a suburban landscape (*Suburban Lawn*) features two female figures sunbathing, one of whom is about to be removed by a giant spatula, the other melting in the spray of a sprinkler.

"They have a lot of Walt Disney in them," observes Essenhigh, an elfin woman with a dancer's bearing. "In terms of decoration, I've always wanted to make something that was distinctly American and elegant."

Unlike the younger members of Deitch's brood, Y. Z. Kami, 42, who has been painting for the past ten years, is not just jumping on the bandwagon. After leaving Holly Solomon, he had a show in the Project Room at MOMA; soon after, Deitch invited him to do a project. The paintings Kami created for his show in March were a series of sixteen highly realistic portraits that nonetheless had a slightly impressionistic feel, like painterly Gap ads shot through gauze. "I'm interested in the memory of a face," he says.

Born in Iran, Kami studied philosophy at the Sorbonne before turning to painting and had his first show in 1984. "I'm just painting because I love to paint," he says simply, identifying himself with neither the painting of the eighties nor that of the nineties. "I'm not part of a movement." He also creates photographic canvases—beautiful blowups of architectural details.

MASSIMO AUDIELLO IS another champion of the new painting. Audiello, who had a cutting-edge gallery in the mid-eighties, recently opened Audiello Fine Art in Chelsea. His well-regarded stable of young painters includes Juan Gomez, a 28-year-old Colombian abstract artist in love with big, smoky brushstrokes, and 27-year-old Andy Collins, who is currently in the M.F.A. program at the School of Visual Arts.

Gomez, who works in DUMBO, the industrial neighborhood just under the Brooklyn Bridge, says that the tiny dimensions of his studio help inform his work, which has such suggestive titles as *Any Lewd Debt* and *Licentious Chore.* "It's a 100-square-foot space," says the artist. "I set the painting up and see which direction the paint strokes go in. I like to work really close and in your face."

Collins more obviously fits into the idea of pop figuration. He takes images from sources such as fashion magazines and plays with their negative spaces, eventually extrapolating pared-down forms that are neither abstract nor figurative but float provocatively between the two. Like those of Essenhigh and several of the other artists, his acrylic surfaces are so high-gloss that they shine.

"PEOPLE ARE EXPECTING A REPEAT OF THE EIGHTIES," SAY

Collins's studio is in a warren of tiny spaces in a School of Visual Arts building on West 21st Street. A transplant from Athens, Georgia, he moved to the city a year ago. Tall and lanky, Collins doesn't use an easel but kneels to paint his canvases, which are stacked up against the walls of his minuscule space. "I go through a convoluted process to make the paintings," he explains. "I work a lot from popular culture and magazines. I take forms and contours from magazines and make abstract paintings from them. I don't invent the forms. I just go find them and piece them together."

Collins points to a painting that looks like a silhouette of an antler. "It's sort of a parody of a dominatrix, an evil woman," he says, reluctantly explaining that the image was originally derived from the negative space in a spread in a fashion magazine featuring a lot of black leather. "My paintings titillate the viewer," he says. Collins's palette is deliberately pale, "wimpy colors," he says. "I want to make something people haven't seen before. I get excited when I come up with new forms.

With the interest in new painting percolating, the inevitable gallery hopping has already begun. Essenhigh left Stux to join Deitch, who is now experiencing his own defections. Wayne Gonzales, 41, joined the Tate gallery when it opened in September but has already left.

Gonzales, who once worked as Peter Halley's assistant, is one of the few to use a computer regularly as a drawing tool in his work. He morphs images, which he then paints: a building, say, or a generic escort ad from the Yellow Pages. Gonzales also likes to play with advertising logos, which he renders in a "sort of *Blade Runnery* way." He uses brash, industrial colors and carefully eliminates any hint of his handiwork.

"I don't *want* you to see the brushstroke," he insists. "I try to freeze the gestures, creating a tension between what is mechanical and intuitive—almost a mechanical-stenciling technique. I think of my work as sort of a misinterpretation of Cubism filtered through Pop Art." The New Orleans–born Gonzales, who had a joint show in October at Mary Boone and at Tate, rents a studio in the Chelsea Arts Building at 526 West 26th Street, a beehive of artistic activity, bustling with ten floors of artists and galleries—a milieu reminiscent of SoHo in its heyday.

THE HYPERINFLATED EIGHTIES STILL CAST A long shadow over the burgeoning scene. Nobody has forgotten the over-the-top art market that ultimately spun out of control. But for the painters of the moment, the last generation provides, in its own way, a kind of inspiration. Brown, for one, is grateful that she and her peers have been liberated from a certain didacticism: "We're very lucky. They got it out of the way for us. For them, painting was pronounced so dead it was an endgame. We're taking a break from the need to always react to art that came before us. We're not commenting on Salle or Schnabel or Fischl. We've skipped a generation. It's sort of a free-for-all, an expression of lust for life. And not caring about being corny, actually *liking* corniness. That's the biggest freedom, knowing that corny can be good."

"I couldn't be doing what I'm doing if the eighties hadn't happened," adds the 30-year-old Lisa Ruyter, whose new show of paintings opens in March at Pat Hearn. "It sort of brought together what was going on in the decade before—a mixture of pop sensibility and minimalism. This whole pop-abstraction has been handed down to us to deal with and sort out."

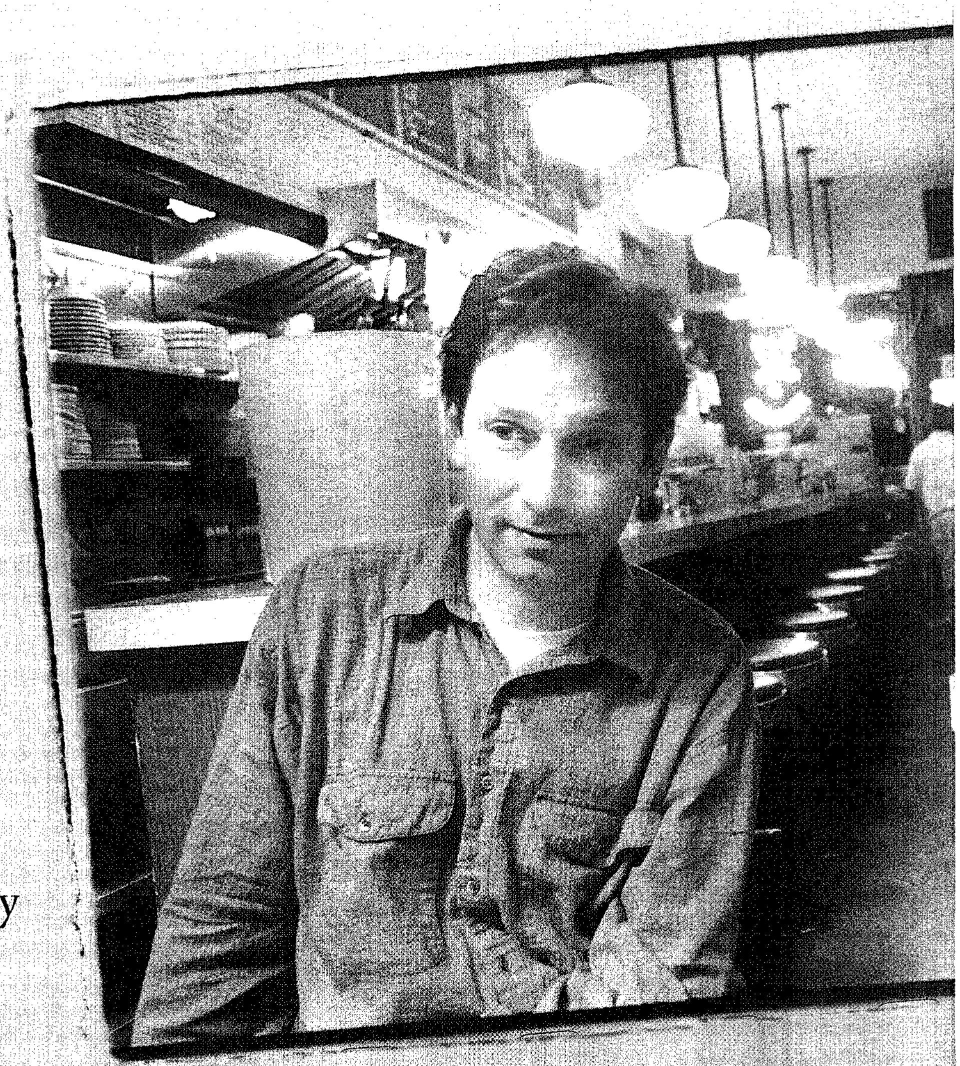
But even the biggest boosters of the new scene warn about escalating the hype. "We're on the cusp of something, but it's not a repeat of the eighties," says MOMA's Robert Storr. "People are expecting a wild-and-woolly scene. That's not going to happen. It's about the ambition of the work, not about the market phenomenon. The one thing that's really different is that nobody I know thinks they know where history is going. There's a general acceptance that art history does not have a direction you can predict. The work is very interesting," he says carefully. "But I have to keep asking myself: Is it *important*?"

"This is obviously a very good time for painting, a *very* important time," adds Massimo Audiello. "But the minute you say painting is back, you kill the goose. That's the way the art world works." His voice drops to a whisper. "The minute you proclaim painting is back, it's over." ▬

Wayne Gonzales likes to play with advertising logos, which he depicts in a "sort of *Blade Runnery* way," and makes frequent use of computer rendering in his work.

A'S ROBERT STORR, "BUT THAT'S NOT GOING TO HAPPEN."

In his third book of cartoons, *The Jew of New York*, Ben Katchor offers another installment of his idiosyncratic, lovingly detailed, steeped-in-history urban saga. Yet this chronicler of the subliminal city rarely leaves his desk.



LANDSCAPE A

A MINI–STORAGE UNIT IN LOWer Manhattan contains all 1,000 unsold copies of a slim volume of cartoons called *Cheap Novelties.* Every few months, the renter of the unit (who is also the author of the book) will get a call from a collector. He will then journey downtown, extract one copy, and autograph the frontispiece with a drawing of Julius Knipl, the real-estate photographer who is *Cheap Novelties*'s star. Then cartoonist Ben Katchor sends the personalized copy off.

This sounds like an incident Katchor would draw. And, in fact, it *was* an incident in *Cheap Novelties.* In strip No. 041, the clerk at the Mutual Storage Co. asks Julius Knipl, "Is this storage in perpetuity or just for your lifetime?"

"Say 30 years."

"You have nothing in here of any value whatsoever to anyone but yourself?"

"Believe me, it's nothing," says Knipl. And adds, walking out, "That's one address I can forget."

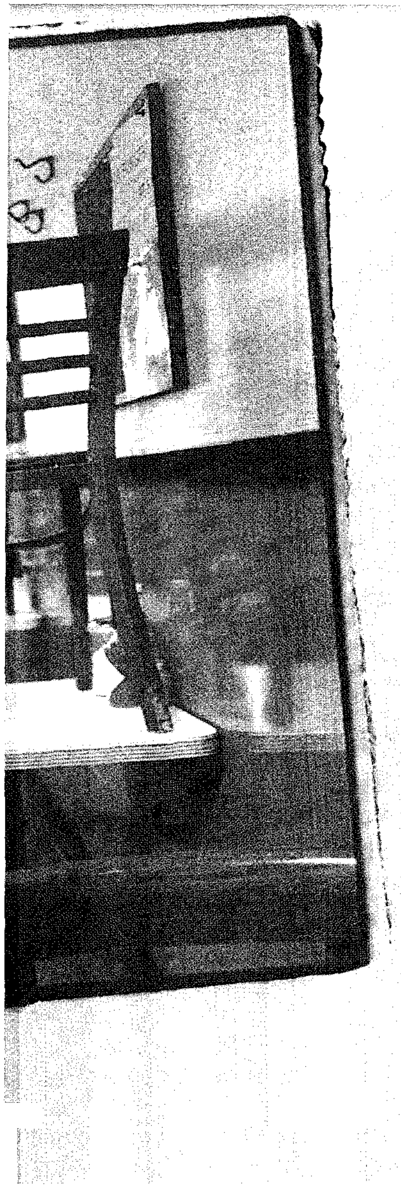
For a cartoonist who, in six of his inimitable scratchy, off-kilter panels, recorded his own mini-storage failure, Ben Katchor certainly seems like a success. Pantheon has just published his third book of cartoons, *The Jew of New York.* Katchor currently has two strips running: one weekly in the *Forward* and in thirteen free papers across the U.S., and one monthly in *Metropolis*—enough to make a living. A documentary about him will premiere this summer at the San Francisco Jewish Film Festival. And producers William Teitler and Chris Van Allsburg plan to film the seventeen-strip conclusion to the second Knipl collection, *The Evening Combinator,* as a feature—a twisted newsroom story in which reporters read pillowcases for clues, then report on the city's subconscious.

KATCHOR SUGGESTS WE MEET AT WHAT seems like a deliriously appropriate place: the Diamond Dairy. "It's near the Gotham Book Mart," he says on the phone, his voice a whispery croak, "on the back mezzanine of one of the diamond markets." Overlooking the busy floor of 4 West 47th Street, the dairy is one of a vanishing breed, Katchor informs me. "They didn't used to be kosher, because only meat had to be kosher; dairy was just dairy." He sighs at the increasing orthodoxy of Jews in America. "Now they have rabbis who look through the vegetables to make sure there's no worms, no meat." He orders some borscht, with potato. They are out of noodle pudding.

Katchor looks nothing like the beaky, besuited men who populate his strips. At 47, he has a round, almost Renaissance face and the recessed eyes of a night owl. He's dressed in a crumpled blue shirt with a surprisingly stylish black coat. His only accessory is a cardboard envelope.

"I don't like the whole *idea* of precious *metals,* precious *gems,*" he says. Certain words come out italicized, others inaudible. "It's this invented thing that's made precious by its scarcity. I'd rather have a ring made out of aluminum foil than *gold.*" He's never done a strip about the

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL ACKERMAN



diamond district; Katchor's more interested in the tabletop streetscape.

"Ellenville?" he says, examining the ketchup bottle. "That's in the Borscht Belt, or used to be. Now there's a big Hasidic population. They live there year-round." He turns the bottle around, and smiles at the ridged company logo. "See, there are the mountains."

The label is like the peeling remains of a long-forgotten business. The sour cream touched with borscht—the pink, he notes with a pointing finger, is the exact match of the mauve plastic salt and pepper shakers—is like the unexpected beauty of a dime-store necklace.

But we've come here to discuss the book, not beets. "The Jew of New York" began in the *Forward* in 1992—Art Spiegelman's "Maus" had just ended, and Jonathan Rosen, an editor at the *Forward,* wanted something new. "They didn't think Knipl was specifically Jewish enough, so I said, 'Well, you want a Jewish strip, I'll do a strip called 'The Jew of New York,' an *incredibly* Jewish thing,' " Katchor says. Pause, sigh. "It turns out it probably isn't. It's about the *theater* and other things." Katchor had the best of intentions: "I came across the name of this man Mordecai Noah in a footnote, saying he had set up a national state. I always wondered if anyone went."

Grand Island, across the Niagara River from Buffalo, was to be the American Israel. "The Jew of New York," the strip, begins in 1830 with the unveiling of a topical play, entitled "The Jew of New York," making a mockery of Noah's messianic pretensions. For the play, he's been renamed Major Ham, and whenever he enters, the theater is filled with the aroma of pickled herring. Katchor is poking fun at an anti-Semitic comedy of his own invention. But the play is hardly the only strand—Katchor also introduces Nathan Kishon, a refugee from Noah's colony who has spent five years in the wilderness; Yosl Feinbroyt, who "is able to hear and transcribe, into English, the sounds of eating and drinking"; and Mr. Marah, a dealer in "fleshings" and beaver pelts, who fakes his own death to make a profit.

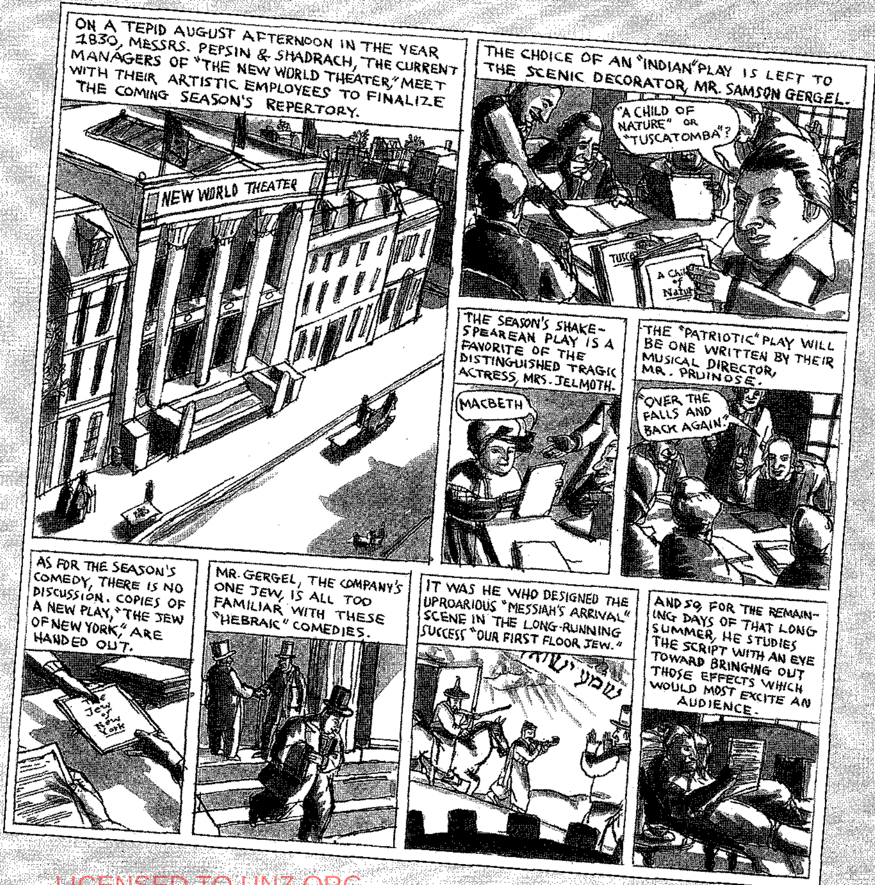
It's dizzying—characters come and go, turn up in the background. The effect is one of a richly textured, almost Dickensian community. "He claims he doesn't research it," says Rosen. "It's possible he's just soaked up so much urban life that he dreams in black-and-white 1940s Brooklyn."

Rooms and buildings are lovingly rendered in chiaroscuro; characters are distinguished by a variety of telling hats. Katchor turns unloved buildings and marginal lives into art. His vision of the city subtly affects the reader's visual priorities, and you find yourself seeking out the old and the odd rather than the new and the flashy. "The more you read him, the more the world starts to look like the world in his strip," says Sam Ball, who directed the Katchor documentary.

Katchor spends most of each week at his desk in the Upper West Side apartment he shares with his wife, Susan, a preschool teacher. "I try to stay home to work during the day. A lot of these strips are based on some observation, but things I may have seen ten years ago," he says. The strip is drawn in a day. "It has a journalistic urgency," Katchor says.

As we leave, Katchor unself-consciously lapses into a series of Kniplpiphanies. He points out "the world's smallest sink" in the corner by the Dairy's microscopic bathroom, suspended beneath the pink globe of the soap dispenser. He raps on the ridged paneling of the stairwell. And he's positively arrested by the posted rules for workers' comp opposite the register. Amid all the diamonds, gold, and fur, Ben Katchor pauses to read the fine print. ■

STAGE DIRECTIONS: KATCHOR OPENS *THE JEW OF NEW YORK* BY SATIRIZING A GHASTLY REPERTORY COMPANY OF HIS OWN INVENTION.



ON A TEPID AUGUST AFTERNOON IN THE YEAR 1830, MESSRS. PEPSIN & SHADRACH, THE CURRENT MANAGERS OF "THE NEW WORLD THEATER," MEET WITH THEIR ARTISTIC EMPLOYEES TO FINALIZE THE COMING SEASON'S REPERTORY.
NEW WORLD THEATER
THE CHOICE OF AN "INDIAN" PLAY IS LEFT TO THE SCENIC DECORATOR, MR. SAMSON GERGEL.
"A CHILD OF NATURE" OR "TUSCATOMBA"?
A Child of Nature
THE SEASON'S SHAKESPEAREAN PLAY IS A FAVORITE OF THE DISTINGUISHED TRAGIC ACTRESS, MRS. JELMOTH.
MACBETH
THE "PATRIOTIC" PLAY WILL BE ONE WRITTEN BY THEIR MUSICAL DIRECTOR, MR. PRUINOSE.
"OVER THE FALLS AND BACK AGAIN."
AS FOR THE SEASON'S COMEDY, THERE IS NO DISCUSSION. COPIES OF A NEW PLAY, "THE JEW OF NEW YORK," ARE HANDED OUT.
The Jew of New York
MR. GERGEL, THE COMPANY'S ONE JEW, IS ALL TOO FAMILIAR WITH THESE "HEBRAIC" COMEDIES.
IT WAS HE WHO DESIGNED THE UPROARIOUS "MESSIAH'S ARRIVAL" SCENE IN THE LONG-RUNNING SUCCESS "OUR FIRST FLOOR JEW."
AND SO, FOR THE REMAINING DAYS OF THAT LONG SUMMER, HE STUDIES THE SCRIPT WITH AN EYE TOWARD BRINGING OUT THOSE EFFECTS WHICH WOULD MOST EXCITE AN AUDIENCE.

From the book *The Jew of New York,* © Ben Katchor 1999.

The *Real* Methadone Problem

In criticizing the city's methadone-treatment programs, Mayor Giuliani may have done the right thing but for the wrong reasons. Where does that leave recovering heroin addicts?

BY MICHAEL MASSING

NEW YORK CITY IS THE HEROIN CAPital of the United States. Some 200,000 of the country's estimated 800,000 heroin addicts live here. The city is likewise the nation's methadone capital, home to about 36,000 of the 115,000 Americans who receive the substance. In all, the city has 122 methadone programs, most run by private nonprofit organizations. The largest is the Beth Israel Medical Center, which, with 21 sites serving 7,500 people, dispenses more daily doses of methadone than any other institution in the country.

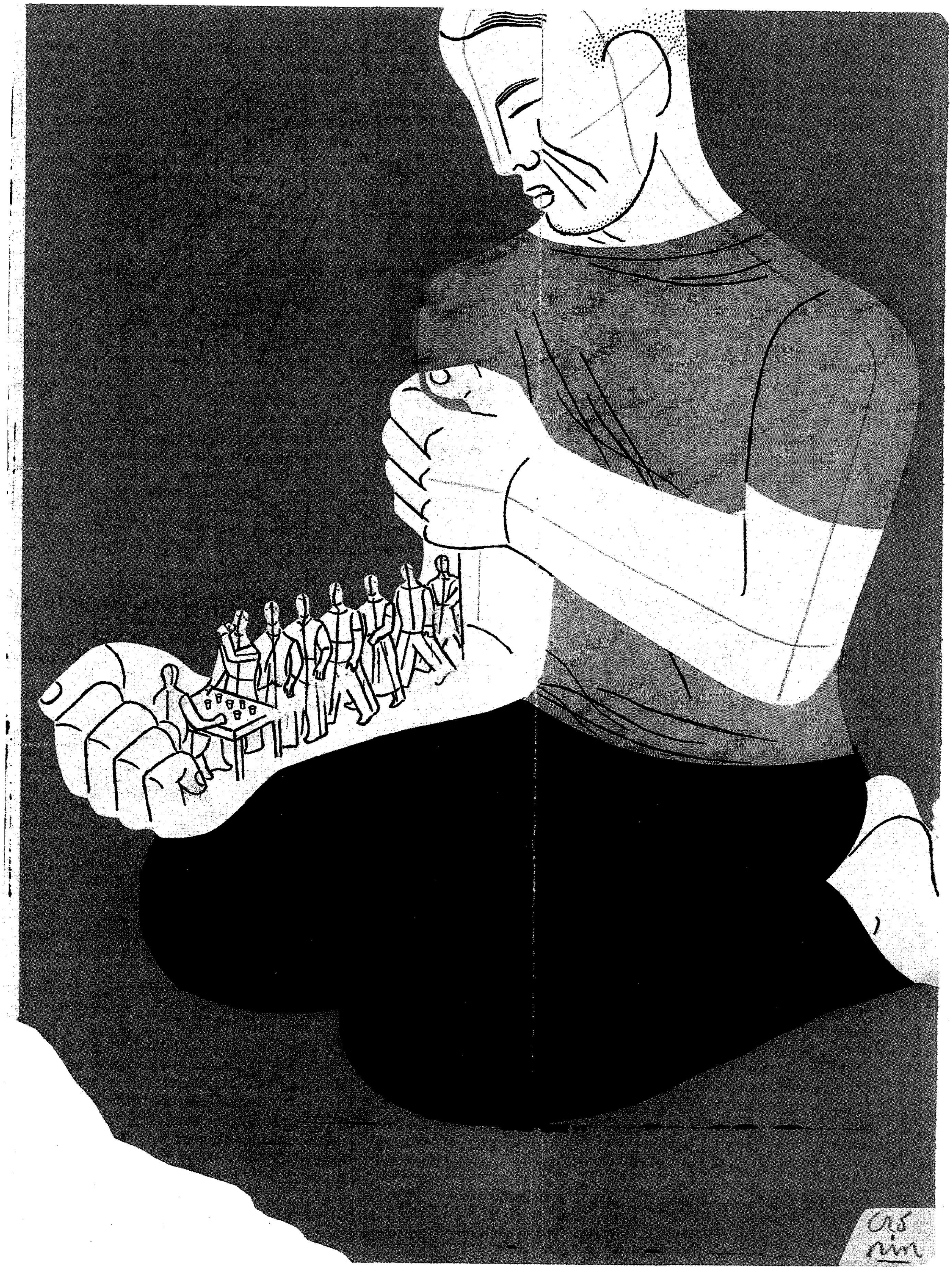
New York is also home to methadone's most prominent critic. Rudolph Giuliani's surprise attack on methadone last summer made headlines across the country, and the echoes continue to resound. In August, the five clinics under the city's control adopted a new policy that makes abstinence the main goal of treatment. Meanwhile, the city's private providers—long accustomed to laboring in the shadows—continue to bask in the praise they've received from the news media and from other treatment providers.

Overlooked amid all the controversy, however, has been the really critical question of how well the city's methadone programs are actually performing. The mayor's outburst diverted attention from the fact that the city's methadone providers, while offering an invaluable service to heroin addicts, have grown lax over the years and so could use a wake-up call.

For the most part, the issue has played out as a high-stakes political squabble, pitting the mayor against the nation's drug czar. In his two-plus years as director of the Office of National Drug Control Policy, Barry R. McCaffrey has not been known for boldness. Yet, within days of Giuliani's attack on methadone, the retired four-star general and Persian Gulf War hero issued a stinging rebuke, saying the mayor's comments were "at odds with the conclusions of the nation's scientific and medical community." The problem, McCaffrey declared, "isn't that there are too many methadone programs; in fact, there are too few."

To drive the point home, McCaffrey in late September came to New York to attend the national conference of the American Methadone Treatment Association. Representing 675 providers nationwide, the AMTA meets every eighteen months, and this year the site happened to be in Rudy Giuliani's backyard. The day before he was scheduled to speak, McCaffrey visited the Lower Eastside Service Center, a

ILLUSTRATION BY BRIAN CRONIN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methadone clinic located on East Broadway, on the edge of Chinatown. Sitting in a circle with six clients as reporters looked on, the trim, gray-haired general listened attentively as the group described how methadone had helped turn their lives around.

The next day, McCaffrey, speaking to a standing-room-only crowd at the Marriott Marquis, led what amounted to a pep rally. Noting that heroin addicts "don't have a lot of friends," he told the assembled providers and counselors that "the good you do is incredible." Bemoaning the "stigma and fear" surrounding methadone, McCaffrey announced his support for proposed changes in federal regulations that for the first time in 25 years would allow methadone to be dispensed not just in clinics but also in doctors' offices. "We're going to try to do this before we leave office," McCaffrey said to a standing ovation.

Rudy Giuliani has many detractors, but it is unusual to find a highly decorated general among them. The mayor refused to retreat, however. McCaffrey, he declared, "has surrendered. Essentially, what he'd like to do is deal with heroin addiction by making people addicted to methadone, which maybe even is a worse addiction."

Giuliani's comments on methadone were so fierce and excessive as to prompt much speculation about their source. The New York *Observer* detected the hidden hand of Dr. Mitchell S. Rosenthal, the suave, politically well connected president of Phoenix House. Rosenthal, the *Observer* noted, is a leading proponent of the therapeutic-community approach to drug treatment, with its stress on discipline, self-reliance, and abstinence—all things the mayor likes. Yet the newspaper offered no hard evidence that Rosenthal had actually spoken to the mayor about methadone, and Rosenthal himself told me that he had no input whatsoever into Giuliani's decision. While he questioned some features of the city's methadone programs, Rosenthal said, he does not believe that they should be phased out. He called the *Observer* piece a case of "creative writing." "I am not part of the mayor's drug cabinet," Rosenthal said. "He has formed his own beliefs about what is right."

The city's methadone programs have themselves become depend

Those beliefs are no mystery. Ever since his days as an ardent young prosecutor in Manhattan, the mayor has viewed the drug issue in starkly moral terms. Giuliani fully subscribes to the zero-tolerance, just-say-no, drug-free-America school, and skepticism about methadone has long been part of it. As to timing, some have cited Giuliani's political ambitions. Should he seek the Republican nomination for president in 2000, his tolerant views on abortion and gay rights could make him vulnerable to attack from the right; going after methadone offers one means of deflecting it. On a swing through Iowa late last summer, Giuliani proudly cited his anti-methadone campaign—and was heartily applauded.

But the mayor's crusade cannot be put down to simple political calculation. Nor can it be dismissed as a sudden eruption of ideological fervor. Rather, it grew out of an analysis begun the previous year by an administration disturbed by methadone's seeming tendency to keep people off heroin but still out of work and on welfare.

WHETHER PUBLIC OR PRIVATE, THE CITY'S METHADONE PROgrams all operate in roughly the same manner: Six days a week, clients show up for their daily dose of the synthetic narcotic, taking it orally with orange juice or some other liquid to mask the bitter flavor. Methadone acts on the same endorphin brain receptors as heroin, but because it is slower-acting, it has a longer, more even effect. (As a treatment for addiction, methadone is available only to heroin addicts; users of cocaine, crack, and other drugs must seek other types of treatment, such as residential programs.) At the right dose, methadone does not make users high; instead, it blocks the craving for heroin, and those taking it no longer have to spend every waking hour thinking about where to get their next fix.

THE FIVE CLINICS RUN BY THE CITY ARE ADMINIStered by the Health and Hospitals Corporation (HHC). Its president since 1995, Dr. Luis R. Marcos, has strong views on methadone, as I learned during a visit to his office at 125 Worth Street, near City Hall. A 55-year-old native of Spain, Marcos has worked as a policy-maker in the city bureaucracy since 1981, but he is trained as a psychiatrist, and in 1973, after completing his residency at Bellevue Hospital, he went to work at a city-run methadone clinic in Kings County Hospital Center in Brooklyn. Marcos has some fond memories from that period, especially of the many patients he got to know, but the program itself had many troubling features. For one thing, counselors gave patients all the methadone they wanted. They also dispensed many pills, such as Elavil and other antidepressants. "You would see patients lying outside the clinic, sedated," said Marcos, a soft-spoken, mild-mannered man with gray-flecked curly hair and gold-rimmed glasses.

What Marcos most vividly remembers, however, is how determined the staff was to keep people in the program. "The clinic at Kings County always had a waiting list," he said. "When it began to shorten, the staff would get nervous." And when anyone expressed an interest in getting off methadone, the staff would try to discourage him. The reason, Marcos said, was job security. If too many patients left the program, the staff's own positions would be threatened.

Such self-interest, Marcos believes, remains a problem to this day. "Methadone is a big business," he told me. "Each patient who is detoxed is one patient less for that program. It has to find another patient to take that slot, or it will experience a drop in revenue. I challenge you to find any incentive, explicit or implicit, to have this addicted patient withdrawn from methadone. Everything in these clinics is geared to methadone *maintenance*."

Listening to Marcos talk about methadone, I found his assessment unduly severe. He made no mention of the hundreds of studies that have shown the narcotic to be a safe and effective treatment for heroin addiction. Recently, for instance, the federal government, in a survey of more than 700 people entering methadone clinics, found that the number using heroin went from 89 percent before treatment to 28 percent after. Similarly, the proportion saying they had engaged in illegal activities declined from 29 percent to 14 percent. Other studies have shown that heroin users in methadone programs have lower rates of HIV than those on the street. In 1997, the National Institutes of Health issued a consensus statement from a panel of experts calling for greater access to methadone based on the drug's demonstrated ability to reduce drug use, death, and crime.

On the matter of methadone and detox, however, I thought Marcos had a point. Of the 122 programs in the city, a mere handful set abstinence as their ultimate goal. All the rest are maintenance programs, in which patients are expected to remain on methadone indefinitely—even when they are desperate to get off. And there are many who fall into this category. For the methadone routine can be very wearying. Every day but Sunday, patients must show up at clinics to get their medication. (On Saturdays, most get a take-home dose for the next day.) Clinics tend to open late and close early—a serious inconvenience. In addition, many clients simply grow tired of being dependent on a powerful narcotic. And so they decide to detox, a process in which their dose is gradually reduced over a period of weeks or months.

Rarely, though, are they supported in that enterprise. "The counselors at most programs won't help you get off methadone," says Gina Neveloff, a 38-year-old resident of Spanish Harlem. I met Gina at the Lower Eastside Service Center, the clinic Barry McCaffrey visited. A heavyset woman with long brown hair and an animated manner, Gina said that she had begun doing drugs when she was 13 and had been in and out of programs ever since. And methadone, she said, had undeniably helped her to reduce her consumption of drugs over the years.

When I asked about detox, however, Gina frowned. A few years earlier, she recalled, she was progressing nicely in a program, working in a hospital while earning credits toward a college degree. She was doing so well, in fact, that she decided to detox. Her counselor strenuously objected. "If they see you're working and trying to get your life together, they put up roadblocks to keep you from getting off," Gina said between sips of coffee. "Instead of rooting for you, they become adversarial." Eventually, she made up a story about moving to Florida so as to win her counselor's consent.

edicaid and welfare—a reality that troubles even some methadone providers.

In defending their opposition to detox, providers point to the large number of patients who, after leaving programs, eventually relapse to heroin use. One study of six programs in New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore found that about 80 percent of those leaving methadone programs returned to IV-drug use within a year. Given that even one brush with a dirty needle can lead to hepatitis or HIV, most providers regard abstinence as too risky an option.

The risk is real. Nonetheless, the vehemence with which providers reject abstinence as an option suggests that something more is at work. During a break at the American Methadone Treatment Association conference, I found myself seated at a table with several top methadone experts, and the conversation quickly turned to the nature of addiction and methadone's role in combating it. Heroin addiction, the researchers insisted, causes permanent changes in the chemistry of the brain—changes that require users to take methadone for life. Opiate addiction, they went on, is no different from diabetes or high blood pressure. Just as people suffering from these medical conditions must take insulin or beta blockers indefinitely, so must opiate addicts remain on methadone. When I observed that many heroin addicts do seem to get off drugs, I was dismissed as naïve. The researchers would not admit that addiction wasn't necessarily a lifetime affliction, that some proportion of addicts do eventually get clean.

NEW YORK'S METHADONE PROVIDERS ARE A CURIOUS lot. Many are highly dedicated, toiling in the trenches, battling stigma and public opprobrium to bring relief to the sick and disabled. As a result of such isolation, however, the field has grown somewhat insular and inflexible, and the belief in maintenance has, for some, congealed into a creed.

Luis Marcos wanted to change this. In the spring of 1997, he began exploring the idea of making abstinence, not maintenance, the prevailing goal at the city's clinics. To help guide him, Marcos initiated a case-by-case assessment of HHC's 2,100 clients. Fully 75 percent were judged capable of making the transition to abstinence in the short term (90 days to one year). The remaining 25 percent—a more debilitated group—were felt to need longer. Encouraged by these results, Marcos discussed with the mayor the idea of introducing an abstinence-based approach at HHC's clinics. Giuliani was enthusiastic, and Marcos set about designing a new protocol.

Around the same time as Marcos was making his push, the city's Human Resources Administration (HRA) was beginning to reassess methadone programs' performance on another sensitive point—their ability to put people to work. Ever since methadone was introduced as a treatment for heroin addiction in the mid-sixties, providers have touted its ability to transform street addicts into productive citizens. But while methadone clearly helps reduce crime and illegal-drug use, it has not done a good job in fostering employment. According to New York State figures, just 10 percent of all methadone patients in the city derive their income mainly from wages or salary; 62 percent rely on public assistance. To a degree, this reflects the hard-core nature of methadone clients: Most come from disadvantaged backgrounds, are poorly educated, have spotty work records, and are physically or psychologically impaired. Moreover, methadone, like drug treatment in general, is severely underfunded, and counselor caseloads tend to be so high (averaging 50 clients per counselor) that patients are rarely able to get the attention they need. Vocational training and job placement are in particularly short supply.

That said, methadone programs themselves do not always seem supportive of patients who want to work. Consider the matter of hours. "Clinics give out medication only at certain hours," says Benne Lovett, a 45-year-old patient. And that, he adds, often interferes with work schedules. A gentle man with a deliberate speaking manner, Benne himself works at the Angel Street Thrift Shop on West 17th Street, a project of the Lower Eastside Service Center. Staffed mainly by methadone clients, the shop was set up expressly to provide them with jobs. And the eagerness with which they fill them shows how effective such enterprises can be. Yet few methadone programs make arrangements for employment.

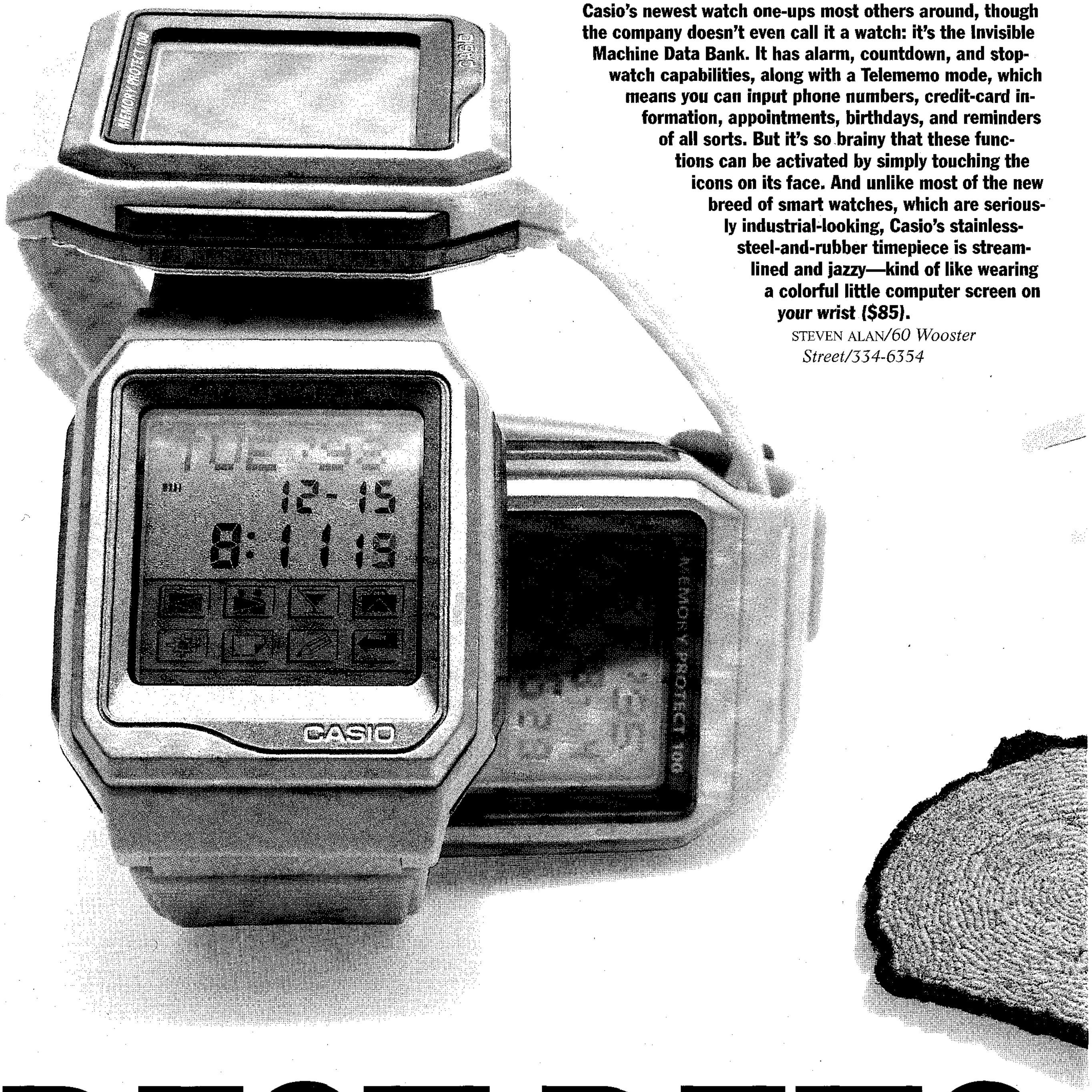
Many providers, in fact, feel more comfortable with their clients on welfare, because as long as they remain on it, they get Medicaid, and Medicaid pays a generous $107 a week, on the average, for each client in treatment. If a client gets a job, he might exceed the income cap and lose his Medicaid, and the program will then have to collect a fee directly from him (or from his health insurance). Since most clients end up in low-paying jobs, they can normally pay only a fraction of what Medicaid would. (Medicaid does not reimburse for vocational training.) For providers,

(continued on page 102)

Face Saver

Casio's newest watch one-ups most others around, though the company doesn't even call it a watch: it's the Invisible Machine Data Bank. It has alarm, countdown, and stopwatch capabilities, along with a Telememo mode, which means you can input phone numbers, credit-card information, appointments, birthdays, and reminders of all sorts. But it's so brainy that these functions can be activated by simply touching the icons on its face. And unlike most of the new breed of smart watches, which are seriously industrial-looking, Casio's stainless-steel-and-rubber timepiece is streamlined and jazzy—kind of like wearing a colorful little computer screen on your wrist ($85).

STEVEN ALAN/*60 Wooster Street/334-6354*

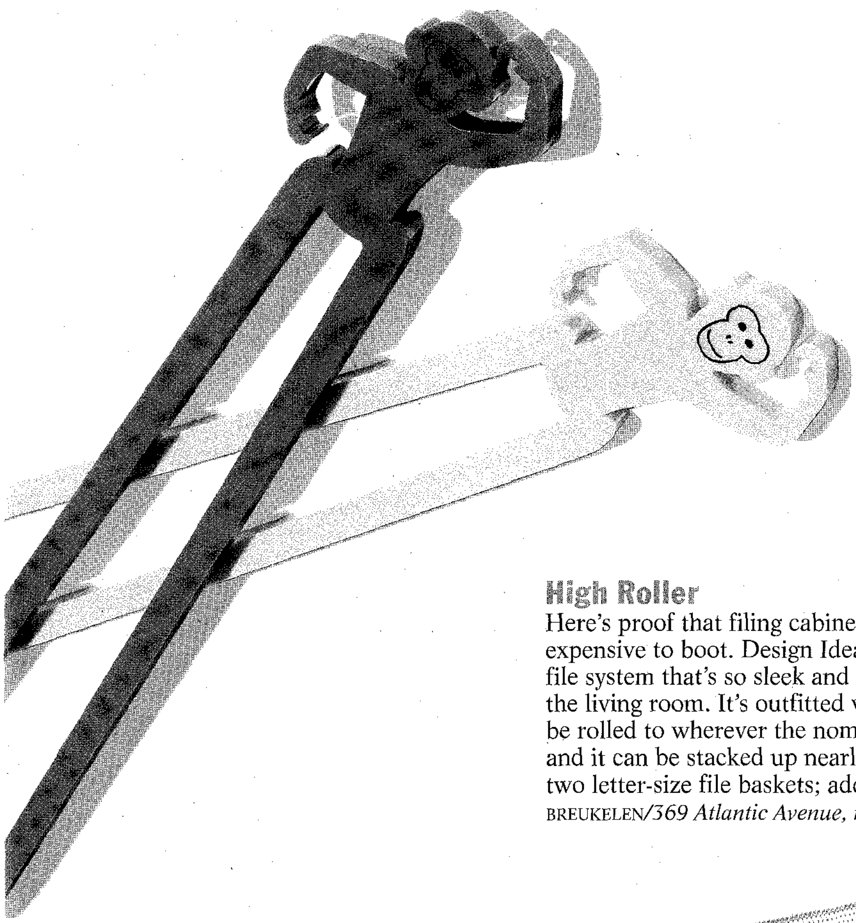


BEST BETS

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN

Photographed by Michael Grimm



Stick Figures

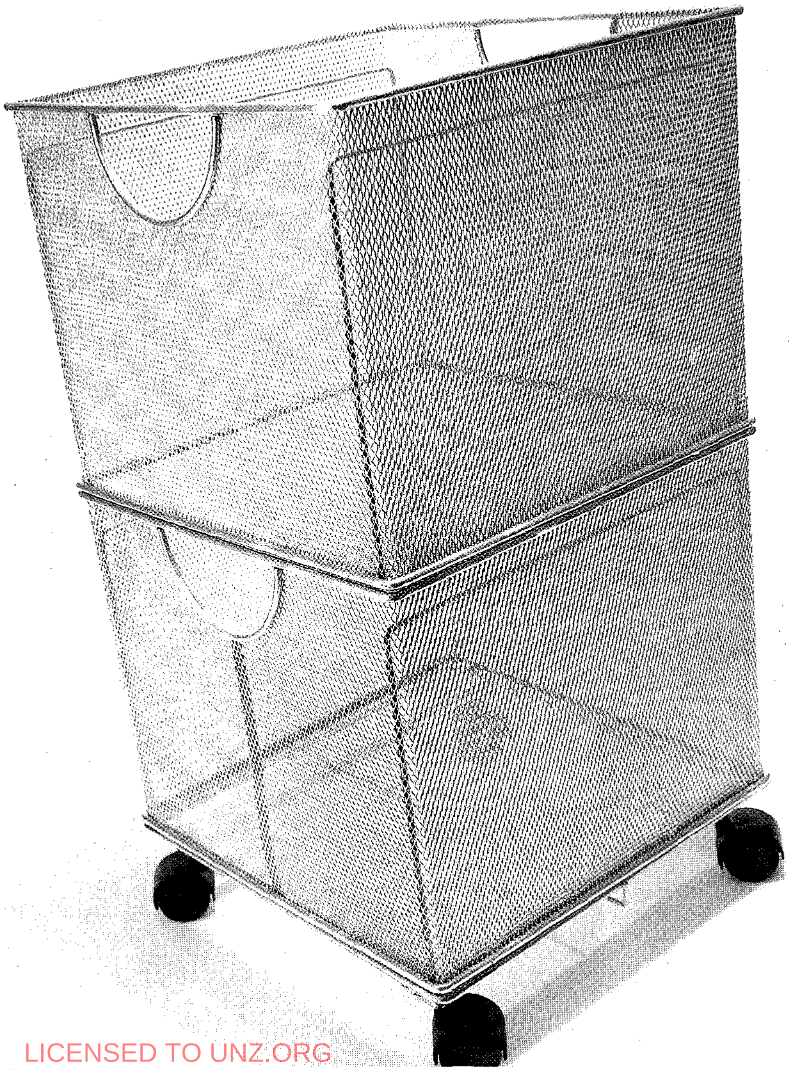
Over the years, waiters in Chinese restaurants would accommodate children by rigging chopsticks that tiny American hands could manage. They'd tie together the top ends with rubber bands, twine, whatever. Now Hog Wild, a Chinese company, has produced plastic Zoo Sticks that work on much the same principle. But these never come undone, and what's more, there's a selection of eight animals to amuse fractious little diners ($3.95 for two).

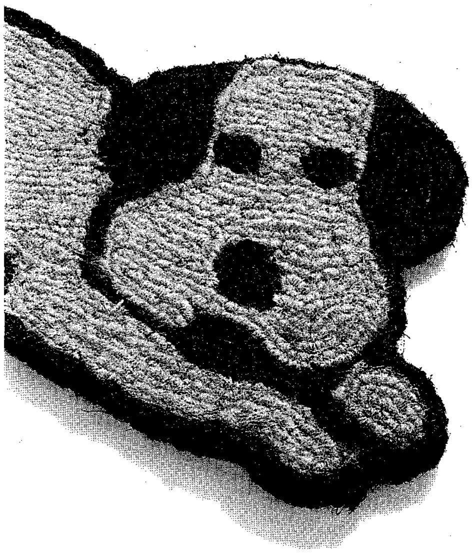
FARFETCHED/*110 Fourth Avenue/460-8873*

High Roller

Here's proof that filing cabinets don't have to be boring—and expensive to boot. Design Ideas has come up with a steel-mesh file system that's so sleek and airy it would look great even in the living room. It's outfitted with heavy-duty casters so it can be rolled to wherever the nomadic home office settles down, and it can be stacked up nearly as high as the ceiling ($85 for two letter-size file baskets; additional baskets, $35).

BREUKELEN/*369 Atlantic Avenue, near Hoyt Street/718-246-0024*





Dog Meet Dog

This welcome mat doesn't need to spell out its message. The friendly jute pooch from the Philippines does it all. And country folk (whose feet tend to get muddier than their city cousins') will be happy to know he's reversible ($20).

WILLIAM-WAYNE/*846 Lexington Avenue, at 64th Street/737-8934; and 40 University Place, at 9th Street/533-4711*

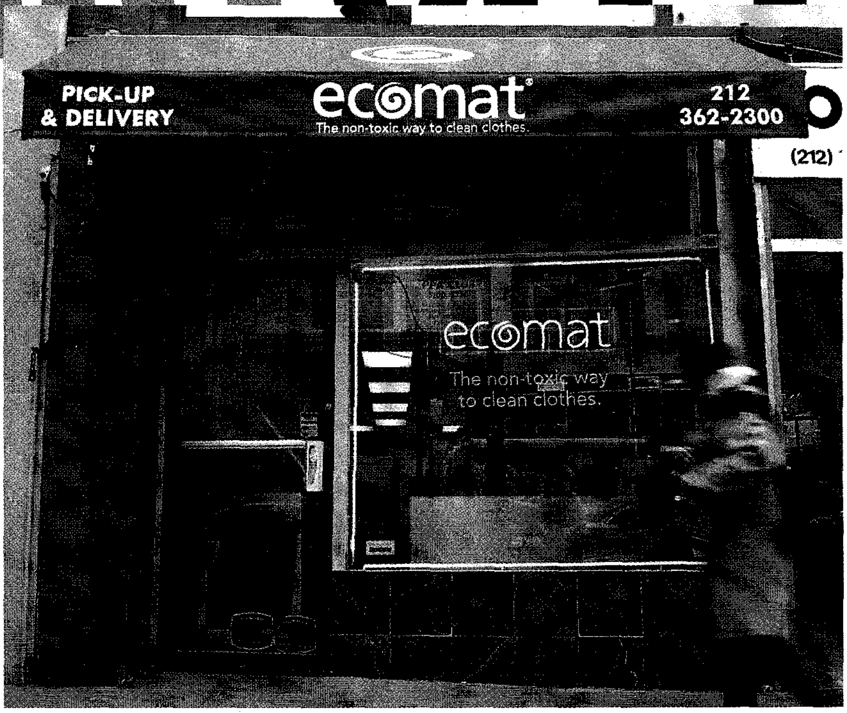
SAVE TIME, SAVE MONEY, STAY SANE IN NEW YOR

SMART CITY

Detox Your Life

Yeah, New York's toxic, but your home doesn't have to be. From house cleaning to dry cleaning to household furnishings, you've got plenty of eco-friendly options.

BY ANGIE MAXIMO



Nontoxic avenger: Mother Nature–approved dry cleaning at Ecomat.

SUBSCRIBING TO AN ECO-friendly, toxin-free lifestyle in New York almost inevitably seems like an exercise in futility. Consider your steady diet of smog, exhaust, and secondhand smoke, not to mention dry cleaners blowing fumes into your apartment. Sooner or later, the city catches up with you: allergies, stress, fatigue, that general run-down feeling.

The good news? You needn't relocate to Wyoming to detox. The city has plenty of businesses that can lead you to healthier living with minimal effort on your part. Some require subtle changes (like ditching the Pine-Sol in your bathroom); others are more drastic (having the air quality evaluated in your home, installing special filters). Here, a sample of earth- and body-friendly services and products that make it easy to be green:

GREEN CLEAN
888-808-7755
If the powerful (chemical) agents you've been using for cleaning are beginning to worry you—something (could it be the Soft Scrub residue in your tub?) is giving you headaches or a rash—maybe it's time for some new allies. Such as Green Clean. Malcolm Berman and his team bring their own nontoxic cleansers derived from natural plant or mineral sources to every job (read: no chlorine, petroleum, phenols, or ammonia), and prefer elbow grease to product overload. "It's just more pleasant," claims Berman. "There aren't the harsh smells. It brings a certain sense of well-being in your home that you can't quite put your finger on, but people have expressed it to me." Green Clean does it all: windows, floors, appliances, and laundry (providing your building has facilities). It also offers a special service for people with allergies or chemical sensitivities and will tailor the job to your needs (like using high-efficiency-particular-arrestor, or HEPA, vacuums to tackle pet hair, or, say, avoiding citronella-based products). Initial deep cleaning, $24 per person per hour; regular maintenance, $18.75 per person per hour. Office cleaning also available.

MICRO ECOLOGIES, INC.
141 East 61st Street
755-3265
Don't get Bill Sothern started on mold. A cursory query about the stuff to Micro Ecologies' resident industrial hygienist resulted in a lecture on *Stachybotrys*—a.k.a. "the black mold"—reminiscent of high-school bio, complete with a mold fighter's equipment demo (some tools could

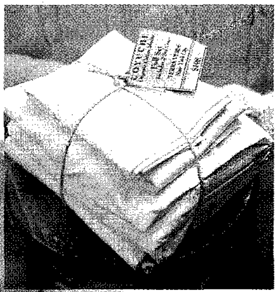
EXPERT TESTIMONY

Talk Soup

When you have a cold—and who *doesn't* have a cold this month?—the best chicken soup is the kind brought to you in bed. Preferably by a loved one. Preferably while you are permitted to whine about your symptoms. If, however, that particular combination of ingredients is unavailable, Barbara Kafka, New York food expert and author of *Soup: A Way of Life,* recommends the Thai chicken soup at Vong (200 East 54th Street; 486-9592). Like the Thai classic tom kha gai, it's full of coconut milk and ginger, and will cut through even the most stuffed-up sinuses. (Kafka also notes that if you can't make it to Vong, the recipe is in her cookbook.) About classic Jewish-style chicken soup, she's less enthusiastic, darkly saying, "Delis are not what they once were." She does like the matzo-ball soup Anne Rosenzweig serves at the Lobster Club (24 East 80th Street; 249-6500), though she warns that it contains "the firm kind of matzo balls, not the fluffy kind." Enjoy, *bubeleh.* CHRISTOPHER BONANOS

Photographs by Amy Freeth (3).

have been plucked from the set of *The X-Files*). "There are some very nice buildings in this city, and there is some very toxic fungi growing [in them]," says Sothern. Still, be thankful for his passion, because in layman's terms, *Stachybotrys* is a bad, bad thing (and chances are it's in your apartment). Exposure to it and other fungi can lead to allergies, asthma, and sinusitis, and has been linked to chronic-fatigue syndrome. Micro Ecologies will go into your home, identify the source of growth and cause of contamination (common culprits include the coils in heaters and air conditioners, water damage, and inadequate ventilation), and rectify the problem using nontoxic or low-toxicity ingredients. Ecologies also offers pest control (using nontoxic gels to seal off possible pest entryways) and lead, asbestos, and general air-quality testing, and it sells HEPA vacuums and filtered air cleaners. And, oh, it does tap-water tests, although, as Sothern adds with a touch of pride, "New York has some of the best water in the country." Home evaluation, $250; commercial spaces, $350. Lead and asbestos testing, $75 per sample.



Clean up your act: Natural soaps and linens from Terre Verde.

ECOMAT

140 West 72nd Street

362-2300

Two differences between Ecomat and other dry cleaners: (1) It's actually a "wet" dry cleaner, meaning it uses water combined with gentle, nontoxic soaps and advanced drying techniques to launder wool and delicate fabrics instead of the water-free liquid-chemical method used by most cleaners; (2) Ecomat eschews perchloroethylene (or perc), a nonbiodegradable pollutant the Environmental Protection Agency identifies as a possible carcinogen (just what you want seeped in your favorite silk shirt), commonly used by traditional dry cleaners. (Consider this: A study by the Consumers Union and the Hunter College Center for Occupational and Environmental Health found that 24 of 29 city apartments with dry-cleaning facilities in the building exceeded the Health Department's limit for perc; the stuff is hard to contain.) Clothes cleaned by Ecomat don't have that dumped-in-Windex odor, and prices are competitive with those of regular dry cleaners ($5 for pants, $6.50 for sweaters). Free pickup and delivery throughout Manhattan. Eco-clean wash-and-fold service also available.

TERRE VERDE TRADING CO.

120 Wooster Street

925-4533

Terre Verde owner Katherine Tiddens likes to say that everything in your home that is smelled and touched enters your body as food. That's why everything she sells in her spacious eco–department store—from furniture and carpets to towels and baby toys—is organic. Her basic rule of thumb: If she doesn't know what's in it or how it was made, it doesn't get shelf space. "When you buy a package of food, it has to say what's in it," says Tiddens. "We feel the same should be true of a can of paint, or a cleaner, or bar of soap." So what won't you find in Terre Verde? Products made from particleboard or plywood (because the formaldehyde in the glues renders the wood nonbiodegradable, and formaldehyde fumes seep out over time), plated metals, and products with artificial fragrance.

And if you're among those who long ago traded in ponchos and peasant skirts for Brooks Brothers and Prada, not to worry. Terre Verde's products—from the organic-cotton-and-wool mattresses and bed linens to the scented soaps and candles—are often surprisingly luxurious. While Tiddens freely admits that her stock is a bit more expensive than traditional products (a full-size organic-cotton-and-wool bed and boxspring will set you back $1,375), she justifies the cost by citing the "invisible price tag" attached to cheaper versions sold elsewhere. In other words, you'll pay more, but you'll be breathing (perhaps literally) easier. ■

THE NAVIGATOR

Q: *I scored an amazing antique watch for Christmas. The case and crystal are flawless, but it keeps stopping. Where should I get it repaired?*

A: One of the great things about New York is the presence of a number of watchmakers' service centers right here in town. **Rolex**, **Piaget**, **Patek Philippe**, **Breitling**, and others all have offices in Manhattan that provide direct links to their Swiss factories, thereby putting you in touch with the absolute best technicians and parts. As your watch will have to travel to and from the Old Country, expect a sizable wait (one to three months) before you see your beloved timepiece again, but it's well worth it, particularly when you have a rare, valuable antique on your hands.

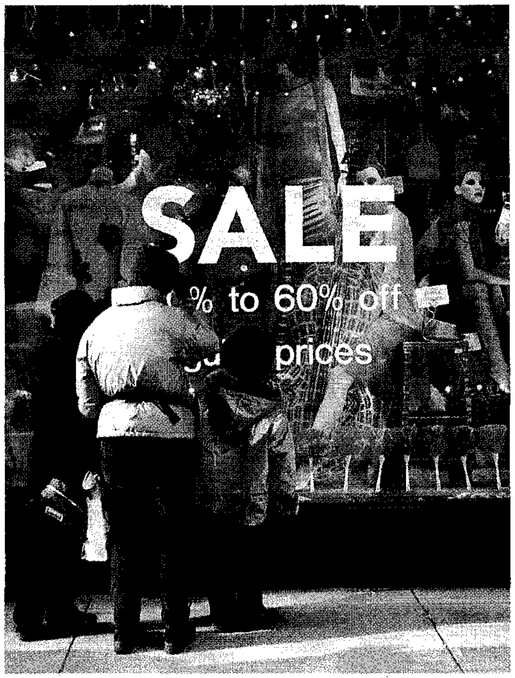
If, on the other hand, your "amazing" timepiece is not exactly heirloom-quality (what, you couldn't find a New York outpost of its chic East St. Louis factory?), consider one of the more established names in watch repair, including **Aaron Faber Gallery** (666 Fifth Avenue, at 52nd Street; 586-8411), **Wempe** (700 Fifth Avenue, at 55th Street; 397-9000), and that temporal temple **Tourneau** (avoid the EPCOT-like "Time Machine" location on 57th Street, and head to the more buttoned-down store at 52nd and Madison; 758-6098). Keep in mind that on occasion, these retailers will also send your watch back to the factory, depending on the level of work needed or the requirements of the manufacturer. Seiko, for example, demands that all maintenance be done at its factories.

SAM GROBART

SALES & BARGAINS **SHYAMA PATEL**

The Last Reduction

'Twas the season: *And now, savvy shoppers, is the real time to be jolly. From cashmeres to Manolo Blahniks, take home* **what wasn't under the tree.**



Barneys rubble: Prices plummet to bedrock level.

THE SEASON'S SPRINGLIKE TEMPERATURES and can't-miss-it TV news left few of us inclined to shop for necessary gifts, let alone our own cold-weather wardrobes. But with sale season now in high gear, stores full of unsold winter merchandise can yield serious scores at sample-sale prices.

Barneys' best deals are on designer clothes. We can't print prices, but a ton of women's Helmut Lang, Prada, Dries Van Noten, and Costume National is 30 to 60 percent off. For men, most winter clothes, including jackets and coats from Calvin Klein, Giorgio Armani, and Hugo Boss, are also 30 to 60 percent off.

Bloomingdale's second floor has a wide selection of the store's private-label Sutton Studio cashmeres. The luxurious sweaters were $99 to $249; now they're 50 percent off. Marc Jacobs–esque waffle knits were $129; now they're down to $65. Men's private-label cashmeres are also half off, starting at $80.

Saks's ninth-floor Salon Z offers larger-size women with expensive taste designers like Dana Buchman, Emanuel by Emanuel Ungaro, and Anne Klein. Practically all winter styles are now on sale, and all Marina Rinaldi winter styles are 40 percent off, from $78 for a gray short-sleeve sweater (was $130) to $1,662 for a fur-trimmed leather coat (was $2,770).

Bergdorf's designer-shoe salon is clearing out all winter stock at 30 to 70 percent below regular prices. The best deals are at the in-store Manolo Blahnik boutique, where all last season's styles (including must-have stilettos) are 50 to 70 percent off, starting at $99. The men's store across the street has top-end winter duds at similar reductions: sport jackets that were $750 to $2,750 are now $449 to $1,649; dress shirts that were $75 to $325 are now $39 to $199.

Barneys, 660 Madison Ave., at 61st St. (826-8900); Bloomingdale's, Lexington Ave. at 59th St. (705-2000); Saks Fifth Avenue, 611 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (753-4000); Bergdorf Goodman, 754 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (753-7300).

ALWAYS A DEAL

Flower Power

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE INDOOR gardening to ward off the midwinter blues. For star-quality results with minimal hassle, try the **American Lung Association**'s amaryllis kit, which guarantees a great big showy red bloom within three weeks. The package costs $10.95 (plus $3 shipping) and includes a pot and soil. Proceeds benefit the organization's efforts to prevent lung disease. Order by March 23 (delivery takes about a week). *Call 718-263-5656, ext. 15, for an order form.*

Picks of the Week

Michelle Roth & Co. sells bridalwear from top European and American designers. At the showroom sale, most samples and stock are reduced by 50 to 75 percent. Richard Glasgow beaded satin off-the-shoulder dress, was $3,200, now $950; Ron LoVece dress with lace trim, was $5,800, now $1,400. Sizes 4–14. *24 W. 57th St., Suite 203 (245-3390); A.E., M.C., V.; Fri.–Sat. 10–6; 1/8–1/9.*

Norma Kamali is finally holding a sample sale of her chic swimwear, sportswear, evening attire, and athletic clothes. Prices are 40 to 75 percent off retail: Swimwear, was $150–$200, now $25–$85, evening dresses, were $2,500–$5,000, now $500–$1,500; puffy sleeping-bag coats, were $450–$650, now $150–$350. Women's sizes 4–14. *11 W. 56th St., third floor (957-9797); A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; Mon.–Sat. 10–6; 1/9–1/16.*

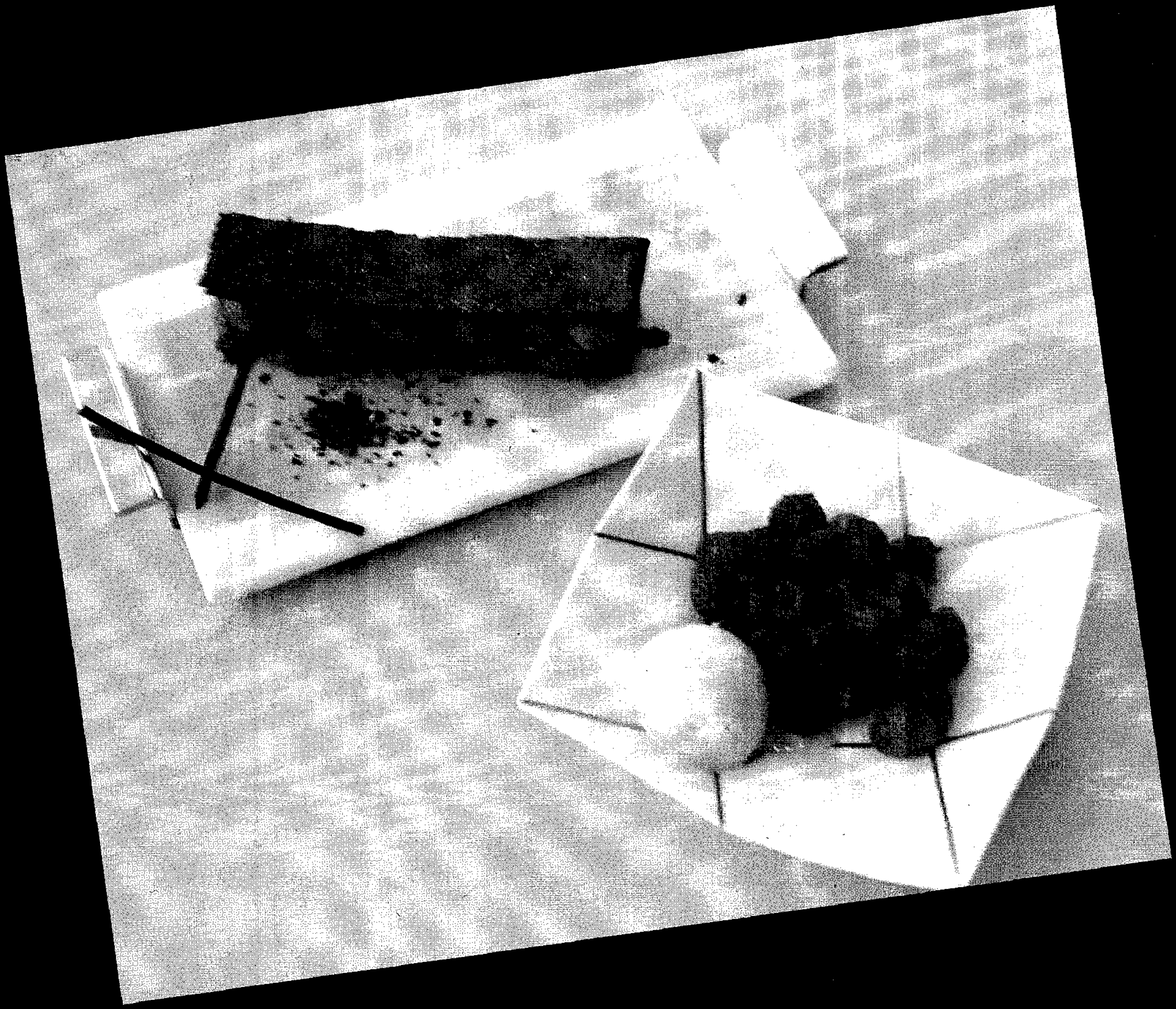
Ménage à Trois is clearing out all winter stock at half off, including suits and gowns: Hand-crocheted mohair sweaters are $188, silver silk camisoles are $160, and sumptuous gowns are $700. *799 Madison Ave., near 67th St., second floor (396-2514); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 8:30–6, Sat. 10–5; 1/4–1/18.*

Scoop heralds 1999 with most fall and winter clothes and accessories reduced to $99 or less. Designers include Theory, Diane Von Furstenberg, William B., Urchin, and D&G. An embroidered Anna Sui shirt, was $42, now $19; Chaiken and Capone pleated skirts, were $335, now $99; D&G black stilettos, were $345, now $99. *1275 Third Ave., near 73rd St. (535-5577); 532 Broadway, near Spring St. (925-2886); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. 11–8, Sun. 11–7; 1/7–1/17.* ■

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Shyama Patel, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, four weeks before the sale. Sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be given preference.

Photographs: top, Shyama Patel; bottom, courtesy of Michelle Roth & Co.

GIVING HOME COOKING A WHOLE NEW MEANING.



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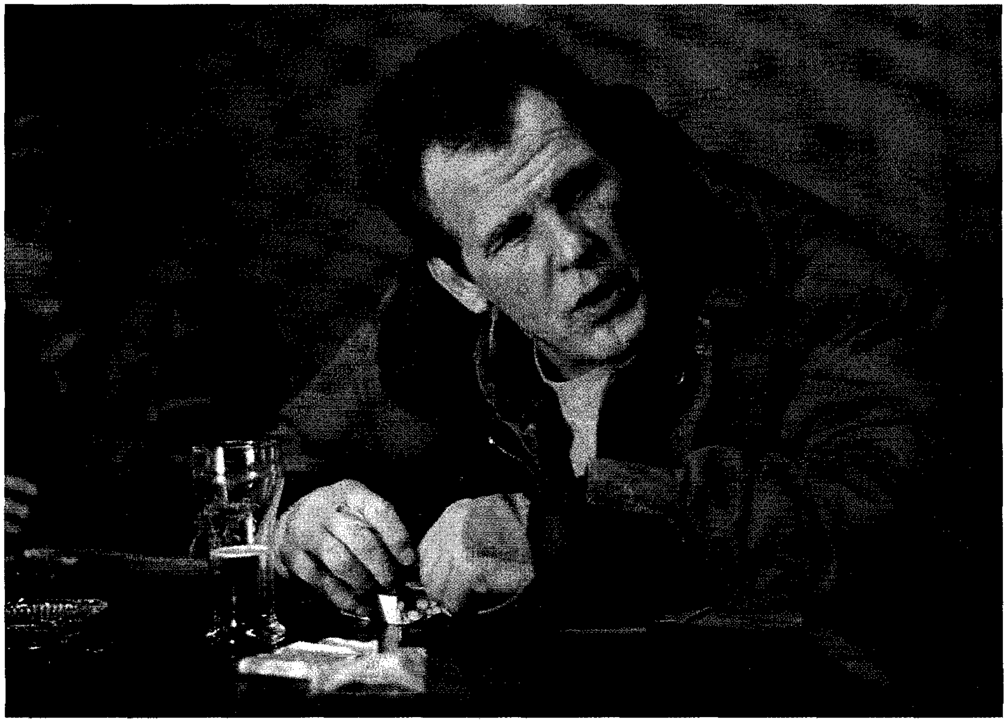
MOVIES **PETER RAINER**

You've Got Male

Paul Schrader's 'Affliction' offers the bleak, brutal New Hampshire winter as a metaphor for manhood; 'A Civil Action' is formulaic, even with a downbeat twist.

IN WRITER-DIRECTOR PAUL SCHRADER'S **Affliction**, small-town New Hampshire looks like hell frozen over. It's a vast meat locker of a locale, except the dead meat is walking around instead of hung up on hooks. The affliction here is metaphoric, but it's literal too. That's the Schrader specialty, and it's also the stock-in-trade of Russell Banks, upon whose 1989 novel the film is scrupulously based. The confluence of Schrader and Banks is almost too perfect—their dual oppressiveness wipes you out before the movie is ten minutes old.

Wade Whitehouse (Nick Nolte) is the chief afflictee of the piece. Divorced twice from the same woman (Mary Beth Hurt), he attempts to be a part-time father to his 9-year-old daughter, Jill (Brigid Tierney), who regards him in the same way her mother does—as a brawling, dangerous nuisance. His response, typically self-humiliating, is to sue for custody. As the town's sole police officer, Wade mostly acts as a crossing guard. To make ends meet, he does menial work for a local developer (Holmes Osborne), whose response to him isn't much more admiring than Jill's. Wade's father, Glen (James Coburn), is a roaring, vicious drunk, and just in case we thought this a recent incarnation, Schrader periodically intercuts flashbacks showing the brute pummeling his young son.



Sins of the father: Nick Nolte, unable to escape his past, in *Affliction*.

Barreling his way through his frostbitten inferno, Wade is the prototypical walking wounded, Schrader-Banks-style. He may try to wriggle out of his fate, but it's bigger than he is. In the film's take-no-prisoners view, this is the fate of all men, who must either self-destruct or visit their ills upon a new generation. What makes Wade such a heroic presence is that he's self-aware enough to know he's in torment. He's a good man gnarled by primal circumstance. He reaches out to his daughter because she represents for him the bliss of the normal; his sessions with her are botched and rancorous because he wants much more from her than she could ever give. Jill resents being used as an angel for her father's salvation. In his dotingness she spots the note of inauthenticity—Wade responds not to her but, rather, to his idealization of her.

Wade's waitress girlfriend, Margie (Sissy Spacek), is another of his angels-in-waiting. Her mercifulness toward him is the tenderest thing in the movie. If Wade is the archetypal male screwup, Margie is the archetypal silent sufferer. In their scenes together, he has a ravaged calm and she looks ethereal from longing. She wants her bliss, too. Everybody in this movie—not just Wade and Margie—has a long-ago look in his eyes. They're pulled in by the past, by its damages. Wade's brother, Rolfe (Willem Dafoe), who also narrates the film, has a death's-head countenance. He's a Boston University history professor with no sense of his own history. Speaking to Wade about their father, he says, "At least I was never afflicted by that man's violence," and Wade responds, "That's what you think."

The last film to have this kind of marrow-deep glumness was Atom Egoyan's *The Sweet Hereafter,* also based on a Banks novel, in which a school-bus accident wipes out virtually all of a village's children. I wasn't such a big fan of that movie. Its horrors were displayed as an emanation of small-town anomie—as if its villagers deserved their tragedies because of the littleness of their lives. Schrader's film also suffers from a heavygoing approach to rural malaise; he's offering up a sophisticated intellectual's take on the material, and there's something distanced and diminishing about his methods. (At one point Wade holds up traffic by posturing as if crucified.) His people are all so fixed in their fates that there's no possibility for joy. There never is in his movies. He turns winter-bound New Hampshire into a Hieronymous *(continued on page 54)*

Photograph by Attila Dory.

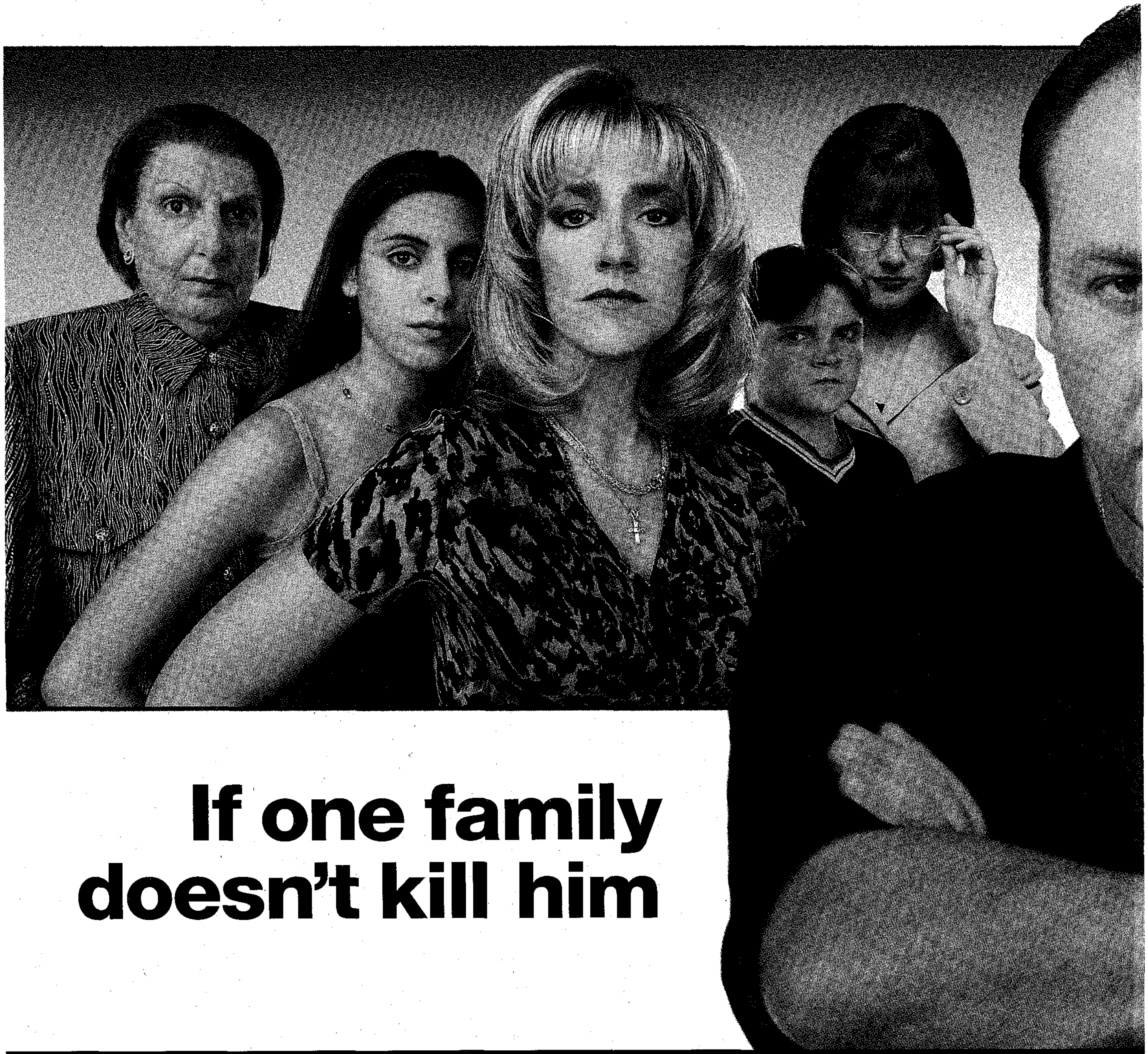
Meet Tony Soprano.

His business is off.
His marriage is on the rocks.
His kids are a handful.
And now he's in therapy.

It's not easy being a mob boss.

The So

If one family
doesn't kill him



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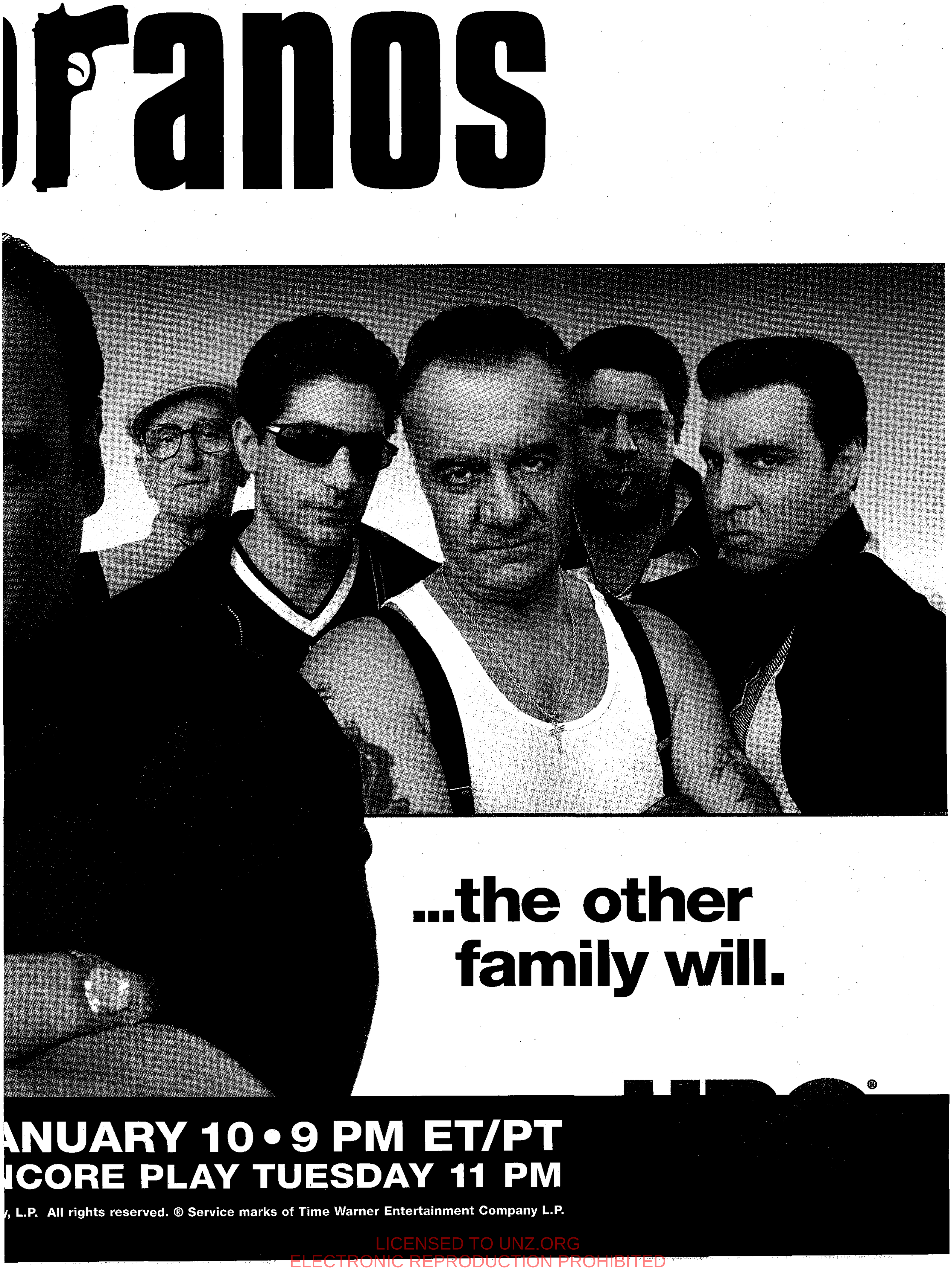
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Rainer *continued from page 50*

Bosch canvas: blasted souls topped by Wade's father's leering-gargoyle grin.

And yet this film is far more roiling and powerful than *The Sweet Hereafter.* It has the indrawn obsessiveness of male mythology, and even if you reject most of what it's saying, it's tough to shake off. It transcends your better judgment. Movies like *Straw Dogs* and *Deliverance* also operated in this realm of hallucinatory machismo; the survivalist tactics on display were framed as crucibles of masculinity. *Affliction* shares with them a sense of the world as a battlefield of male privilege, but it has a much drearier and more tragic overview. *Affliction* is the long hangover to those films. Schrader and Banks are saying that it's impossible to break the long chain of brutality at the core of maleness. Rolfe's narration near the end of the novel, in which he speaks on behalf of himself and Wade, and which Schrader largely incorporates, talks of boys and men who for thousands of years "were beaten by their fathers, whose capacity for love and trust was crippled almost at birth and whose best hope for a connection to other human beings lay in elaborating for themselves an elegiac mode of relatedness, as if everyone's life was already over. It is how we keep from destroying in our turn our own children and terrorizing the women who have the misfortune to love us."

This is highfalutin pop-psych palaver, and it carries a cock-of-the-walk gloat—especially that business about the "women who have the misfortune to love us." But this sort of weepy-brawly riff has its deep-down appeal to men, and perhaps to women too. It explains, and it explains away. Schrader lays the blame for Wade's sorry state on his father, but then he also casts the father as stand-in for a patriarchal line going back to the beginnings. Wade is both a special case and an unwitting player in a primordial procession. It's Freudian and it's biblical—quite a heavy load to lug.

But the film is blessed with a performance by Nolte that has real grace and sinew. Wade is the kind of character who is usually presented as a "type" in the movies—he's the Joe Six Pack we take for granted. It's Nolte's genius as an actor to bring out the delicacy and hurt in hunky parts. He's perfectly cast as Wade because he shows us how the man is miscast in his own life. Wade may be his father's Frankenstein monster, but his innards are his alone. He's too sensitive for the role he's been assigned. Wade wants to do the right thing in his world, but he's trapped not only by his own demons but by the unchangeable perception he has created in the town. When he sees a divorce lawyer about retaining custody of Jill, Wade halfheartedly tells him, "I'm not as dumb as I look." Wade knows it, but does anybody else? When, in torment, he looks in the mirror, a stranger stares back at him. The whipped boy is ever present in the adult, and Wade seems to be playing out some elaborate, furious penance for having been that boy. He's almost blithely unaware of his own need for protection: In a snowfall he's often hatless, and he has a raging toothache that he finally takes a pair of pliers to. The grimace on his face when he pulls the tooth is scarily identical to his broadest smiles. His smiles are like scars. He's afflicted, all right—beyond reckoning. The movie is his rightful dirge.

REPORTEDLY, JONATHAN HARR'S NONFICTION best-seller *A Civil Action* is being used as a textbook in law schools. The movie that has been made from it is unlikely to be used as a model in film schools. Written and directed by Steve Zaillian, **A Civil Action** has more negative virtues than positive. It's commendable for not doing many of the things we expect from legal thrillers in this Grisham era, but we're left with a long trudge through the ambiguities of civic virtue.

The case in question is an eight-year wrongful-death suit spearheaded by personal-injury attorney Jan Schlictmann (John Travolta, not in top form) against W.R. Grace & Company and Beatrice Foods for dumping toxic chemicals in the Woburn, Massachusetts, water supply and allegedly causing the deaths of five children and one adult. What makes the story a movie natural is that Schlictmann, who starts out as a high-gloss ambulance chaser and "one of Boston's most eligible bachelors," ends up obsessed with the moral rightness of his case even as it drags down to the last penny the resources of his firm. What makes the story a movie bummer is that it doesn't end on a high.

I'm all for films that don't flow from the usual Hollywood test tubes, but *A Civil Action* is basically the standard formula with a dash of downbeat. Schlictmann is the sharpie crusader who gives himself up for righteousness; his legal adversary, played maliciously well by Robert Duvall, is fond of saying stuff like "The courtroom is not the place to look for truth." It may not be enough anymore for filmmakers to frame legal thrillers in the same old self-righteous ways: Having passed from O.J. through Zippergate, we've perhaps become too wised-up for that approach. Zaillian may think he's playing up to us, but he's playing down. He's made a movie where the chicanery of the legal profession is treated as breaking news. ■

Peter Rainer's 1998–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

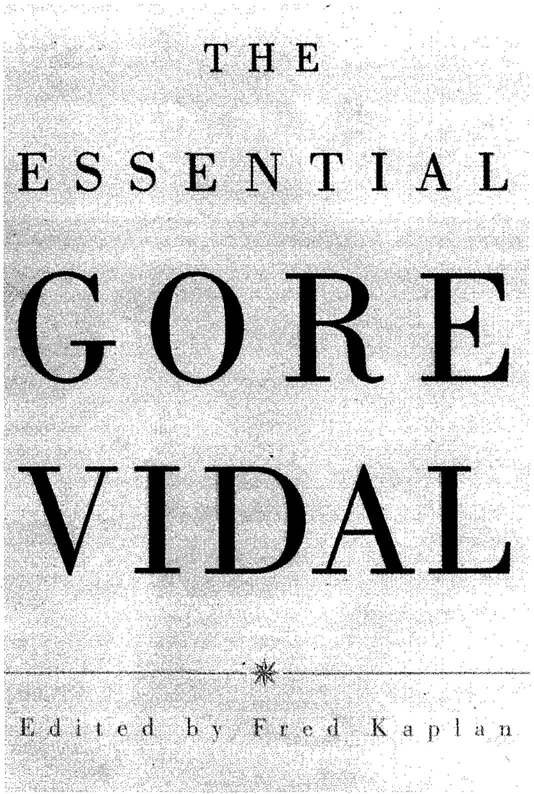
BOOKS WALTER KIRN

Gore Text

An anthology spanning 50 years of Gore Vidal's smart, gossipy, opinionated prose reveals this acerbic writer—whatever literary form he chooses—as a people person.

The Essential Gore Vidal
BY GORE VIDAL
(Random House; 1,280 pages; $39.95)

BETWEEN HIMSELF, HIS RELATIVES, HIS LOVERS, and his friends, there's hardly any figure in recent history—from JFK to Sartre to half the stars and starlets in Hollywood—whom Gore Vidal hasn't known. And if one includes in his mental address book all the important people he's met through books (those of others and those he's written himself) it seems fair to conclude that, short of God and Santa Claus, Vidal is as close to an omniscient being as earth, or at least America, can produce. What's more, he's never been shy about admitting it, which is why the new collection of his works, modestly titled *The Essential Gore Vidal* (the suggestion here being that you can't read all of him, although, of course, you should), seems less the product of a single writer circumscribed by space and time than the greatest hits of a score of authors existing on some cultural astral plane.


THE
ESSENTIAL
GORE
VIDAL
Edited by Fred Kaplan

Juicy erudition: A Vidal reader for readers who (for some reason) won't read all of Vidal.

Essayist, novelist, memoirist, polemicist, and gossip, a product of upper-class Washington, D.C., and a relation of Al Gore Jr.'s, Vidal has been a writer for 50 years, spreading around his opinions like the weather and managing a startling thunderstorm every ten or so. The first loud crack came in 1948 with *The City and the Pillar,* Vidal's third novel, the story of two young male lovers (*gay* is a term Vidal famously detests, perhaps because he didn't coin it himself and also out of his long-held belief in universal bisexuality) who meet again as grown men and don't quite click, resulting in a burst of sexual violence. Naturally, the book made waves, and the new volume excerpts only the "good" parts, giving readers a chance to reflect on just how little it took to rock the boat back when gentlemen still wore hats in public: "Now they were complete, each became the other, as their bodies collided with primal violence, like to like, metal to magnet, half to half and the whole restored." Years later, Vidal toned down the violent ending and purpled up the prose (both versions are printed here), but the shock of the book's original publication is something today's generation must take on faith, like the furor over Elvis's hips.

Vidal spent much of the fifties in lively commercial work, spinning screenplays and teleplays in Hollywood, turning out a couple of Broadway dramas, and gadding about with the likes of Tennessee Williams, step-relative Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy, and pretty much everyone else a nineties time traveler would want to go back and share a cocktail with. Fortunately for us, Vidal provides the time machine in his writings, particularly in the unequaled essays that are part gossip, part rant, part reminiscence. His patented style of juicy erudition, whether applied to the myth of Camelot, the personality of Orson Welles, or the career of Ronald Reagan, offered something new to literature that even his built-to-be-banned works—the scatological screenplay for *Caligula*; the transsexual metafable *Myra Breckinridge*—couldn't really match.

Vidal's posture as an essayist is always that of someone who was there—sometimes in spirit, usually in person. Having sat at the table alongside the immortals, hearing their words while watching their games of footsie, Vidal is a sort of reflexive reductionist. As someone who's seen greatness with its zipper down, he's not impressed by rhetoric and imagery, though witty self-awareness can impress him. In the essay "The Holy Family," he esteems JFK as "an ironist in a profession where the prize usually goes to the apparent cornball," but then derides him as a chameleon who changed complexion according to the polls and the latest orders from Big Daddy. For Vidal, a politician is never more dangerous, and the citizenry never more endangered, than when he becomes spellbound by his own posturing. In this respect, and only in this respect, was the lighthearted JFK to be preferred over the more serious-minded Bobby: "The McCarthy friend and fellow traveler of one year emerges as an intense New York liberal in another, and between these two happen-

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ings there is no thread at all to give a clue to what the man actually thinks." Vidal pins the Kennedy men's charm on an amoral "cold-blooded jauntiness" that he fears will turn into a full-blown royalist cult.

Vidal, in his prime, was in fact full of fears that haven't come to pass. If he had an intellectual weakness, it was his ability to scare himself—to fashion vivid scenarios of doom out of his vast learning and experience. In "Pink Triangle and Yellow Star," he starts by nimbly satirizing the hysteria of certain New York intellectual homophobes but ends with his own somewhat hysterical vision of a coming racial and sexual genocide. In 1971's "Feminism and Its Discontents," he correctly predicts the backlash against the women's movement, but gets bogged down in grim, Malthusian visions of global famine: "It is very simple: we are breeding ourselves into extinction. We cannot feed the people now alive." For Vidal, the sexual revolution, and its attendant liberation movements, have their ultimate justification in the threat of overpopulation and environmental catastrophe rather than in the appetite for freedom, say, or a basic desire for social justice. To be fair, Vidal credits those causes as well, but his need to pound the apocalyptic gong at times drowns out his exquisite rationalism.

BOOKS

But no matter how grand and abstract Vidal gets, his subject is always people, and his gift is to treat all of them, even dead near-deities, as peers (and sometimes, outrageously, as inferiors). In "Theodore Roosevelt: An American Sissy," Vidal writes about the Rough Rider's early manhood as if he were remembering a college classmate: "Give a sissy a gun and he will kill everything in sight. TR's slaughter of the animals in the Badlands outdoes in spades the butcheries of that sissy of a later era, Ernest Hemingway." Far from being a term of derision, *sissy* is a label of knowing affection here; it's Vidal's way of saying *Oh come on, I know your type.* And finally, that's what he believes in: human types, a gallery of Platonic personalities that mortal individuals merely borrow and get to wear for a time, like movie costumes, before being forced by death to hand them down. It's a theory he puts in the mouth of Myra Breckinridge, the carnivorous gender-bending Hollywood vamp and Halloween-drag-party version of the author: "Olympus supports many gods and goddesses and they are truly eternal, since whenever one fades or falls another promptly takes his place." If the essence of Vidal's satire is pretending to know, or have known, everyone who's ever been anyone, transforming history into tattle and tattle into history, it's because there are so few people, in the broader, cosmic sense, worth knowing. ■

Walter Kirn's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

SHORTS

JOHN LAROCHE, THE CENTRAL CHARACTER IN Susan Orlean's **The Orchid Thief** (Random House; $25), is not so much orchidaceous as obsessive. He'd had steady romances with turtles, fossils, and tropical fish before he even entered the shade house full of the sort of people who fight over *Polyrrhiza lindenii.* There, he belongs—orchid people are all crazy. Orlean's hilariously reported, discursive narrative wanders off into Seminole history, real-estate fraud, stolen flora, and the scary, swampy Fakahatchee Strand. Just when you fear you're lost in the Everglades, she returns to the flower at hand, and unleashes some delirious prose: "I thought I might die if I couldn't have this one. The background of the petals was the beigy yellow of a legal pad, and over the yellow background was a spray of hot-pink pinpoint dots. The center of the flower looked like the face of a piglet. The flower wasn't beautiful—it was absorbing." Orlean shows great restraint and never adopts an orchid—readers may not manage to be so cold-blooded. ALEXANDRA LANGE

DOWNSTAIRS FROM *NEW YORK*'S OFFICES, there's a surveillance boutique that captures passing pedestrians on video camera. It doesn't bother any of us particularly. But author Mark Dery makes note of such things, and they upset him very much. In **The Pyrotechnic Insanitarium** (Grove Press; $25)—a scholarly text that reads less like cultural-crit than like a medieval apocalyptic screed—Dery posits that the "insanitarium" we live in could blow at any moment, and it would be our fault for abiding a culture in which we live to watch others and to make others watch us. But what obsesses Dery most are nightmarish aberrations like the Republic of Cuervo Gold, the town of Celebration, the profession of trend-spotting, and the bestial Jim Carrey, who "returns us to that glorious moment when naked apes emoted with their hindquarters." VANESSA GRIGORIADIS

WINNER OF BRITAIN'S 1998 BOOKER PRIZE FOR fiction, Ian McEwan's **Amsterdam** (Doubleday/Nan A. Talese; $21) is at once far-reaching and tightly self-contained, a fin de siècle phantasmagoria—incorporating euthanasia, political scandal, media ethics, midlife crisis, and other nineties-appropriate issues—that wraps up as neatly as a weekly sitcom. The characters—a free-spirited classical composer, an on-the-ropes editor, a rich publisher, and a conservative foreign secretary ripe for a fall—are linked by the death of the lover they share and the subsequent discovery of potentially damaging photographs. Everyone's a sinner, but when comeuppance is served, it's too harsh and implausible, turning McEwan's otherwise finely crafted novel into a morality tale with a distorted moral. NICK MEYER

THEATER JOHN SIMON

Tedious Tidbits

Bite-size but toothless, plays like 'Freedomland' and 'The Most Fabulous Story Ever Told' prove that good things don't always come in small packages.

Forlorn foursome: The cast of *Freedomland.*

THERE ARE WHAT I WOULD CALL UNnecessary plays. They come in varying degrees of awfulness, but what they have in common is contrivance instead of urgency, and greed and ambition for their motives. Such works account for more than 80 percent of what is around, and intelligent persons instinctively avoid them, whereas benighted ones applaud them and cheer themselves hoarse. Unless you are an expert confectioner à la Ayckbourn or Neil Simon, you had better desist: Worthy stuff gets written from a sacred compulsion to communicate something that must be expressed. Anything else fails—perhaps not financially, but certainly artistically.

I have the unenviable task of reviewing four such unnecessary plays. **Freedomland**, by Amy Freed, is a madcap farce (type *You Can't Take It With You*) wherein a number of weirdos, some of them members of a hypereccentric family, and their guests and victims have at one another in sundry outrageous ways. Miss Freed has come up with Noah Underfinger (love that name!), a retired college professor in his upstate New York house and galloping dotage. His first wife has left him to become a hobo (better than being bored to death); his current one, Claude, is a demented therapist who wears an unseen bondage harness and puts a young man in the stocks to massage and seduce him.

The elder daughter, Sig, is a successful painter of hobo clowns (get the Freudian connection?), and is otherwise ludicrously neurotic. Polly, the younger, is a perpetual graduate student writing a thesis on the women in the *Iliad,* and is ludicrously neurotic in *every* way. Seth, their brother, is a crazy blowhard of the back-to-the-earth persuasion, living rurally and exiguously with his current girlfriend, Lori, a dimwitted earth child pregnant by her former, abusive husband. Surely the violent loudmouth Seth, who likes to blow up things, e.g. a Quaker meeting house, treats her no better. Sig, in turn, has brought along Titus, a sexually blocked, namby-pamby young art-magazine editor, working on an in-depth interview with Sig but a pushover for Claude's middle-aged lust. (Note that both these women have masculine names.)

Miss Freed spills these stick figures onto the stage, gives them bizarre language and tics, and lets them get entangled with one another until they trip themselves, or the others, up. There are a few funny lines, but absolutely no point and assuredly no play. The title derives from an amusement park where the family used to have fun. At the play's end, they reminisce about it raptly in a derivative piece of facile nostalgia that falls even flatter than the rest.

To blame also is Howard Shalwitz's shallow direction, which lets the actors flounder, whether, like Veanne Cox and Dakin Matthews, they could do better, or, like Robin Strasser, Heather Goldenhersh, and Jeffrey Donovan, they deserve what they get. Loy Arcenas's clever décor and Christopher Akerlind's apt lighting can do little for *Freedomland,* whose very title seems to reflect Miss Freed's narcissism.

WORSE YET IS PAUL RUDNICK'S **The Most Fabulous Story Ever Told**, which must have begun as a smartass idea a smarter person would have promptly dropped. Rudnick has some facility with one-liners, which by now, however, seems to be waning. Here he conceived of an Eden in which God created Adam and Steve, a homosexual couple, and a lesbian one, Jane and Mabel. Our putative forebears, they pop up elsewhere in history, to land, in Act Two, in the Village.

The immediate flaw is that these strictly paired couples do not intercopulate, and so cannot bear offspring. Undaunted, Rudnick has them cavort through the well-populated ages, without getting a play out of this, or, since the first and second acts have little to do with each other, a pair of decent short plays. *Fabulous* falls apart as one play, and flounders as two. In *Jeffrey,* Rudnick managed to stretch better one-liners into something of a play; here the concoction, even bit by bit—or bite by bite—won't go down: You can doze pleasantly and long between the few gags that come off. Even worse are the serious bits, as *(continued on page 60)*

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

TELEVISION JOHN LEONARD

Shrink-Warped

From HBO, a loopy, wisecracking series about a middle-management mafioso with a 'Godfather' complex and Lorraine Bracco as his therapist.

Big divas: Michael Imperioli, James Gandolfini, Vincent Pastore, and Tony Sirico in *Sopranos.*

TO HIS SHRINK, THE MIDDLE-AGED MAN WITH A midlife crisis reports this dream: His belly-button rotates, like a Phillips-head screw, after which his penis falls off. And then, while he's looking for a guy who used to work on his Lincoln Town Car, some bird swoops down and flies away with his unscrewed manhood. The shrink wants to know: What kind of bird? Maybe a seagull, says the man. Or a pelican or flamingo. If we're talking water birds, suggests the shrink, why not ducks? This is interesting news from the subconscious front for the middle-aged man, Tony Soprano. Not long ago, a couple of wild ducks from Canada landed in his swimming pool in north Jersey, where they hatched ducklings, after which they, too, flew away. His family made fun of his obsessive interest in these ducks: "Birdman, hello?" So it's just possible that his fainting spells—when it feels as if his skull fills up with ginger ale—are separation-anxiety attacks.

On the other hand, business is also bad. "We used to be recession-proof," Tony says to one of his subordinates in the strip joint where they gather to squeeze their vicissitudes like an accordion: "No more. And we can't blame it all on the Justice Department." Tony (James Gandolfini) is a waste-management consultant—which is to say, if not a mob boss, at least a middle-management mafioso. He has two families to worry about. One includes his wife, Carmela (Edie Falco); his daughter, Meadow (Jamie Lynn Sigler); his son, Anthony Jr. (Robert Iler); and his widowed mother, Livia (Nancy Marchand). The other consists of his "uncle" Junior (Dominic Chianese), his nephew Christopher (Michael Imperioli), his godfather "Jackie" (Michael Rispoli), and assorted gun-toting ugly ducklings like Silvio Dante (Stevie Van Zandt, from Springsteen's E Street Band). We will be spending thirteen weeks with these **Sopranos** (Sundays, starting January 10; 9 to 10 P.M.; HBO), of which I've seen the first agreeable four.

It is the inspired whimsy of executive producer David Chase that, after a CAT scan can't turn up anything physiologically wrong with him, a wiseguy should seek psychiatric help to cure him of a stress-related tendency to swoon. And it is Chase's inspired casting that gives us Lorraine Bracco as Dr. Jennifer Melfi, the designated therapist. (Remarkably, she manages to combine the prurience of Tracey Ullman on *Ally McBeal* with the pizzazz of Patty D'Arbanville on *New York Undercover,* while also being very sexy behind her repressive Robespierre wire-rims.) And it's Chase's credentials—*Northern Exposure,* the *Rockford Files* movie, etc.—that doubtless account for the wry-crisp tone of the farcical proceedings. Not since *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman* has there been a prime-time series so loopily insouciant, so tuned in to the American static, as if picking up its signals from a plate in Robin Williams's head.

So therapized baby talk meets Francis Ford Coppola. In *Sopranos,* mobsters are singing for their supper club. They quote not only from the various *Godfather* screenplays—identifying the source by part, in shorthand, as "One," "Two," or "Three"—but also from *Scarface.* Gandolfini's Tony has couch-potato doubts: "Gary Cooper wasn't in touch with his feelings; he did what he had to." Van Zandt's Dante is permanently furious about "the rape of Italian culture"—the fact that when everybody eats pizza "they're stealing the gift of our cuisine." Falco's Carmela is in favor of Prozac: "Change can be a positive," especially since "our existence on this earth is a puzzle." Chianese's Junior, aspiring to dondom, doesn't want a bloodbath: "Take it easy, we're not making a Western here." Imperioli's Christopher seeks to better himself through the "positive visualization" of his thoughts. To her lawyer boyfriend, Bracco's shrink complains about men: "We tell you to be more sensitive, and you join Promise Keepers." And Marchand's Livia, insisting that a "retirement community" is really just a nursing home, is a pain in the Oedipus complex: "Four grand a month," says Tony, "and she pretends she's an Eskimo pushed out to sea."

Meanwhile there's garbage to manage, as well as construction, protection, extortion, and loan-sharking to consult about. And the deadbeat *(continued on page 60)*

Photograph by Anthony Neste/HBO.

THE UNDERGROUND GOURMET **JOSEPH O'NEILL**

Let It B

Is it possible to find peace on Avenue B? Radio Perfecto provides an excellent spot for conflict resolution, plus great bistro fare; Japanese-inflected Junno's is worth chewing over.

THE NEXT TIME THE UNDERGROUND GOURMET has a hatchet to bury or a fence to mend, he will head straight for **Radio Perfecto Rotisserie and Garden** (190 Avenue B; 477-3366). This "American bistro" is as harmonious a spot as you could wish to find in Alphabet City or anywhere else. Two diners sitting next to me, engaged in pleasantly audible palimony negotiations, carved up with equal ease their joint personal assets ($9,000, give or take) and their flame-roasted organic half chickens (with fries and button mushrooms, wine and cognac sauce, $9). The only discordant note in the amicable hubbub was the sound of customers fighting over the right to settle their minuscule checks.

How a place gets to be this sympa is always something of a mystery, but the proprietor's personality is usually pretty important. The co-owner of Radio Perfecto is a personification of congenial attentiveness called Peter Depré. The rows of ancient Bakelite radios exhibited on the shelves, Mr. Depré will happily explain, are from his private collection, as are the vintage flashlights and vintage power drills (fitted with vertical bulbs instead of drill bits) that serve as wall lamps. These retro touches, taken together with caramel leather banquettes, parquet flooring, and old-style white tablecloths, create a congenial but stylish forties atmosphere: Imagine, if you can, a cheery Hopper interior.

But good cheer depends on good food. Avenue B'ers tend to be kitchenless types who, if they don't eat out, will pass out. They require honest (i.e, cheap, unpretentious, plentiful, and by-golly-tasty) fare, and that is just what Radio Perfecto offers. For starters, the fried calamari with garlic aïoli ($6) drew cheers all round from my party (even if the tartar sauce veered into mayonnaise territory). I found the vegetable empanadas of the day ($5) as filling as any close relation of the West Indian patty and Cornish pasty ought to be; the three-green salad with a balsamic vinaigrette ($5) bushy and luxurious; and the blandness of the port-and-chicken-liver mousse ($6) redeemed by a sweet red-onion marmalade.

Radio Perfecto's specialty—and its customers' clear favorite—is organic chicken slowly roasted on the open flames of a handmade French rotisserie. My half chicken of the day (with herb sauce, $8) was an enormous bird stuffed with garlic, basil, and parsley, and flavorsome as hell. It came with an alp of French fries that my dining companions quickly devoured. But there's more to Radio Perfecto than chicken and chips. There is grilled salmon and capers ($14) smothered in a friendly blanket of Dijon sauce. The cod (with scallions and parsley, on a bed of vegetables; $12) came with its salt-water taste intact; and the skirt steak with chimichurri sauce, tied for the most expensive item on the menu at $14, was juicy, tender, and suitably Argentine in flavor.

The desserts (all $5) are of the pie and crumble variety. If you like Snickers bars, you'll enjoy their taste-alike, the Peanut Surprise. Geologists will prefer the apple-and-guava crumble: pebblelike pastry layered on a rubble of succulent apple bits themselves layered on a stratum of molten guava. I'm not certain that the taste-free mint leaf that garnishes these puddings is necessary, but why quibble? The only bone worth picking in this *restaurant de quartier* comes from a chicken.

Radio Perfecto is open for dinner and takeout seven days a week, Sunday through Thursday 6 to midnight, Friday and Saturday till 1 A.M. Beer, wine, sake. Cash only.

IN DECEMBER, THE OWNERS OF **Junno's** (64 DOWNING Street; 627-7995) replaced a cavernous Chinese takeout with a joint that may well have been conjured by sorcery from the pages of *Wallpaper**. The walls are painted in hip milky blues and latte turquoises, and the low-slung leather love-sofas—for drinking cocktails and just chilling—come in that very dark, very now

Perfect reception: The 1940-ish Radio Perfecto has a warm and fuzzy vibe.

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

espresso brown. The Underground Gourmet, who has plainly not been conjured by sorcery from the pages of *Wallpaper**, felt right at home nonetheless.

Junno offers a menu with a roughly Japarranean feel to it: the likes of miso and wakame and soba served alongside, or cooked with, Mediterranean things like ravioli and Spanish mackerel. Whatever you order will appear on your plate in a trice. I don't think I've ever had food of this complexity served more quickly—a blessing, it turned out, that was mixed. A wholly good thing, on the other hand, was the size of the portions.

The generous wakame-and-cucumber salad (with ume and shiso, $5) obeyed the three rules of serving seaweed: freshness, freshness, freshness. The ravioli of sweet shrimp with mustard-miso sauce ($6) was nicely mustardy. The edamame ($2) was hot and steamy rather than puritanically cold and clammy. The tataki of tuna with fennel and gingered ponzu ($6) was fine, as were the spiced tuna tartare and tuna sashimi rolls ($6). More iffy were the grilled baby squid (with marinated cucumber and spicy miso sauce, $5), and the slices of ginger-braised pork (with sesame scallion sauce, $5). Both were a tad cold for comfort, which gave rise to the possibly cruel suspicion that the lightning-quick service was not unconnected to a ready supply of cooling meat dishes. (Nothing wrong with precooked food, but it mustn't taste precooked.)

On the other hand, the wholesome and delicious salad of soba noodles with marinated vegetables ($8) gave rise to the suspicion that they might be the final word on their subject. The medley of vegetables (with or without beef, with sesame rice and pine-nut-chili sauce, $9) is excellent, and the risotto ($12) and bouillabaisse of red snapper and shellfish (with chrysanthemum and watercress, $12) businesslike. However, the roasted breast of chicken ($12) needed regular hydration in its garlic jus to keep up its moisture levels, and the grilled marinated short ribs ($14) would have been good training for a chewathon.

For the moment, the trick to eating at Junno (which you should try) is to focus on the less meaty, more Japanese side of the menu. That said, I ate there in the week that it opened, and given the evident know-how of its owners (the young and dynamic Jean and Junno, whose first restaurant venture this is), I'm sure that carnivores will soon be well served.

Junno's is open Monday to Thursday 5:30 P.M. to 2 A.M., Friday and Saturday 5:30 P.M. to 4 A.M.; closed Sunday. Full bar. All major credit cards.

Joseph O'Neill's 1999 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

Simon *continued from page 57*

when one lesbian gets pregnant by, of course, artificial insemination—why would insemination differ from everything else in the play?

Alan Tudyk and Juan Carlos Hernandez do well, sometimes fully naked, in the leads; Lisa Kron, as a wheelchair-bound lesbian rabbi, and Peter Bartlett, as a flagrantly swishy pharaoh, also have their moments. The problem is not that the play is aimed almost exclusively at homosexuals, but that it is aimed at audiences, gay and straight, of the lowest common denominator.

OUT OF **Spread Eagle**, A GIFTED PLAYWRIGHT could perhaps have made a worthwhile play. George Rose was a fine British-born Broadway actor who, in his second home in the Dominican Republic, adopted his young male Hispanic lover, intending to make him his heir. When his affection shifted to a younger boy, the older one and his father, afraid of losing the inheritance, brutally murdered Rose. This sad and shattering story should not have fallen into the hands of Jim Luigs, whose only previous achievement is a horrendously unfunny musical parody of Wagner, *Das Barbecü*.

Even so, Toby Arundel, as Rose is less sweetly named here, retains some interest, especially as portrayed by that excellent and most humane actor Brian Murray. There is good work also from Joe Quintero, as the younger boy in whom Toby nurtures a genuine acting talent; the others have scant chance to shine. This is especially true of the two major supporting parts, that of a bitchy, effete ex-lover of Toby's, and that of an actress, his only genuine comrade. Superficially written, they are beyond Graeme Malcolm's and Patricia Kilgarriff's, or anyone's, ministrations. I hope that the memory of George Rose will not be undeservedly trivialized by *Spread Eagle*, and that Brian Murray will soon be able to spread his aquiline pinions and soar to the greater heights he amply deserves.

THE ULTIMATE UNNECESSARY, INDEED OFFENSIVE, play was **"Hope" Is the Thing With Feathers**, an unutterably vacuous and attitudinizing piece of claptrap. For sinking this low, the Drama Dept. should be renamed Drama Depth. The author, Frank Pugliese, made it on an equally wretched piece, *Aven'U Boys* (note the title!), which received a glowing review from a powerful former drama critic whose close friend was foolish enough to produce it. (It failed anyway.) *Hope*, a grandiloquently verbose exercise in futility, drove me out of the theater after 45 minutes. People who think this is *lèse majesté* should try to watch such a thing with feathers sometime.

John Simon's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

Leonard *continued from page 58*

who works for an HMO that maybe they can use to launder money through dummy clinics. And a free Caribbean cruise, courtesy of the Kitchen and Restaurant Workers' Union. And the firebombing of Vesuvio's. And RICO, which Bracco mistakes for one of Tony's business pals. Not to mention the gay Hispanic lovers who steal the high-school science teacher's car; the girls, including Meadow, who score amphetamines to keep themselves awake all night while studying for the SATs they need to ace to get into Berkeley; and the Hasidim who want to hire some local muscle to encourage a divorce.

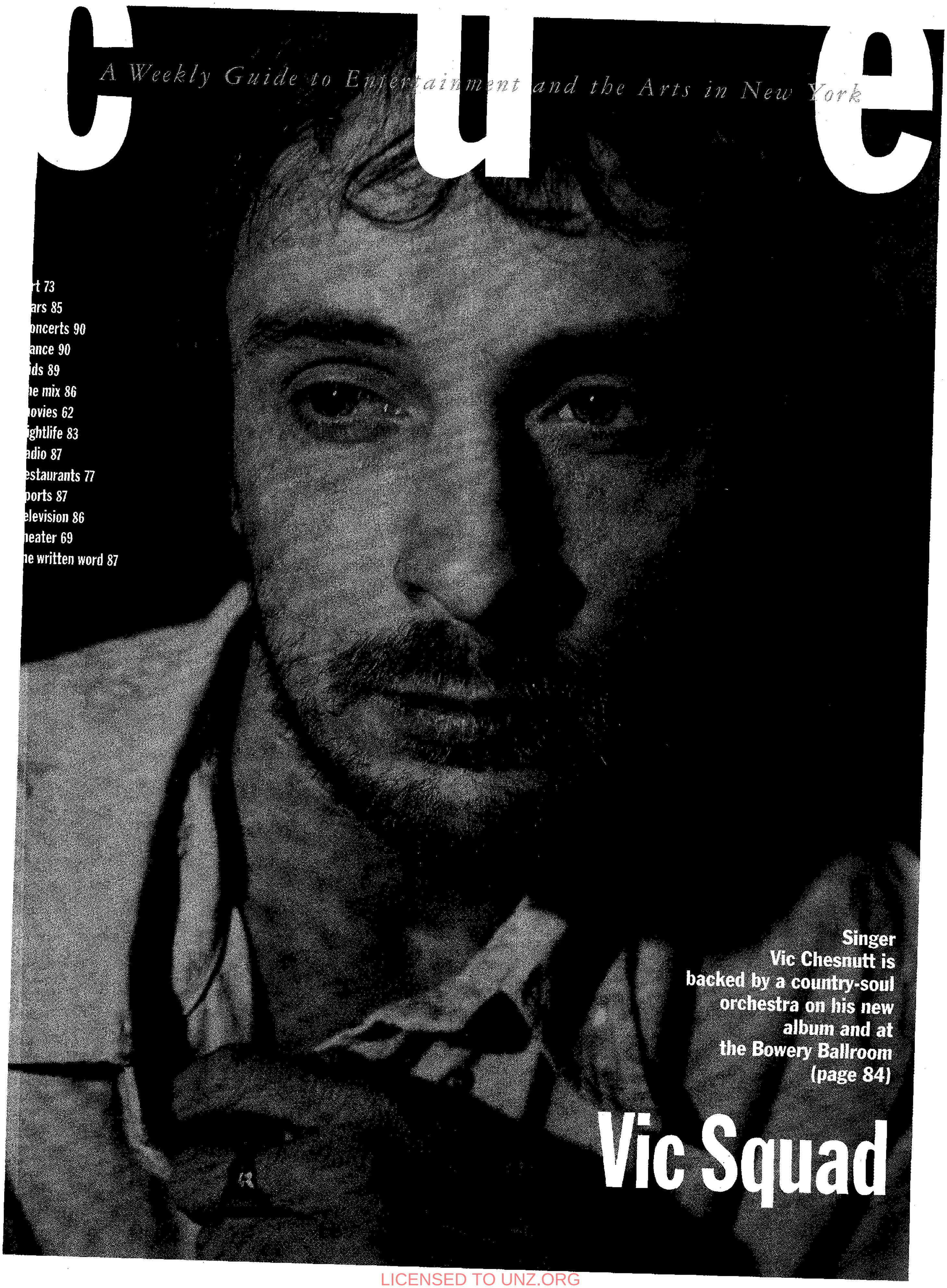
This is of course pulped fiction. While it's funny—pork sausage and Masada jokes—it's also violent. Considering how Tony really feels about his Shelley Winters of a mother, when he dreams a transference dream during which she morphs into his therapist, we have a right to fear for both women. (Didn't his father die "squeaking like a gerbil"?) But so far, *Sopranos* seems to be suggesting rather more gently that there's not much to distinguish between the Mafia and, say, an HMO. Nor, for that matter, between, say, Willy Loman and a "waste-management consultant." At the strip joint, at the shrink's, in the bedroom, or out-of-doors at any of the many barbecues where these made men in Bermuda shorts char and sauce their roadkill, Gandolfini (*Get Shorty*), intimating his own mortality, is a marvel of baffled machismo—as it were, a ruptured duck.

IN ITS FIRST EPISODE OF THE NEW YEAR, called "Shades of Gray," **Homicide: Life on the Street** (Friday, January 8; 10 to 11 P.M.; NBC) recovers some of the exalted form—and the signature ambiguity—that even executive producer Tom Fontana seems willing to admit it's been missing in the post–Andre Braugher era. We get a race riot in which a white bus driver is stomped to death after he's run down a pregnant West Indian immigrant while shouting at a couple of black passengers to turn off their competing ghetto blasters. Except that everything's more complicated—island music versus hip-hop; Jamaican newcomers versus long-time-resident African-Americans; a crooked white cop who may have used the chaos of a total social breakdown as a convenient cover to waste a witness; the color-coded blinkers in the cops' own bunker; even multicultural disdain (like "those Northern Italians who think they're Swiss or something")—which is why Giancarlo Esposito ends up saying, "Sometimes I get the feeling that this city has grown subtle on me." The series always has been.

John Leonard's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

cue

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York



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Singer Vic Chesnutt is backed by a country-soul orchestra on his new album and at the Bowery Ballroom (page 84)

Vic Squad

movies

I'll Make Me a World...Liv Ullman

New Films

Affliction—See Rainer, page 50. (1 hr. 54 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

American History X—Edward Norton is a neo-Nazi skinhead named Derek. The film's point is that this monster wasn't born that way: His firefighter father taught him to be racist. His younger brother, Danny (Edward Furlong), is also brought into the fold. Derek ends up jailed for three years for killing two black kids, but his prison experiences transform him. Realizing that his Aryan brothers in the clink aren't exactly soul mates, he emerges clear-eyed and with a full head of hair, yet. He returns home to salvage Danny before it's too late. The filmmakers are trying to make a case for how his hate is a learned response to social misery, but with its deadweight social conscience, the film ultimately resembles nothing so much as an Oliver Stone special. The message seems to be: If you gang-rape a skinhead, he'll come to his senses. (Rainer; 11/9/98) (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Village East.*

★**A Bug's Life**—Disney's new computer-animated film is an iridescent marvel. It's also buggy with tie-ins, but that should not get in the way of our enjoyment of this wiseacre Aesop's fable. The ants on Ant Island have been terrorized by grasshoppers into harvesting food each fall as ritual offerings. When one of the ants, the perky Flik, accidentally spills the grasshoppers' bounty, the colony is endangered. Exiled, he seeks help from the bugs in a traveling flea circus. The troupe is more like a menagerie of knockabout vaudevillians. The bashful rhino bug takes his place beside Heimlich, the chubby green caterpillar who sounds like a cranky Katzenjammer Kid. Slim, the walking stick, is effetely studious; Francis, the ladybug, is no lady—he's a guy with a macho complex. Co-directors John Lasseter and Andrew Stanton position these bugs in ways that make witty use of the wide-screen frame. One reason the bugs come across so well here is that the sheen of the wings and exoskeletons, and the segmented way in which these critters move, are tailor-made for the technical requirements of computer animation. But there's another explanation for why bugs are naturals in this family-entertainment universe: They bring out the kid in everybody. (Rainer; 12/7/98) (1 hr. 34 mins.; G) *Village East; Chelsea; Guild 50th Street; Sutton; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Cinemart; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

The Celebration—A family reunites for its patriarch's 60th-birthday party and certain horrible secrets spill out over dinner. Directed by Thomas Vinterberg. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *The Screening Room.*

Documentary World View

Catch a one-hour sneak preview of the forthcoming documentary *I'll Make Me a World* at BAM's 651 on January 11. The six-part, six-hour PBS series celebrates the contributions of African-American artists such as Sonia Sanchez, Charles Mingus, and Maya Angelou to American culture. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.

Celebrity—Woody Allen doesn't physically appear here, but he seems to be inhabiting the corporeal substance of at least two of his stars. Kenneth Branagh is doing Allen at least as well as Allen's been doing himself lately. Judy Davis plays Branagh's bitter ex-wife, and she seems dubbed, too. When these two go at each other, we might as well be seeing double. Shot in austere black-and-white, the film has its sly amusements, but it's a minor entry in the canon. Allen really doesn't have much to say about the nature of fame, because his whole persona disdains it. Branagh's Lee Simon is a hack magazine writer, and he has three celebrity-subject encounters that are meant to be illustrative. In the first, he accompanies a movie queen (Melanie Griffith) back to her childhood home, where he puts the make on her and she responds. Later, a supermodel (Charlize Theron) at a fashion show comes on to him and plays him for a gaga fool. Then he walks in on a hot movie star (Leonardo DiCaprio) as the brat tears up his hotel suite. It all comes across as so much slapstick sleaze. The only aspect that rings true in all this is that Lee wants to buy into the sleaze. Judy Davis's Robin is a schoolteacher involved with a guy (Joe Mantegna), and her story is instructive, too. Instead of being frazzled by the celebrity circus, she settles into its lunacy. She ends up an on-air host for a top-rated schlock TV interview show and can finally say of herself, "I've become the kind of woman I've always hated, but I'm happier." Which may be the most uplifting words anybody has spoken in a Woody Allen movie in a very long time. (Rainer; 11/30/98) (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) *Village East.*

★**Central Station**—I can't join in with the prevailing opinion that Walter Salles's *Central Station* is on par with early De Sica—I love early De Sica too much. But in this otherwise rather schematic swatch of social catharsis, Brazil's Fernanda Montenegro gives the best performance by an actress I've seen all year. De Sica might not have made this movie, but he would have recognized in her bitter, beseeching portrayal a kindred character. (Rainer; 12/14/98) (1 hr. 55 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas.*

A Civil Action—See Rainer, page 54. (2 hrs.; PG-13) *Lincoln Square.*

Dancing at Lughnasa—Five sisters in rural thirties Ireland struggle with the harsh hand life has given them. Starring Meryl Streep, Sophie Thompson, Michael Gambon, Catherine McCormack, Kathy Burke, Brid Brennan, and Rhys Ifans. Directed by Pat O'Connor. From the stage play by Brian Friel. (2 hrs.; PG) *59th Street East; Continental.*

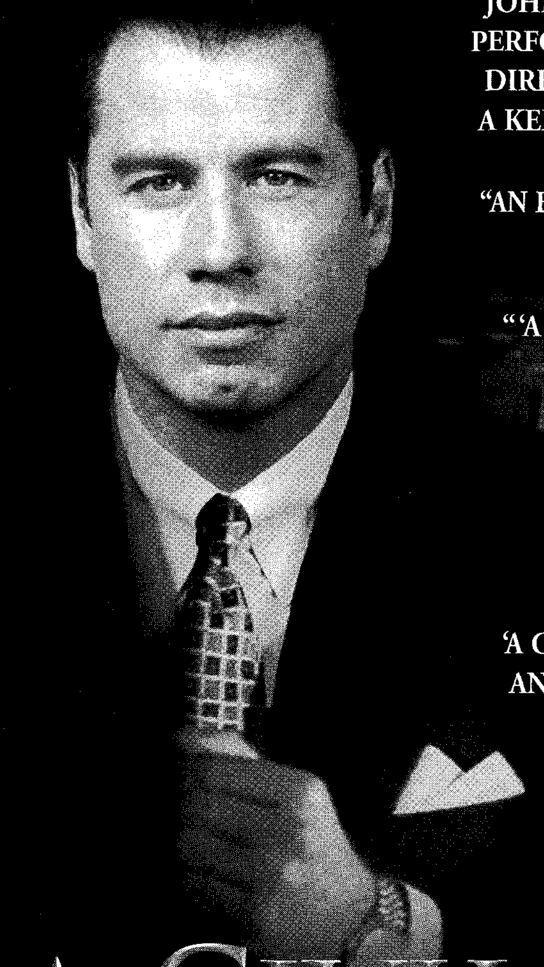
Down in the Delta—A Chicago grandmother moves her daughter and grandchildren back to Mississippi in hopes of pulling them away from the problems of the city. With Alfre Woodard, Al Freeman Jr., Esther Rolle, Mary Alice, Loretta Devine, Wesley Snipes, Mpho Koaho, and Kulani Hassen. Directed by Maya Angelou. (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; Chelsea; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; UA East; 62nd and Broadway; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; BAM Rose Cinemas; Canarsie; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Continental; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Elizabeth—This film, about the daughter of King Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn, has real verve. It's not all that great even so, but in the historical-bio genre, liveliness counts for a lot. Cate Blanchett plays the young Elizabeth from the time she is nearly rendered headless by her half-sister Queen Mary (Kathy Burke) to her final ascension as the Virgin Queen. We are not to take that moniker literally. The Elizabeth on view here is a frolicker who knows how to dangle her spinsterhood before her panting suitors. She's a sexy queen, especially when she realizes she needs to ensure her power by lopping off a few heads of her own. The Indian director Shekhar Kapur and his screenwriter, Michael Hirst, would like us to see her as a feminist icon: She could do it all—dance the volta with her lover Robert Dudley (Joseph Fiennes) in full scandalous view of her court and lord it over the old fuds in Parliament. "I am no man's Elizabeth," she cries out while still in her marriageable mode. Later, she amends that: "I am married to England." Lucky England. (Rainer; 11/16/98) (2 hrs. 4 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; BAM Rose Cinemas.*

The Emperor's Shadow—The epic story of the formation of China's first ruling dynasty and the first emperor's star-crossed love affair. With Jiang Wen, Ge You, and Xu Qing. Directed

'Cue' cover photograph by Kate Orne/Outline.

JOHN TRAVOLTA



"A GRIPPING TALE - AN EXPERTLY ACTED FILM. JOHN TRAVOLTA IS AT HIS BEST IN A VERY STRONG PERFORMANCE... ROBERT DUVALL IS OUTSTANDING. DIRECTOR AND WRITER STEVEN ZAILLIAN BRINGS A KEEN WATCHFUL INTELLIGENCE TO THIS STORY."
-JANET MASLIN, THE NEW YORK TIMES

"AN ENGROSSING THRILLER AND A RIVETING DRAMA WITH A ROCK-SOLID CAST."
-DAVID ANSEN, NEWSWEEK

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"TWO THUMBS UP."
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Talent

Liv's World

At seven in the morning, Liv Ullmann is up and getting ready to enjoy breakfast on a yacht in the Caribbean. It's the final day of her sixtieth-birthday-party cruise, and she's in a suitably sunny mood. "Sixty is not what you believe it is before you *are* 60," she explains. "It's only sad to get old if you give up." Happily, Ullmann has not even slowed down: In her fifties, after all, the actress wrote and directed her first feature films (*Sophie* and *Kristin Lavransdatter*) and discovered she liked that work more than acting. "Also," she says, "I'd come to a stage where I didn't find acting that challenging anymore, because many directors are not so good, and the older you get, the more impatient you get with that." So, after she starred in nine Ingmar Bergman films, it was only natural that she'd become a director of one of his scripts. The result is *Private Confessions* (opening January 6 at Film Forum), a classic Bergman depiction of a stormy marriage and its push-pull of responsibility and desire for freedom. This time, it is the wife (played by Pernilla August, below, with Thomas Hanzon) who is troubled by an illicit affair. Upon the urging of her minister (Max von Sydow), who insists she come clean and end it, she has painful confrontations with her husband (Samuel Fröler) and her lover (Hanzon). "I think the film is showing that some truth can be horribly harmful," says Ullmann. "And some lies, at times, can be given by a really compassionate heart and give peace to the person who hears that lie." Perhaps because the subject matter was too familiar or personal, Bergman never intended to direct the script himself. It was written for Ullmann exclusively. "He hasn't wanted to make a film for many years," Ullmann says, "and I think this film specifically." While he never appeared on the set, and had no contact with Ullmann until she showed him the rough cut, he did offer an opinion after he read about the film in the Scandinavian press: "He said, 'Listen, you mustn't go and say it's a religious film.' And I said, 'But, Ingmar, it is.' He said, 'No, no, no. It's the priest who talks that way. It's not me.' " She laughs at the memory. But she has to go now, as breakfast is waiting, and so are her friends. And so is her next decade.

PATRICIA FALVO

by Zhou Xiaowen. (2 hrs. 3 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

Enemy of the State—This film is set against the backdrop of top-secret government surveillance, and I suppose it's all meant to be Kafkaesque. But since this is a Jerry Bruckheimer production, it's more like Kafka on steroids. Gene Hackman (ostensibly Will Smith's co-star) doesn't even make it onto the wall until an hour into the show. He plays a kind of defrocked former CIA agent named Brill who knows all sorts of clever secret-agent-type things. Brill reluctantly surfaces to offer his aid when a Washington lawyer, Robert Clayton Dean (Smith), is targeted by rogue National Security Agency operatives under the command of Thomas Brian Reynolds (Jon Voight). Reynolds has already engineered the garroting of a senator (an unbilled Jason Robards) opposed to an over-the-top domestic snoop-and-spy bill. By accident, Dean finds himself in possession of a videotape of the murder, and runs for his life. If you're going to make a movie about how easy it is for our identities to be electronically stolen by the government, shouldn't you at least create people with identities worth stealing? The only character in the movie with any resonance is Brill, and that's largely because Hackman is playing him like a follow-up to his Harry Caul, the professional surveillance expert in *The Conversation*. (Rainer; 11/30/98) (2 hrs. 7 mins.; R) *Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Embassy 1; Embassy 2–3; Sutton; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Cinema City; Cinemart; Crossbay; Jackson Triplex; The Movies at Staten Island.*

The Faculty—High-school students realize their teachers are from another planet. With Elijah Wood, Bebe Neuwirth, Salma Hayek, and Jon Stewart. Written by Kevin Williamson. Directed by Robert Rodriguez. (1 hr. 51 mins.; R) *Waverly; Chelsea West; Astor Plaza; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Cinema City; Crossbay; Jackson Triplex; The Movies at Bayside; The Movies at Staten Island.*

★**The General**—Few movie characters are as rollickingly, disturbingly complex as Martin Cahill, the real-life Irish gangster in John Boorman's mesmerizing new movie. As Cahill, Brendan Gleeson doesn't try to soften him for us or explain him away. He keeps us perplexed right up until the end about this fanatically anti-authoritarian crook, who despised equally the church, the state, the IRA, the police. It's a great performance. The film has the structure of an American gangster classic, and yet it doesn't remind you of anything else—even other Boorman films. (Rainer; 1/4/99) (2 hrs. 5 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Gods and Monsters—The story of aging director James Whale (Ian McKellen) and his relationship with his lawn-boy, played by Brendan Fraser. With Lynn Redgrave. Written and directed by Bill Condon. Based on the novel *Father of Frankenstein.* (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas.*

Hilary & Jackie—Emily Watson is the celebrated British cellist Jacqueline du Pré, who developed multiple sclerosis at 28. With Rachel Griffiths as her sister Hilary. Based on the book by Hilary and Piers du Pré, *A Genius in the Family*. Directed by Anand Tucker. (2 hrs.; R) *Chelsea; Coronet; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Hi-Lo Country—Woody Harrelson and Billy Crudup return from World War II and tear their friendship apart over a woman. With Patricia Arquette, Sam Elliott, and Penelope Cruz. Directed by Stephen Frears. (1 hr. 54 mins.; R) *19th Street East; Gemini.*

Hurly Burly—A bleak tale about a group of morally deficient Los Angelinos. Starring Sean Penn, Kevin Spacey, Chazz Palminteri, Garry Shandling, Meg Ryan, Robin Wright Penn, and Anna Paquin. Directed by Anthony Drazan. Based on the play by David Rabe. (2 hrs. 2 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea; Lincoln Square.*

Jack Frost—Michael Keaton is an often-absent father whose death—and reincarnation as a snowman—brings him closer to his family. With Kelly Preston and Joseph Cross. (2 hrs.; PG-13) *Chelsea; State; Gemini; 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Cinema City; Continental; Crossbay II; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Kiss Me Deadly—Private investigator Mike Hammer searches for an elusive box in fifties Los Angeles. With Ralph Meeker and Cloris Leachman. Directed by Robert Aldrich. (1 hr. 46 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Life Is Beautiful—An Italian Jew and his son are taken to a concentration camp at the end of World War II, and the father attempts to hide the horror through fun and games. Starring Roberto Benigni, Sergio Bustric, Nicoletta Braschi, and Giorgio Cantarini. In Italian, with subtitles. (1 hr. 54 mins.; PG-13) *Angelika Film Center; Paris Theatre; Continental.*

Little Voice—A young girl who barely speaks but who can belt out impersonations of singing stars is persuaded to give a concert. Based on the play by Jim Cartwright. Starring Jane Horrocks, Brenda Blethyn, Michael Caine, and Ewan McGregor. Directed by Mark Herman. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Crown Gotham; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**Living Out Loud**—Two lonely people—Holly Hunter's Judith and Danny DeVito's Pat—find each other and feel less alone. Writer-director Richard LaGravanese keeps things open and a little messy, just like life. At the beginning, Judith finds herself suddenly single after years as the wife of a prominent cardiologist (Martin Donovan) who has dropped her for a younger woman. Pat is the doorman in Judith's co-op. He's been turned out by his wife after 25 years. They get friendly, but because their emotions are so up-front, we never think of their involvement in class terms. Standard movie romances are fond of bringing mismatches together; writer-director LaGravanese shows us why they might be kept apart. Judith and Pat are made for each other, but they may not be right for each other, and therein lies the rub of this rueful duet. (Rainer; 11/9/98) (1 hr. 42 mins.; R) *Eastside Playhouse.*

Mighty Joe Young—When an African gorilla is moved to a Los Angeles animal conservancy for safety, his

Photographs: top, Rolf Konow; bottom, courtesy of Castle Hill Productions.

life is endangered. With Charlize Theron and Bill Paxton. Directed by Ron Underwood. (About 2 hrs.; PG-13) *Chelsea West; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Criterion Center; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; Centre Sunnyside; Cinema City; Crossbay II; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Patch Adams—Robin Williams is a doctor who heals with laughter. With Monica Potter. (About 2 hrs.; PG-13) *Waverly; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Criterion Center; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 84th Street; Metro Cinema; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Port Djema—A Parisian surgeon travels to East Africa to search for a missing child. Starring Jean-Yves Dubois. Directed by Eric Heumann. (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

The Prince of Egypt—There's a lot of smiting and plaguing going in this epic DreamWorks animated feature about Moses, but what really hurts is all the kitsch. The movie resembles one of those DeMille biblical epics minus the hoochie-koochie he used to work in to show us what a terrible thing sin is. The mixture of 2- and 3-D effects is technically amazing, and at least one sequence, the parting of the Red Sea, is a knockout. But conceptually the film is cheeseball. Why should we applaud an animated movie for doing the same emptily monumental things as live-action directors? (Rainer; 12/14/98) (About 2 hrs.; G) *Art Greenwich Twin; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; State; 72nd St. East; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Nova; Olympia Theatre; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kent Triplex; Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; Ridgewood; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Plaza; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Private Confessions—A married woman's affair leads to a series of encounters with her lover and her husband. Starring Max von Sydow. Written by Ingmar Bergman. Directed by Liv Ullmann. (2 hrs. 7 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Psycho—Watching Gus Van Sant's virtual shot-for-shot and line-for-line re-creation of Hitchcock's classic, you may find yourself replaying in your mind Hitchcock's version on a parallel track. As anything but some kind of weirdo poststructuralist experiment, this version doesn't have any reason for being. Vince Vaughn is no Tony Perkins and Anne Heche seems more uncomfortable with her role than with her character's predicament. (Rainer; 12/21/98) (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *State; Cinema City.*

The RugRats Movie—A new baby joins the Pickles family and sibling rivalry ensues. Based on the animated television show. Directed by Norton Virgien and Igor Kovalyov. (1 hr. 45 mins.; G) *Embassy 2–3; Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza.*

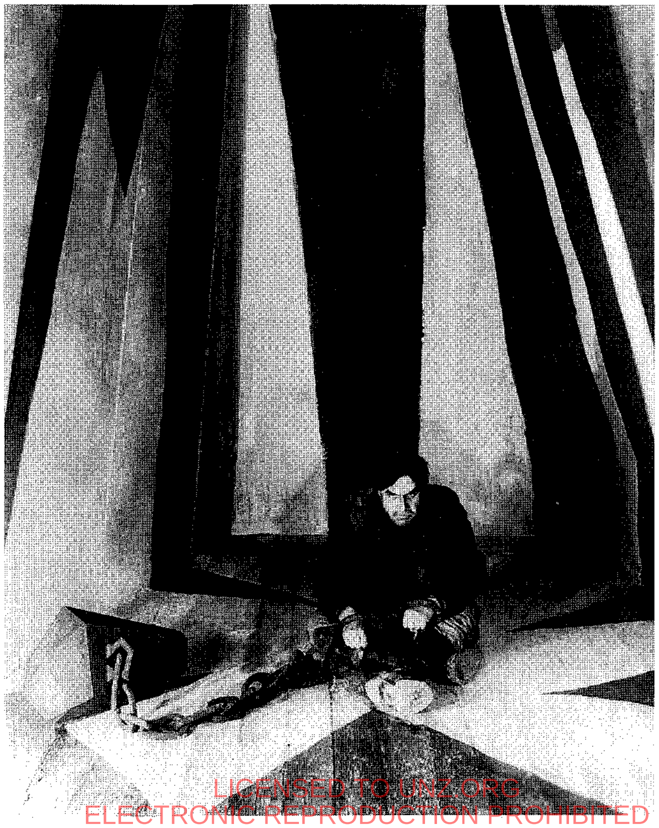
★**Saving Private Ryan**—At the beginning, a group of American soldiers land on Omaha Beach, on D day. Led by Captain John Miller (Tom Hanks), they jump over the side and get hit under the water (we can actually see the bullets, slowed down by the sea, striking their targets). Many who make it out of the boats die in the first few yards of sand. Director Steven Spielberg rapidly shifts from one nightmare to another: When we are under the water, or inside the head of a stunned soldier, the sound collapses into an indistinct roar; the next second, we are above the water and the noise of bullets and mortar fire approaches agony. In this one scene, and in another battle at the end, Spielberg knocks into oblivion every World War II movie ever made. This is a marvelous film, though it needs to be said that the material between the two battle scenes isn't on their transcendent level. It begins as an epic, changes into an anecdote, and works toward a kind of moral fable. After the beach has been secured, Captain Miller and some of his men (Adam Goldberg, Vin Diesel, Barry Pepper, Ed Burns, Jeremy Davies, and Tom Sizemore) are sent on a special mission. It seems that three brothers from Iowa have been killed; the Army wants the fourth brother, Private Ryan, sent home. When they at last find Ryan (Matt Damon), he doesn't want to be saved. The business of saving a single soldier gets folded into a larger question: What is the value of a decent gesture—any decent gesture—in war? (Denby; 7/27/98) (2 hrs. 48 mins.; R) *Union Square.*

Shakespeare in Love—A fanciful romp about the young Will who wrote *Romeo and Juliet* and the romantic liaison that may have led to it. Joseph Fiennes is blandly dashing as the Bard and Gwyneth Paltrow, as his muse, is blandly pretty. She'd be better off if she didn't keep trying to set herself up as the Grace Kelly of the twentysomething set. She's best when she shows some steel, as in *Hard 8* and *Flesh and Bone.* (Rainer; 12/21/98) (2 hrs.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square.*

Series

Mortal Thoughts

Start the year with something heavier than mere resolutions: Reflect on man's eternal struggle with good vs. evil, as depicted in the super-stylized visions of 'The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari' (below) and three other films about soul-selling and soul-searching in "A Matter of Faith: Forces of Good and Evil." At Donnell Library Media Center, January 6–27. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.



Photograph courtesy of Kino International.

★**A Simple Plan**—A crashed small plane with four million bucks in tow is discovered in a remote game preserve by three local townspeople. Theft, murder, double-crosses ensue. Director Sam Raimi is primarily known as a gonzo goremeister with a hyperkinetic visual style, but he's pared down his act here. In his new film, wintry rural Minnesota gets the dark, elemental treatment. The snowdrifts seem to be covering up some vast horror and the *noir* fatalism is limiting. Once again we are told that greed turns good men into bad—it doth make suckers of us all. But the action is compelling and the performances by Bill Paxton and Billy Bob Thornton, playing night-and-day brothers, as well as Brent Briscoe and Bridget Fonda, are superb. (Rainer; 12/14/98) (2 hrs.; R) *Village Theatre VII; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Star Trek: Insurrection—The saga continues. With Patrick Stewart, Jonathan Frakes, Brent Spiner, LeVar Burton, and F. Murray Abraham. (2 hrs.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Coronet; State; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Cinemart; Crossbay; Fresh Meadows; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Steam: The Turkish Bath—A man inherits a Turkish bath from his aunt and discovers who she was and falls for the custodian's handsome son. Starring Alessandro Gassman. Directed by Ferzan Opetek. (1 hr. 34 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Stepmom—Susan Sarandon is a divorced mother who develops a friendship of sorts with her ex-husband's new girlfriend (Julia Roberts). With Ed Harris. (2 hrs.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Gemini; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Alpine; Kingsway; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; The Movies at Bayside; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

The Swindle—Two grifters get in over their heads. With Isabelle Huppert and Michel Serrault. Directed by Claude Chabrol. (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas;* BAM *Rose Cinemas.*

Theory of Flight—An artist becomes the caretaker of a woman with a neuromuscular disorder and they fall in love. Starring Kenneth Branagh and Helena Bonham Carter. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Village East; Beekman; Regency.*

The Thin Red Line—Terrence Malick's first movie in twenty years—an adaptation of James Jones's 1962 WWII novel about an Army platoon in Guadalcanal—brings us back to that same seventies fugue state of his in which all action is aestheticized until nothing is left but patterning and pretty pictures. Malick never saw a sunset he didn't want to emblematize. A lot of powerful actors turn up—including Nick Nolte and Sean Penn—but they're upstaged by Malick's frou-frou flossiness. The initial battle charge against the Japanese artillery is excitingly staged, and there are some evocative passages, but this seems less a movie about the terrors of combat than a reverie about how to preserve your refinement in the trenches. (Rainer; 1/4/99) (2 hrs. 46 mins.; R) *Ziegfeld.*

★**Touch of Evil**—Orson Welles's great 1958 thriller, which stars Welles, Charlton Heston, Janet Leigh, and Joseph Calleia, is one of the most intellectually and emotionally demanding movies ever made in Hollywood. *Touch of Evil* is tough to sit through; it's a jammed, discordant, discomforting experience—a nightmare, in fact, but a nightmare that leaves in the wake of its many complications a moral significance of disturbing perversity and brilliance. Take a deep breath and enjoy it. (Denby; 9/21/98) (1 hr. 48 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Velvet Goldmine—Brian Slade (Jonathan Rhys Meyers) is a glamster who gets his first glimpse of glamdom Nirvana when he witnesses a concert by the Iggy Pop–ish American singer Curt Wild (Ewan McGregor) as he prances naked and dives through hoops of fire. Pretty soon Brian is a superstar himself, and Curt is on the junkie skids. Then Brian self-destructs, staging his own mock assassination during a concert and incurring the everlasting wrath of his fans when the hoax is revealed. He drops permanently from sight. None of this is as linear as it sounds, and since everyone in the movie has the approximate human weight of a hologram, we're not really motivated to fit together the puzzle pieces of their lives. Hollow is as hollow does. *Velvet Goldmine* should be more startling than it is. (Rainer; 11/16/98) (1 hr. 57 mins.; R) *The Screening Room.*

★**Waking Ned Devine**—Compared to all the I.R.A.-themed movies we've been seeing lately, this swatch of stage-Irishness is a walk in the park. Two lifelong mates from Tully More—population 52—figure out that one of their neighbors has won the lottery. David Kelly and Ian Bannen are the dynamic duo who connive to get close to the money. They have such an easygoing rapport that you can almost forgive the fact that this film seems to have been produced strictly for the tourist trade. It would make the perfect in-flight movie on Aer Lingus. (Rainer; 12/4/98) (1 hr. 31 mins.; PG) *Chelsea; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Cinemart; Fresh Meadows.*

The Waterboy—Adam Sandler is an accidental football star. With Kathy Bates. (2 hrs.; PG-13) *Village East; Whitestone; Alpine.*

★**You've Got Mail**—This Tom Hanks–Meg Ryan confab, co-written and directed by Nora Ephron, is being touted as an updated Upper West Side remake of *The Shop Around the Corner.* It's more like a variation on Ephron's last Hanks-Ryan lovefest, *Sleepless in Seattle*—and just about as coy and comfy. Hanks plays a superstore-book-chain magnate whose move into the neighborhood a block away from the venerable children's bookstore operated by Ryan threatens to put her out of business. Unbeknownst to each other, these two combatants are also e-mail lovemates. Ephron plays up the world of cyber-romance for heartfelt winsomeness. Hanks and Ryan know how to play out the superficial charms of their superficial characters. In this superficial-movie age, it's a useful gift. (Rainer; 1/4/99) (1 hr. 58 mins.; PG) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; New York Twin; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Olympia Theatre; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Alpine; Kent Triplex; Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Marboro; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Astoria; Centre Sunnyside; Crossbay II; Fresh Meadows; Main Street Cinemas; Movieworld; Hylan Plaza; The Movies at Staten Island.*

Zakir and His Friends—A celebration of rhythmic sounds from around the world featuring percussionist Zakir Hussain. With Ali Akbar Khan, Ravi Shankar, Mickey Hart, and John McLaughlin. Directed by Lutz Leonhardt. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Affliction; The General; Hurly Burly; Life Is Beautiful; Shakespeare in Love.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Elizabeth; The Prince of Egypt.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3364) *The Emperor's Shadow; Port Djema.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Kiss Me Deadly; Private Confessions; Touch of Evil; Zakir and His Friends.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Central Station; Gods and Monsters; Steam: The Turkish Bath; The Swindle.*

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *The Celebration; Velvet Goldmine.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Union Square—13th St. and Broadway (253-2225) *Dancing at Lughnasa; Enemy of the State; Hilary & Jackie; Jack Frost; Little Voice; Mighty Joe Young; Patch Adams; The Prince of Egypt; Saving Private Ryan; The Faculty; The Thin Red Line; Waking Ned Devine.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *American History X; A Bug's Life; Celebrity; Down in the Delta; Happiness; Theory of Flight; The Waterboy.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *A Simple Plan; Star Trek: Insurrection; Stepmom; You've Got Mail.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Patch Adams; The Faculty.*

14th–41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *The Hi-Lo Country; Star Trek: Insurrection; Stepmom; You've Got Mail.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *The Rug Rats Movie; Patch Adams; The Prince of Egypt; Star Trek: Insurrection.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *A Bug's Life; Down in the Delta; Enemy of the State; Hilary & Jackie; Hurly Burly; Jack Frost; Patch Adams; The Prince of Egypt; Shakespeare in Love; Waking Ned Devine.*

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Mighty Joe Young; The Faculty.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Enemy of the State; Stepmom; You've Got Mail.*

42nd–60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *Dancing at Lughnasa.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *The Faculty.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Mighty Joe Young; Shakespeare in Love.*

Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Hilary & Jackie; Star Trek: Insurrection.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Down in the Delta; Mighty Joe Young; Patch Adams; Stepmom; You've Got Mail.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Little Voice.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Living Out Loud; Pleasantville.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Enemy of the State.*

Embassy 2–3—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Enemy of the State; The RugRats Movie.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *A Bug's Life.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (688-3800) *Life Is Beautiful.*

State—1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (391-2900) *Jack Frost; The Prince of Egypt; Psycho; Star Trek: Insurrection.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *A Bug's Life; Enemy of the State.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Antz; Practical Magic; Ringmaster; Rush Hour; The Siege; There's Something About Mary.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *The Thin Red Line.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *The Prince of Egypt.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Patch Adams.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Closed for renovations.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Theory of Flight.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Down in the Delta; Elizabeth; Patch Adams; A Simple Plan; The Faculty; Waking Ned Devine.*

Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *The Hi-Lo Country; Jack Frost; Stepmom.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *You've Got Mail.*

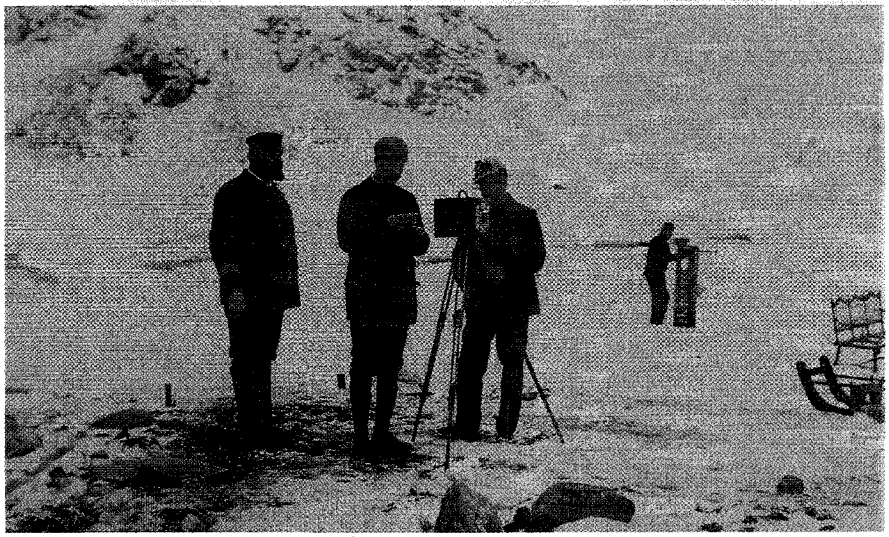
Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (828-9738) *A Bug's Life; Enemy of the State; The Prince of Egypt; Star Trek: Insurrection; Stepmom; The Faculty; You've Got Mail.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Down in the Delta.*

Documentary

Into Thin Air, the Prequel

In 1897, Swedish explorers attempted to reach the North Pole by hot-air balloon and never returned. Their fate remained a mystery for more than 30 years, until scientists discovered the films and diaries of the doomed adventurers. The fascinating relics, as seen in Jan Troell's documentary *Their Frozen Dream,* tell the tale of a three-month struggle for survival, which was, of course, unsuccessful. At MOMA, January 7. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.



Photograph courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art.

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Down in the Delta.*

84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Enemy of the State; Jack Frost; Patch Adams; Star Trek: Insurrection; The Faculty.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Affliction; Central Station; The General; Gods and Monsters; Hilary & Jackie; Little Voice; The Swindle.*

Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *A Bug's Life; A Civil Action; Elizabeth; Hurly Burly; Mighty Joe Young; The Prince of Egypt; The RugRats Movie; Shakespeare in Love; A Simple Plan; Stepmom; Waking Ned Devine; You've Got Mail.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *A Bug's Life; Patch Adams.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *The Rug Rats Movie; A Bug's Life; Mighty Joe Young; Star Trek: Insurrection; The Faculty.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *The Rug Rats Movie; Mighty Joe Young; The Prince of Egypt; The Faculty.*

Olympia Theatre—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *The Prince of Egypt; You've Got Mail.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Theory of Flight.*

Thalia Theater—250 W. 95th St. (864-7700) *Lonely In America.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *A Bug's Life; Down in the Delta; Enemy of the State; Jack Frost; Mighty Joe Young; Patch Adams; The Prince of Egypt; The RugRats Movie; Star Trek: Insurrection; Stepmom; The Faculty; You've Got Mail.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *The Rug Rats Movie; A Bug's Life; Down in the Delta; Enemy of the State; Mighty Joe Young; The Prince of Egypt; The Faculty.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *The Rug Rats Movie; A Bug's Life; Down in the Delta; Enemy of the State; Jack Frost; Mighty Joe Young; Patch Adams; The Prince of Egypt; Star Trek: Insurrection; The Faculty; The Waterboy; You've Got Mail.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *The Rug Rats Movie; A Bug's Life; Mighty Joe Young; Star Trek: Insurrection; Stepmom; The Waterboy; You've Got Mail.*

BAM Rose Cinemas—30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (623-2770) *Central Station; Down in the Delta; Elizabeth; Gods and Monsters; The Swindle.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Down in the Delta; Mighty Joe Young; The Faculty.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Enemy of the State; Jack Frost; Patch Adams; The Prince of Egypt; Psycho; The Faculty.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Down in the Delta; Enemy of the State; The Prince of Egypt; The Faculty.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Mighty Joe Young; The Prince of Egypt; You've Got Mail.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *The Rug Rats Movie; A Bug's Life; Enemy of the State; The Prince of Egypt; The Faculty.*

Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Jack Frost; Mighty Joe Young; Patch Adams; Star Trek: Insurrection; Stepmom; You've Got Mail.*

Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (277-0303) *The Rug Rats Movie; A Bug's Life; Down in the Delta; Enemy of the State; Jack Frost; Mighty Joe Young; Patch Adams; The Prince of Egypt; Star Trek: Insurrection; The Faculty; You've Got Mail.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Mighty Joe Young; Patch Adams; The Faculty; You've Got Mail.*

Pavilion Theatre—188 Prospect Park West (369-0838) *The Rug Rats Movie; A Bug's Life; Jack Frost; Mighty Joe Young; The Prince of Egypt; A Simple Plan; Star Trek: Insurrection; Waking Ned Devine; You've Got Mail.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Jack Frost; Mighty Joe Young; The Prince of Egypt; The Faculty.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *A Bug's Life; Enemy of the State; Jack Frost; Patch Adams; The Prince of Egypt; Star Trek: Insurrection; Stepmom; The Faculty; Waking Ned Devine; You've Got Mail.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *The Rug Rats Movie; Enemy of the State; Patch Adams; Star Trek: Insurrection; Stepmom; The Faculty; You've Got Mail.*

Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (361-6869) *Mighty Joe Young; Patch Adams; The Prince of Egypt; Stepmom; You've Got Mail.*

Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Enemy of the State; Jack Frost; Mighty Joe Young; Psycho; The Faculty.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *The Rug Rats Movie; A Bug's Life; Enemy of the State; Star Trek: Insurrection; Waking Ned Devine.*

Continental—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Dancing at Lughnasa; Down in the Delta; Jack Frost; Life Is Beautiful.*

Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Enemy of the State; Star Trek: Insurrection; The Faculty.*

Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *A Bug's Life; Jack Frost; Mighty Joe Young; Patch Adams; The Prince of Egypt; Stepmom; You've Got Mail.*

Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Rd. at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *A Bug's Life; Patch Adams; The Prince of Egypt; Star Trek: Insurrection; Stepmom; Waking Ned Devine; You've Got Mail.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Enemy of the State; Mighty Joe Young; The Faculty.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (263-4828) *A Bug's Life; Mighty Joe Young; Patch Adams; The Prince of Egypt; Stepmom; You've Got Mail.*

Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Patch Adams; The Prince of Egypt; Shakespeare in Love; Stepmom; You've Got Mail.*

Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *The Rug Rats Movie; A Bug's Life; Mighty Joe Young; Patch Adams; The Prince of Egypt; Star Trek: Insurrection; Stepmom; You've Got Mail.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Dancing at Lughnasa; Elizabeth.*

Plaza—103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Mighty Joe Young; The Prince of Egypt.*

The Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *The Rug Rats Movie; Patch Adams; Star Trek: Insurrection; Stepmom; The Faculty.*

Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) *Call theater for showtimes.*

One-Shot Bygones

In 'Jerome,' Drew Pillsbury plays a man who walks out on the only life he's ever known—his factory job, his wife, and his son—and heads to an Arizona artist colony to become a sculptor. His new life plan becomes a mid-life crisis, however, when he picks up an enigmatic hitchhiker (Wendie Malick, above). The screening—part of the Film Society of Lincoln Center and the Independent Feature Project's "Independents Night!" series—is January 7 at the Walter Reade Theater. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *The Rug Rats Movie; A Bug's Life; Jack Frost; Mighty Joe Young; Patch Adams; The Prince of Egypt; Star Trek: Insurrection; Stepmom; The Faculty; You've Got Mail.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *A Bug's Life; Patch Adams; The Prince of Egypt; Stepmom; You've Got Mail.*

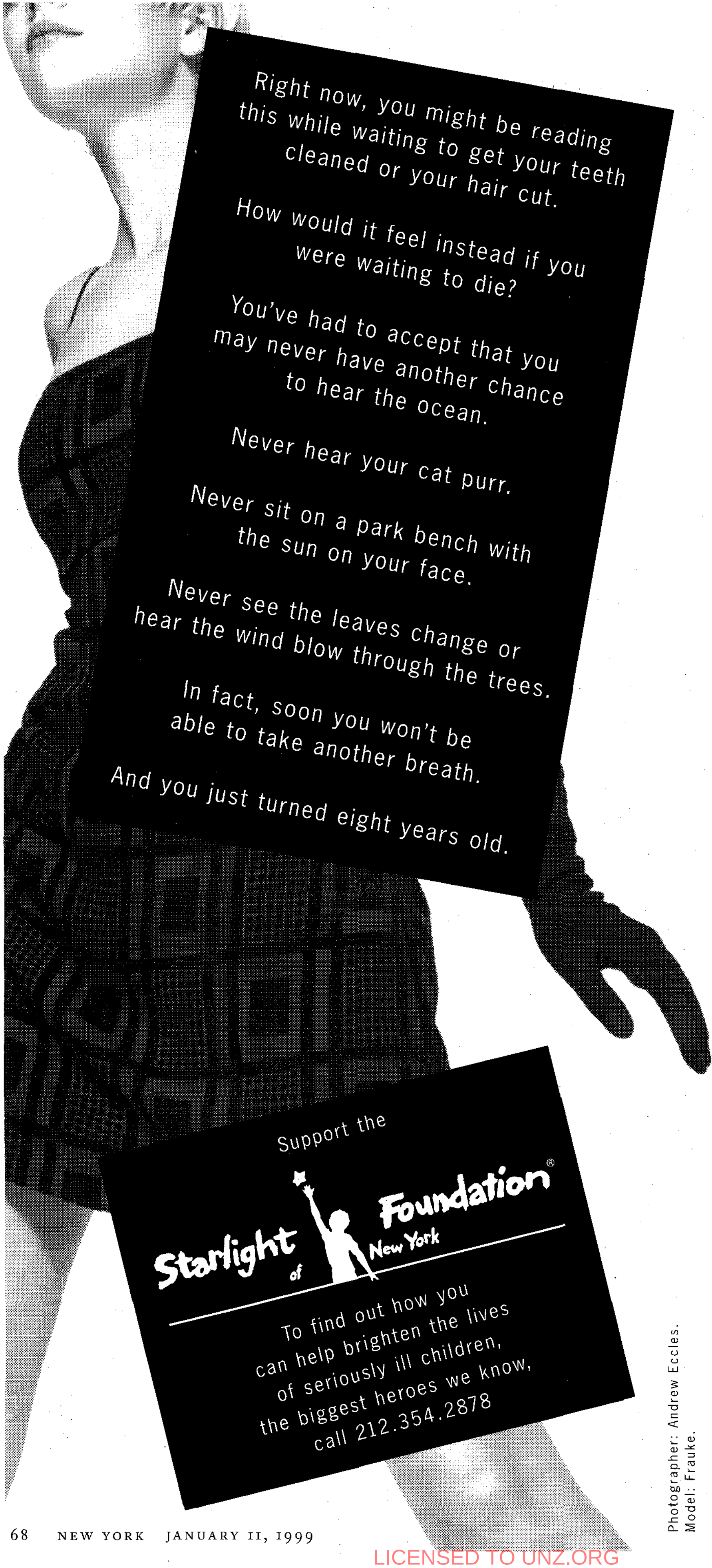
The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *The Rug Rats Movie; A Bug's Life; Down in the Delta; Enemy of the State; Jack Frost; Mighty Joe Young; Patch Adams; The Prince of Egypt; A Simple Plan; Star Trek: Insurrection; Stepmom; The Faculty; You've Got Mail.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of Natural History—"New Voices, New Visions." January: Current issues in education, technology, and culture explored through performance, film, and talks. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100). $7 members; $8 nonmembers.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Sleepless Nights: A Paul Schrader Retrospective." 1/9–1/24: Films by the director-screenwriter. 1/9: *Taxi*

Photograph courtesy of JET Film Company.


Right now, you might be reading this while waiting to get your teeth cleaned or your hair cut.

How would it feel instead if you were waiting to die?

You've had to accept that you may never have another chance to hear the ocean.

Never hear your cat purr.

Never sit on a park bench with the sun on your face.

Never see the leaves change or hear the wind blow through the trees.

In fact, soon you won't be able to take another breath.

And you just turned eight years old.

Support the Starlight Foundation® of New York

To find out how you can help brighten the lives of seriously ill children, the biggest heroes we know, call 212.354.2878

Photographer: Andrew Eccles.
Model: Frauke.

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer…A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element…Reviews are followed by the theaters where the film is playing.

Driver (1976) and *The Last Temptation of Christ* (1988). 1/10: *Affliction* (1998), *Blue Collar* (1978), and a Pinewood dialogue with Schrader. 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-4520). Tickets $4.50–$8.50. Members and children under 4, free.

Anthology Film Archives—Call for schedule. 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110). $7.

Brooklyn Academy of Music and 651, An Arts Center—1/11: screening of *I'll Make Me a World* (1998) and a panel discussion with Spike Lee, Saul Williams, Margo Jefferson, Sharon Green, and Sam Pollard. Tickets $10. BAM Opera House, 30 Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn; call 718-636-4181 for info.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Master Filmmakers of Iran." Through 1/24. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000, ext. 230). $6; $4 for members, students, and senior citizens.

Cinema Classics—"A 70s Retrospective." Single or double feature, $5. 332 E. 11th St.; call 675-6692 for info.

Congregation Emanu-El—"The Troubled Soul: Jewish Mysticism in Film." 1/12: *The Golem* (1920). Free admission. Leon Lowenstein Auditorium, Goldsmith Religious School Building, 10 East 66th St. (744-1400).

Crown Gotham—"Roberto Benigni Retrospective." 1/6–1/14: Films from the director of *Life Is Beautiful*.

A Different Light—1/10: *The Lost Weekend* (1945). 7 P.M. 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850). Free.

Donnell Media Center—"A Matter of Faith: Forces of Good and Evil." 1/6: *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari* (1919). 1/13: *Faust* (1926). "Jazz in Motion: The Rhapsody Films." 1/7: *Boogie in Blue, Harry Gibson* (1991), and *Benny Carter, Symphony in Riffs* (1989). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619). Free.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—"The Films of Marcello Mastroianni." Through 1/16: A 22-film tribute to the Italian actor's career. "Independents Night!" 1/7: *Jerome* (1998). "Movies for Kids." 1/9–1/10: *Neptune's Daughter* (1949). Call 875-5600 for info. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600). Regular screenings $8.50–$15.

Guggenheim Museum—"French Cinema, 1958–1998." 1/6 and 1/8: *L'État des lieux* (1992). 1/6 and 1/9: *Un Chant d'amour* (1950). 1/8–1/9: *À nos amours* (1983). 1/6 and 1/9: *Numéro deux* (1975). Peter B. Lewis Theater, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (423-3587). Tickets free with admission.

Japan Society—"Anime: The History of Japanese Animated Films." Through 2/26: A comprehensive look of the genre, from the forties to the present. 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015). $5 members, $8 nonmembers, students, and senior citizens.

Jewish Museum—11/1: *Out for Love, Be Back Shortly* (1997); 6:30 P.M. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3224). General public $8; members $7.

Museum of Modern Art—"Lodz Film School of Poland: Celebrating 50 Years." Through 1/10: More than 100 student and diploma films. "New Documentaries." 1/7–1/8: *Their Frozen Dream* (1997). "Cinema Novo and Beyond." Through 1/22: Forty years of Brazilian films, totaling 59 features and 16 shorts. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400). Free with $9.50 admission.

The Screening Room—Friday and Saturday at midnight: *Unmade Beds* (1998). Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). Call theater for info. 54 Varick St. (334-2100). $8 ($5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

YWCA Cine-Club—"A Celebration of Japanese Cinema." 1/9–1/10: *A Geisha* (1953). 610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (735-9717). $6 members, $7 nonmembers.

theater

Some Voices...A. R. Gurney's Far East

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Fosse—A tribute to the late choreographer-director, whose swivelin'-hips-and-bowler-hat aesthetic came roaring back with the revival of *Chicago*. Watch for twitchy syncopation, slithering torsos . . . and all that jazz. $55–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 1/14 opening. *Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

Art—I sympathize with this play by Yasmina Reza, which was the hit of Paris in 1995 and of London in 1996, and won awards in both cities. The plot is simple. Serge spends 200,000 francs on a five-by-four painting by the renowned Antrios that is all white except for some diagonal scratches. His friend Marc, who fancies Flemish painting, considers this Antrios shit, and Serge's purchase of it an insult to their friendship. He tries to enlist the third of our musketeers, Yvan, to side with him. Yvan, an overemotional and insecure young man, seems to go along with Marc's tirades. But confronted with Serge and the painting, he does what he does best: He wavers. Reza's cunning dialogue has been fluently Englished by Christopher Hampton. (Simon: 3/16/98 and 10/5/98.) Now with Judd Hirsch, Joe Morton, and George Wendt. $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 3/1/98. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Toni Braxton plays the girl; James Barbour plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costumes by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and Howard Ashman; music by Alan Menken. $22.50–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Beauty Queen of Leenane—Martin McDonagh's Drama Desk Award–winning drama about an old woman's attempts to sabotage her daughter's love life. $20–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

The Blue Room—Nicole Kidman—!!!—and Iain Glen each play five roles in David Hare's modern adaptation of *La Ronde,* Arthur Schnitzler's classic story of interconnected couples and sexual anxieties. London critics found Kidman's performance—and body, which in parts of this play is barely clad at all—to die for. $15–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Bring In 'Da Noise, Bring In 'Da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning history of African-Americans as told through tap dancing, poetry, and song. $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 1/10. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Cabaret—The Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Robert Brill resuscitates a very functional but also eye-catching set. Peggy Eisenhauer and Mike Baldassari's razzle-dazzle lighting caps the razzmatazz. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. Joe Masteroff's refurbished book emphasizes the squalor of 1930 Berlin nightlife and the bisexuality of Clifford, the writer hero. The supporting cast delivers staunchly. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Now starring Jennifer Jason Leigh as Sally Bowles. $65–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8:00, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Opened 3/19/98. *Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (239-6200).*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$70. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—Revisiting this splendid production two years later presents three big obstacles. As Velma, the German star Ute Lemper cannot duplicate Bebe Neuwirth's devastating sardonicism, sprightly kittenishness, and superhuman timing. On Lempert, Neuwirth's demeanor and delivery sit like a sailor suit on Grandma Moses. Similarly, Karen Ziemba, a lovely dancer and likable singer, radiates innocent chirpiness that is all wrong for Roxie, so magisterially created by Ann Reinking, brassily sexy and silkenly skewering. The fussy oiliness of Tom McGowan, the new Amos, simply flops. Still, there are compensations. You now pay more attention to the glittering ensemble work of the rest, and relish the new and even better Mary Sunshine of R. Bean. (Simon: 11/30/98.) $20–$75. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Electra—Zoë Wanamaker has so far electrified audiences in London and Princeton with her interpretation of Agamemnon's grieving, vengeful daughter; she's very likely to do the same thing here, in this new production of Sophocles' play, ably adapted by Frank McGuinness, who updated last season's Tony-winning *A Doll's House.* Also starring Claire Bloom. $35–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

Footloose—Kevin Bacon, sadly, is not a part of this maxi-musical adaptation of the 1984 movie, but the lead does have his haircut. The kids sing the same Kenny Loggins and Tom Snow songs. And they recite anxious-teen dialogue by the same screenwriter, Dean Pitchford. Let's hear it for the boy! $20–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 10/22/98. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, music by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $15–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical.* Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. First, the animals, large and small, re-created with unparalleled imagination, underpropped by costumes that artfully blend realism and fantasy: The prancing giraffes and leaping antelopes, the nodding elephant and barreling warthog, keep you marveling even during the story's stodgiest galumphing. Puppetry from East and West is put to superlative use, yet the actors, singers, and dancers are accorded enough humanity to ply their anthropomorphic skills. And Taymor has found ways to transmute the strictly cartoonish bravura of the big-screen Lion King onto a stage so that nothing is lost in translation. (Simon: 12/1/97). $20–$80. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened 11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (307-4747).*

Little Me—Martin Short gets a well-deserved chance at Broadway redemption, this time with a decent Neil Simon libretto puffing his wings. Simon tailor-made the book of this Cy Coleman and Carolyn Leigh musical for Sid Caesar, and Short—with his quick-molting skin and rubbery face—is an Antony to Caesar if ever there was one. Watch as he tears through the roles of Noble Eggleston (doctor, lawyer, governor of both Dakotas), Amos Pinchley (miser), Otto Schnitzler (Hollywood

Onstage
Ch-ch-ch-ch-changes

Two worthy substitutions this week: Edie Falco, who originated the heartbreaking role of Terry in *Side Man,* returns to the show on January 8, and Michael Cerveris, indisputably worth his weight in lamé, steps in as *Hedwig,* downtown's favorite "internationally ignored song stylist," on January 4. Watch 'em and weep.

despot), and four others, while Faith Prince sails along as his belle Belle from Drifter's Row. Rob Marshall, the prodigiously gifted co-director of *Cabaret,* directs. $75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Through 2/7. *Roundabout Theatre Company's Stage Right, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (719-1300).*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly,* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, is now one of Broadway's ten longest-running musicals. Music by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

On the Town—Mark Twain's famous communiqué, "The report of my death was an exaggeration," applies equally to advance rumors about George C. Wolfe's mounting of this musical at the Gershwin. An elaboration of Jerome Robbins's short ballet *Fancy Free,* it is the story of three sailors on 24-hour shore leave in World War II–era New York. The Comden-Green-Bernstein score is as fresh half a century later as butter in the churn, and words and music embrace each other as passionately as honeymooners. The new cast shines on just a shade less bright than a harvest moon. Lea DeLaria's Hildy is a small, round, humanoid dynamo. The choreography carries the story rather than just embroidering it, Paul Tazewell's cheeky costumes could stop traffic at the busiest intersection, and Paul Gallo's lighting uses wattage like poster paint. (Simon: 12/7/98.) $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100).*

Parade—This new musical joins two formidable forces in the theater—director Hal Prince (*Sweeney Todd, Kiss of the Spider Woman,* the original *Cabaret*) and writer Alfred Uhry (*Driving Miss Daisy, The Last Night of Ballyhoo*). The seemingly un-songworthy subject, the wrongful conviction of a factory manager for the murder of a young white girl, is what one would expect of Prince; the context, Jewish Atlanta in the early part of this century, is what one would expect of Uhry. Newcomer Jason Robert Brown did the music. Brent Carver stars. $40–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

The Phantom of the Opera—Nine leads, ten years, and roughly 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Ragtime—A musical based on E. L. Doctorow's historical novel, with a book by Terrence McNally and music by the composer-lyricist team of Stephen Flaherty and Lynn Ahrens. The epic, neatly trimmed and tidied for the stage, braids the fates of three fictitious families—one black, one Jewish, one Wasp—and an assortment of historical characters. $31–$125. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 1/18/97. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Scarlet Pimpernel—You've seen the billboard. Now come see the show about romance, honor, the French Revolution, and, most important, fabric. Pop composer Frank Wildhorn (*Jekyll & Hyde*) did the score. Nan Knighton has recently revised her book, adapted from Baroness Orczy's novel for the stage. Douglas Sills stars. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/9/97. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4100).*

Side Man—This enjoyable play by Warren Leight is about sidemen, yesteryear's second-tier jazz musicians who hired out as supplementary players to various bands, and about their women. It is narrated by Clifford, the son of Gene, a trumpet player, and Terry, a sweet thing turned bitter. As the play moves from 1985 to 1953 and back, we hear about his parents' courtship, his birth, and the parents' growing estrangement as he grows up. We also get glimpses of the lives of Gene's fellow sidemen, Al, Ziggy, and Jonesy, and the waitress who beds or marries some of them. As things move near-imperceptibly from comedy to drama, we relish the jive, the jokes, the frustrations enacted by seven actors in a production neatly tied together by Michael Mayer's apt direction. (Simon: 3/23/98.) Now with Christian Slater. $25–$60. Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, and Sun. at 3. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the songbook Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller wrote to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

The Sound of Music—Returns to Broadway for the first time since its 1959 premiere. Hum along; bring the kids. Rebecca Luker, who played a memorable Magnolia in *Show Boat,* plays the nun turned governess, and Dennis Parlato plays the widower captain. $30–$75. Tues. at 8, Thurs. at 7, Fri. and Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Opened 3/12/98. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Swan Lake—Ordinarily a white plague of tutus and tulle, this new interpretation of Tchaikovsky's ballet by Matthew Bourne is decidedly *noir,* and the swans are all male. London loved it. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Through 1/23. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100).*

Titanic—What it lacks in suspense it makes up for in Tony awards (five, in 1997, including Best Musical). Music and lyrics by Maury Yeston; book by Peter Stone. Directed by Richard Jones. $45–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 4/23/97. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St (307-4100).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

The American Jew—An assortment of America Jews—some famous, some not—shared their observations and feelings about their faith to creat the script for this new one-person show, performed on alternate days by Victor Attar an Catherine Curtin. $35. Wed.–Mon. at 3 and 8. I previews for a 1/7 opening. *Judith Anderson Theate 422 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

The Captain's Tiger—This new play is something of departure for Athol Fugard, the preeminent Sout African playwright who has devoted much of hi career to writing about the cruelties and paradoxes of apartheid. This time, he writes a memoir fo the stage, mulling over his youthful travels, misadventures, struggles with self-expression, and relationship with mum. $36. Tues.–Sun. at 7:30, Sat and Sun. at 3. In previews for a 1/12 opening *Manhattan Theatre Club's Stage II, 131 W. 55th St (581-1212).*

The Country Wife—William Wycherley's classic send-up of the English gentry, in which a man gains access to the homes of many an unsuspecting husband by claiming he's a eunuch. $20–$33. Tues. Thurs., Fri., and Sat. at 8; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2 Opens 1/4. *Pearl Theatre Company, 80 St. Marks Pl (598-9802).*

Far East—A new play from A. R. Gurney (*The Cocktail Hour, Sylvia, Love Letters*) about a young American Navy lieutenant who finds himself caugh between the wife of his commanding officer an the woman he loves. Directed by Daniel Sullivan starring Michael Hayden. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8 Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for 1/10 opening. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhous Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Paradise Hotel—The latest from Richard Foreman this time about a group of paranoid sexual adventurers who converge in their quest for Nirvan

Opening
Special Order

The New Group starts the new year doing what it does best—converting recen London hits into intimate set pieces. 'Some Voices,' Joe Penhall's award-winning play about an overworked restaurateur who assumes responsibility for hi schizophrenic brother, opens January 7 at the Theater at St. Clements.

Photograph by Carol Rosegg

and fine lodging. $15. Tues. and Thurs.–Sun. at 8. In previews for a 1/13 opening. Through 4/19. *Ontological Theatre at St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (533-4650).*

Phèdre/Britannicus—Diana Rigg, the second grande dame to cross the Atlantic this winter to bring a classic to our shores, has played Phèdre before—once, roughly a quarter of a century ago, when she was in her mid-thirties. It didn't work. "It was in rhyming couplets," she says, "and for a high drama, that's very dangerous." This time, Rigg will speak the free and unfussy verse of the late poet Ted Hughes, who, in addition to publishing a collection of poems about his doomed marriage to Sylvia Plath, spent his last year translating Racine's corrosive story of a mother's obsession with her stepson. The play will be performed in repertory with *Britannicus,* one of Racine's lesser-known political thrillers. $20–$55. *Call for specific dates and showtimes.* Opens 1/5. Through 1/17. *Brooklyn Academy of Music's Majestic Theater, 651 Fulton St. (718-636-4100).*

Some Voices—A gentler, more heartbreaking import from the New Group about a restaurant owner who takes on the responsibility of caring for his schizophrenic brother. By Joe Penhall; directed by Frank Pugliese. $15–$30. Mon. at 7, Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 4. In previews for a 1/7 opening. *Theater at St. Clements, 423 W. 46th St. (279-4200).*

Now Playing

All Under Heaven—Valerie Harper stars as Pearl S. Buck, political activist, essayist, and first American woman to win the Nobel Prize for literature. Written by Harper and Dyke Garrison. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Century Theater, 111 E. 15th St. (239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $39–$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Bosoms and Neglect—John Guare's tragicomic story of a blind old woman, her pathologically anxious son, and her equally troubled daughter. Starring Mary Louise Wilson, David Aaron Baker, and Katie Finneran; directed by Nicholas Martin, who so marvelously directed Wilson in *Full Gallop.* $37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Signature Theatre Company, 555 W. 42nd St. (244-PLAY)*

Chaim's Love Song—A new play by Marvin Chernoff about the relationship between a young Irish woman and a retired mailman. $35. Wed. at 5 and 8, Thurs. at 2, Fri. at 2 and 8, Sat. at 2 and 5, Sun. at 1. Through 2/7. *Raymond J. Greenwald Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (633-6322).*

Collected Stories—Donald Margulies's almost-Pulitzer-winning play about the friendship between a protégée and her mentor—and how it transforms when the former uses intimate details of the latter's life in her first published novel. Uta Hagen and Lorca Simons star. $42.50–$47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

A Couple of Blaguards—Tired yet of the brothers McCourt? Good! We thought not. Come see Frank and Malachy's stage version of their growing-up story, performed by actors Mickey Kelly and Shay Duffin. $40–$42.50. Mon., Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8; Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

De la Guarda: Villa Villa—A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. Dress in tatters; bring aspirin. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (239-6200).*

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Forbidden Broadway Cleans Up!—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way. $45–$47.50. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8:15; Sat. at 2:30 and 8:15; Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30. Food and drink available/optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).*

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—John Cameron Mitchell conceived and wrote this rock concert–cum–musical, in which a German war bride finds herself in a Kansas trailer park and achieves self-actualization, not to mention tabloid fame, through songwriting. Also featuring Stephen Trask and his downtown band, Cheater. $39.50–$49.50. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened 2/14/98. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $47.50–$50. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Killer Joe—Amanda Plummer and Scott Glenn, pleasures both on stage and screen, star in Tracy Letts's new (and first) play about a dysfunctional family in a Texas trailer park. $47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 5, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (239-6200).*

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

The Most Fabulous Story Ever Told—The New York Theatre Workshop—birthplace of *Rent, Slavs!,* and various bits of acclaimed marginalia, presents the newest play by Paul Rudnick, wicked author of *Addams Family Values, In & Out,* and various bits of acclaimed gay fantasia. In the author's words: "It's a comedy about God, if that's not redundant." Heavens, no. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 8. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (460-5475).*

The Mystery of Irma Vep—The late Charles Ludlam's penny-dreadful vehicle for himself, Everett Quinton, and a glistening mound of wigs. It was a loopy sensation in 1984; Quinton returns for this repeat engagement with the young actor Stephen DeRosa. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Westside Theater, 407 W. 43nd St. (239-6200).*

Over the River and Through the Woods—A new comedy from Joe Pietro, author of *I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change,* about the meddling efforts of four Italian-American grandparents to change the life of their grandson. $45. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Revenge in the Mob—When this family gets together, it's murder. *Heh heh heh.* The inevitable offspring of interactive comedies *Grandma Sylvia's Funeral* and *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding.* A four-course meal is included, so we'll assume the carnage isn't graphic. $60. Fri. and Sat. at 8. *Arno Ristorante, 141 W. 38th St. (888-MOB-BOYS).*

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel, from the hopeless phone calls for airline reservations to the joys of sandy Uzbekistan, from *Private Lives* with its ex-spouses honeymooning with new partners on adjoining Riviera terraces to Montezuma's revenge on unsuspecting gringo bowels. From lost baggage to lost illusions, from Hertz to other hurts and frustrations, nothing is overlooked, though some things are a mite undercooked. Even the Ca*th*tilian li*th*p ge*th* a tuneful *th*ong tribute. (Simon: 12/15/97.) $20–$47.50; optional dinner one hour before curtain. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/30/97. *Ibis Theatre, 321 W. 44th St. (799-4599).*

Opening
The Un-Americans

More a guided tour through the cranium of Josh Kornbluth than a close look at the life and times of the inventor and founding father, *Ben Franklin: Unplugged* arrives at P.S. 122 this week with dozens of accolades regardless; perhaps it's because Kornbluth looks so much like Franklin (in which case the poor fellow ought to be rewarded), perhaps it's because Franklin had a turncoat son—which Kornbluth, the son of two Communists, can sort of relate to. Performances begin January 7 and run through January 24.

The Shaughraun—To open its tenth season, the Irish Rep. revives a rarely performed 1874 Boucicault melodrama—complete with forbidden passion, swordplay, and damsels in distress. $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 1/24. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $24.50–$49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

Stop Kiss—Diana Son's new play about a smart, single woman whose world flips upside-down when she falls in love with another woman. Starring Jessica Hecht (*Plunge, The Last Night of Ballyhoo*). $30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Through 1/31. *The Public's Shiva Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

This Is Our Youth—Kenneth Lonergan's play is one that young people will adore and their elders embrace. It concerns smooth Dennis, a school dropout and drug dealer; his friend the dopey and klutzy Warren Straub, who shows up with a suitcase full of his prized possessions plus fifteen grand he swiped from his remarried old man; and Jessica Goldman, a stylish and mildly promiscuous design student, summoned to be Warren's companion on a proposed heavy double date. A world is conjured up, a world observed and overheard with spine-tingling accuracy, perfect-pitch hearing, and scalpel-like penetration. Mark Ruffalo is the per-

Photograph by Jana Marcus.

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

fect Warren, down to his nonchalant way with his motto, "Whatever." Missy Yager is a gem of a Jessica. Mark Brokaw's direction remains exemplary, as incisive and inventive as the writing, a model of underpropping without overbearing. And when the comedy eventually turns serious, the transition is flawless and shattering. (Simon: 11/16/98.) $40. Tues. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. *Second Stage Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (787-3392).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St.*, then a reception at *Vinnie Black's Vegas Room, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $65–$75. Thurs.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(239-6200).*

Wit—Can a play be made out of the last hours of a professor of literature dying of ovarian cancer? A play that hinges on a close reading of Donne's *Holy Sonnets*? That, without slighting its seriousness, sees the comedy in dying? No? Think again: Margaret Edson, with her firstling effort, has managed it, and more. It is a dazzling and humane play you will remember till your dying day, and especially then, thanks also to a near-flawless production. First, Kathleen Chalfant, a Vivian Bearing of power and vulnerability, commanding intelligence and compelling irony. In and out of bed, she enacts or narrates the battle for life, and the scarcely less scary battle of the Ph.D. vs. the M.D. Add a supporting cast in which all, and Alec Phoenix in particular, shine. And don't miss the final irony: Margaret Edson teaches elementary school in Atlanta. For this play alone, she should be handed the Harvard English department. (Simon: 9/28/98.) $35–$49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100).*

Woody Guthrie's American Song—A musical inspired by and featuring the songs of the legendary folk singer. Conceived and directed by Peter Glazer, son of Tom, who often performed with Guthrie; starring a cast of five musical-theater veterans, including Ernestine Jackson and James J. Stein Jr. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Theatre 3, 311 W. 43rd St. (279-4200).*

Off-Off Broadway

Ben Franklin: Unplugged—A guided tour through the cranium of acclaimed monologuist Josh Kornbluth, with a bit of history about the founding father and inventor tossed in for good measure. $12. Nightly at 7:30. Opens 1/7. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (477-5288).*

Brandon Teena—The Present Company, which has almost single-handedly revived the theatrical tradition of the Lower East Side, revives this acclaimed docudrama from last summer about the young Nebraska woman who was murdered for living as a man. $12. Tues.–Sat. at 8. Through 1/16. *Present Company Theatorium, 198 Stanton St. (420-8877).*

The Cherry Orchard—As interpreted by the Westside Repertory Theatre. $10. Thurs. and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 1 and 7. Through 2/14. *Westside Repertory Theatre, 252 W. 81st St. (874-7290).*

Counter Intelligence—A raunchy comedy about the sexual neuroses of two women and two men. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8. Through 1/23. *78th Street Theatre Lab, 236 W. 78th St. (873-9050).*

Culturemart—During the theatrically barren month of January, HERE Arts Center comes to the rescue with this three-week marathon of new plays and assorted performance oddities. Some menu highlights: Graham Willoughby's *Animal Confessions,* the Walter Thompson Orchestra's "sound paintings," puppetry from the Eugene O'Neill Theater Center's national conference. $12. Call for specific shows, showtimes, and dates. Through 1/24. *HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., at Spring St. (647-0202).*

The Erotica Project's Cunning Stunts—Hypercharged monologues about female sexuality by Lillian Ann Slugocki, Erin Cressida Wilson, and Laurie Stone. $15. Thurs.–Sat. at 8:30. Through 1/16. *Joe's Pub, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

Gauguin's Parrot—Ralph Pezzullo's new comedy about Mario, a former shoe salesman at Macy's who suddenly sees the world from the perspective of Gauguin's shoulder when a pair of boots falls on his head. Presented by Theater for the New City. $10. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 1/17. *Chino Theater, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. (254-1109).*

Loot—Joe Orton's soot-black comedy about a fellow who hides his mother's corpse in the closet, in order to hide some stolen cash in her coffin. Performed by Cocteau Rep. $12–$30. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3, some Weds. at 8. Through 2/12. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery (677-0060).*

Lyz!—A modern musical adaptation of Aristophanes' *Lysistrata,* the ancient tale of women who refuse their men sex in order to end a war. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 1/31. *Samuel Beckett Theater, 410 W. 42nd St. (353-7832).*

Monday Night Magic—Internationally known magicians munch on glass, puncture flailing assistants with swords, yank rabbits from hats, etc., all in an intimate setting. $20–$27.50. Mon. at 8. *Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (307-4100).*

Murdered by the Mob—One of two interactive mob comedies now running in New York; a four-course meal is included, plus take-home gifts and fake Academy Awards to the audience's best actors. $55. Fri. at 7:30 and Sat. at 7. *Steak Brokers Club, 393 Eighth Ave., bet. 29th and 30th Sts. (800-MURDERINC).*

Qien Kiere Copita?—Seven Latin girls explore the culture and mores of their parents. By Rebecca Ramirez. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 5. Opens 1/7. Through 1/24. *Nada 45, 445 W. 45th St. (946-2098).*

Rusalka, the Little Mermaid—A 30-marionette mini-opera about the rivermaid who falls in love with a human, follows him to dry land, and is ultimately betrayed. Performed by the venerable Czechoslovak American Marionette Theater. $15–$20. Thurs.–Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 3. Opens 1/7. Through 1/17. *La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

So, I Killed a Few People . . .—One of the breakout entrants from this year's Fringe Festival. Archie Nunn, convicted serial killer, has just one last request before he's electrocuted: to put on a one-man show. Presented by the Annoyance Theater, creators of *The Real Live Brady Bunch.* $12. Thurs.–Sun. at 10. Through 2/14. *Piano Store, 158 Ludlow St. (420-1466).*

Symphonie Fantastique—Puppeteer Basil Twist dances his fabulous creations around a 500-gallon tank. $25. Tues.–Fri. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 10:30, Sun. at 5. *HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., at Dominick St. (647-0202).*

Tilly Losch—GAle GAtes, the up-up-up-and-coming DUMBO theater company with a stunning flair for the visual, presents this story of a nineteenth-century woman who travels up-up-up-and-away in a balloon over a mountainous landscape. $15–$25. Tues.–Sat. at 9. Through 1/16. GAle GAtes et al, 37 Main St., Brooklyn. (718-522-4597).

WetSpot—Three dead guys try to karaoke-sing their way out of the netherworld in this musical satire from Slant, the ebullient Asian-American trio that overthrows stereotypes with shadow puppets and rock and roll. $12. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2:30 and 8. Through 1/17. *La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

Zise Khaloymes—Folksbiene Yiddish Theatre presents this new musical about a young, upwardly mobile New York Jewish woman haunted by the memory of her more traditional mother. Written and directed by Eleanor Reissa. $25–$30. Wed. and Thurs. at 2 and 8, Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 5:30. Through 1/3

Opening Disoriented

The formidably prolific A. R. Gurney, who has recently ventured outside the dining room and into his own past for play-worthy material, continues apace with the semi-autobiographical *Far East,* the story of a love triangle connecting a young American Navy lieutenant, his commanding officer's wife, and the woman he loves. Michael Hayden stars; opens January 10 at Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater.

Photograph by Stephanie Berger

art

Folk Art...Souvenir Buildings...Casitas

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

András Böröcz—Figurative sculptures carved from pencils, erasers, and solid blocks of graphite; through 1/16. Baumgold, 128 E. 72nd St. (861-7338).

John Marin—More than 60 works by the American Modernist, many of which have not been seen by the public since they were first exhibited at Alfred Stieglitz's 291 Gallery; through 1/29. York, 21 E. 65th St. (772-9155).

Knox Martin—Recent large-scale abstract paintings that continue the artist's use of overlapping forms and juxtapositions of high-key colors; through 2/28. Gat, 1100 Madison Ave. (327-0441).

Sigmar Polke—New paintings that continue the artist's use of printing errors as a motif; through 1/16. Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (988-1623).

Richard Tipping—Sculptures that refer to such twentieth-century icons of art and culture as Man Ray and Sigmund Freud, and "word-works," pieces that playfully alter the meanings of street and warning signs; through 1/16. Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. (794-4444).

57th Street Area

Julie Allen/Wes Mills—Sculptures of intimate apparel made from Saran wrap, wax paper, tape, candy, and other materials/Abstract works in graphite and powdered pigment on paper. Through 1/16. Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (245-2888).

Waltercio Caldas—Recent sculptures by the Brazilian conceptual artist; through 1/16. Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (315-0470).

Gretna Campbell/Susanna Coffey—Landscape drawings of Maine executed in the fifties/Recent cropped self-portraits; through 2/6. De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave. (262-5050).

Brad Durham/Glen Holland—Landscape paintings of isolated locations by a Los Angeles artist/Small still-life paintings. Through 1/30. Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (759-2345).

Gary T. Erbe—Trompe-l'oeil paintings; through 1/16. ACA, 41 E. 57th St. (644-8300).

Morris Graves—Floral paintings and the works of the *Five Seasons* series, executed when the artist was 87 and originally intended for a Shinto shrine; through 1/30. Schmidt-Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. (888-1122).

Timothy Hawkesworth—Recent drawings of a cowardly horse by an Irish artist currently living in Pennsylvania; through 1/30. Littlejohn, 41 E. 57 St. (980-2323).

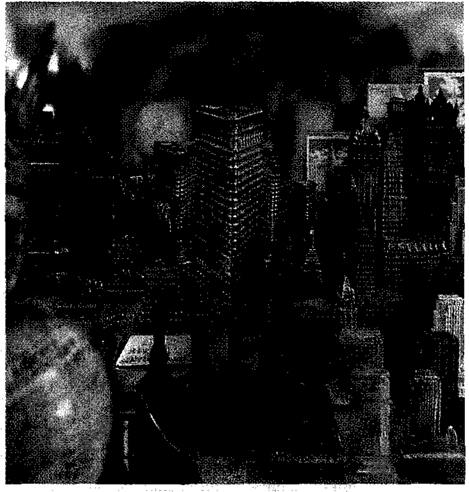
Ken Price—Recent ceramic sculptures whose structures draw on the geography of Taos, New Mexico, where the artist resides part-time; through 1/16. Franklin Parrasch, 20 W. 57th St. (246-5360).

Annie Gooding Sykes—Impressionist-inspired watercolors by a turn-of-the-century artist (1855–1931) who worked in Massachusetts and Ohio; through 1/30. Spanierman, 45 E. 58th St. (832-0208).

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

On View **Ever wonder what happens to all of those gift-shop souvenirs? Architects David Weingarten and Margaret Majua have collected upwards of 3,000 of the tiny buildings that many tourists give away. "The Little Apple: Souvenir Buildings From the Collection of Ace Architects" gathers more than 350 of their New York miniatures, from an Empire State Building pencil sharpener–cigarette lighter to a Statue of Liberty inkwell-penholder-lamp. From 1800 to the present, these kazoos, clocks, calendars, and, yes, paperweights, cast in pewter, glass, wood, and soap by artist collectives like the Staybright Novelty Company, have offered a pocket-size architectural history of the sprawling metropolis. At the Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Avenue, at 103rd Street (534-1672); through March 28.**



SoHo and TriBeCa

Dennis Adams—A new video work reinterpreting German journalist Ulrike Meinhof's exposé of young girls' orphanages in the early seventies; through 1/22. Kent, 67 Prince St. (966-4500).

Emilie Benes Brzezinski—Large carved wood sculptures whose forms suggest rushing water; through 2/13. Tenri, 575 Broadway (925-8500).

Caroline Golden/Erik Killi Olsen—Elaborate paintings and sculpture exploring Norse myth by the Norwegian artist/Collages, many of childlike figures, from the series "Those Who Beckon." Through 2/6. Bridgewater/Lustberg, 560 Broadway (941-6355).

Inka Essenhigh/Tom Shannon—New paintings of a "world made of plastic material that won't decompose"/Sculpture of a woman suspended by a thin wire. 1/7–2/13. Deitch Projects, 76 Grand St. (343-7300).

Stephen Greene—A selection of abstract paintings made by the artist over the past 50 years; through 1/16. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

Peter Hujar and David Wojnarowicz—Photographs and paintings by two artists from New York who were close friends, and briefly lovers, before dying of AIDS-related illnesses; through 2/9. P.P.O.W., 476 Broome St. (941-8642).

Adrian Piper—A work made in the early seventies that comprises performance, documentations of performances, cartoons published in *The Village Voice,* and drawings on photographs that document the evolution of a creature called "The Mythic Being"; through 1/16. Erben, 476 Broome St. (966-5283).

David Rabinowitch—Recent drawings that depict particular views of trees; through 2/5. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

Bradley Rubenstein—Recent paintings and drawings of cats, dogs, and horses; through 1/23. Meltzer's On View, 588 Broadway (343-8256).

Julião Sarmento—New paintings and sculpture; through 1/23. Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (343-2405).

Mimi Smith—Knotted thread works from sixties and seventies; through 1/16. Kustera, 41 Wooster St. (965-1527).

Rémy Zaugg—A series of silk-screen paintings that depict layers of words; through 1/16. Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (925-4338).

Chelsea

Doug Aitken—Two new installations, one exploring volcanic Monserrat and another manipulating light, flooring, walls, video monitors, and sounds of auctioneer's voices to dramatize the clash between rural and urban environments; through 1/16. 303, 525 W. 22nd St. (255-1121).

Michael Bevilacqua—Paintings that mix commercial logos with abstraction; through 1/16. Fredericks, 504 W. 22nd St. (633-6555).

Alfonse Borysewicz—Paintings that form a chapel structure and interrogate Catholicism; through 1/30. Anderson, 453 W. 17th St. (463-0970).

Ellen Cantor—A single-channel video projection that synthesizes images and sounds from the work of the filmmakers Antonioni and Cassavetes; through 1/16. LaBoulbenne, 504 W. 22nd St. (462-4111).

Thornton Dial/Larry Gianettino—Recent large-scale textured paintings on wood panels by the self-taught artist/Large color photographs of very small objects. Through 1/16. Ricco/Maresca, 529 W. 20th St. (627-4819).

Tony Fitzpatrick—Twenty-five new drawings from a series dedicated to the artist's father, which frequently interpret their lives in Chicago; through 1/30. Maynes, 529 W. 20th St. (741-3318).

Rainer Ganahl—Photographs from the conceptual artist's recent "*seminar/lecture*" series 1/9–1/30. Protetch, 511 W. 22nd St. (633-6999).

Felix Gonzalez-Torres—A selection of works by the late artist that depict images of crowds cut from newspapers and a group of stack pieces created from New York *Times* clippings that were made between 1990 and 1991; through 1/16. Rosen, 525 W. 24th St. (627-6000).

Gary Hill—Seven single-channel video installations from "Liminal Objects," an ongoing series the artist began in 1995; through 1/23. Gladstone, 515 W. 24th St. (206-9300).

John Kirchner—Frottage and sculpture constructed from tissue and balsa; 1/9–2/15. Foster, 529 W. 20th St. (966-9024).

Zoe Leonard/Rudolf Stingel—Nature photographs of Alaska and Cape Cod that dramatize the clash between urban development and natural rhythms/

Photograph by Alan Weintraub, courtesy of Harry Abrams.

Cast-aluminum sculptures of manipulated radiators; 1/9–2/13. Cooper, 534 W. 21st St. (255-1105).

Micah Lexier—Simple expressive sketches transformed into more complex works through labor-intensive processes; 1/9–2/6. Shainman, 513 W. 20th St. (645-1701).

Gary Simmons—A mazelike installation of chalk boards on which the artist has drawn abandoned buildings and forest scenes as viewed from a train; through 1/16. Metro Pictures, 5129 W. 24th St. (206-7100).

Charles Spurrier/Richard Rezac—"Paintings" made from such nontraditional materials as adhesive tapes, reflective vinyls, plastic beads, and electric lights/Sculptures whose forms are influenced by Japanese ceramics and architecture. Through 1/16. Feigen Contemporary, 535 W. 20th St. (929-0500).

Shirley Wiitasalo/Moira Dryer—The first U.S. exhibit of a Canadian artist's abstract paintings/Ironic abstract paintings by the late Canadian artist whose work was the subject of a posthumous show at MOMA in 1993; through 1/23. Greene Naftali, 526 W. 26th St (463-7770).

Arnold Zimmerman—New ceramic sculptures; through 2/13. Elder, 529 W. 20th St. (462-2600).

Other

James Clark—A sculpture and light installation; through 1/30. Davies, 23 Commerce St. (243-6842).

Rupert Deese/Peter Plagens—New abstract paintings and works on paper/Monochromatic etchings in wave-like patterns. Through 1/27. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).

Creighton Michael—Paintings from the past four years that explore structural parallels between painting and nature; through 1/24. Queens Museum of Art Satellite Gallery at Bulova Corporate Center, 75-20 Astoria Blvd., Jackson Heights, Queens (718-899-0700), Mon.–Fri. 7–7, Sat. 10–4.

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Berry-Hill—11 E. 70th St. (744-2300). "Ashcan Kids," an exhibition of oil paintings, drawings and prints of children by early American Realists Bellows, Glackens, Henri, Luks, and Sloan; through 1/16.

CDS—76 East 79 St. (772-9555). Drawings, paintings, constructions, and sculpture by Latin American artists Aizenberg, Bonevardi, Fonseca, and Gramcko; through 1/31.

Elkon—18 E. 81st St. (535-3940). Surrealist works by Arp, Bellmer, Duchamp, Ernst, Man Ray, Tanning, others; through 1/22.

Hirschl & Adler—21 E. 70th St. (772-7237). "The American Vasari: William Dunlap and His World," paintings, drawings, and sculpture by American artists who were included in Dunlap's 1834 book *History of the Rise and Progress of the Arts of Design in the United States*, among them Cole, Copley, Earle, Trumbull, West; through 1/30.

Knoedler—19 E. 70 St. (794-0550). Epic, large-scale paintings by Gottlieb, Motherwell, and Pousette-Dart; through 1/30.

Shapolsky—152 E. 65th St. (452-1094). "Artists of the 50s: The Development of Abstraction," with works by Barnet, Boardmen, Briggs, Fiore, Lassaw, Loew, others; through 1/16.

57th Street Area

Equitable—787 Seventh Ave. (554-4818), Mon.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 12–5. "Court and Conquest: Ottoman Origins and the Design for Handel's *Tamerlano* at the Glimmerglass Opera." Rare Turkish and Persian illuminated manuscripts, arms and armor, textiles, and jewelry dating from the fifteenth to the nineteenth centuries juxtaposed with the ensemble of costumes created for Handel's baroque opera by theatrical designer Judy Levin; through 1/23.

McGrath—20 W. 57th St. (956-3366). Small paintings, sculpture, and works on paper by Agro, Clemente, Graham, Kowatch, Newsom, Salle, Trujillo, and others; through 1/16.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Art in General—79 Walker St. (219-0473). Sculptural land forms composed of domestic materials by Kim Yasuda; a window installation confronting love through correspondence by Steed Taylor; "Audio Project in the Elevator" by musician Tai Zervas; and "Crossing Lines," an exhibition of works by New York artists Burnham, Evangeline, Feingold, Gomez, Odita, and others; through 1/12.

Artists Space—38 Greene St. (226-3970). "A Pale Soft Plane," Konyk's installation of pudgee, "a viscoelastic foam gel"; and "Scape," with sculptures integrating poetry by Sigler, sculptural and musical installations by Tallichet, mixed-media paintings by Twitchell, and a video recorded by Winograde during a cross-country journey by train; through 1/16.

Harris—383 W. Broadway (431-3600). Reconstructed uptown facades by Gozu, conceptual works by Celender, photographs by Monroe, and paintings by Ackerson and Hoelscher; 1/9–2/6.

Kind—136 Greene St. (925-1200). Folk art from Texas, by Banks, Dellschau, Gibbs, Kingsbury, Strickland, Tyler, others; through 1/30.

Pelavin—13 Jay St. (925-9424). Paintings and works on paper by New York native Parlato and Los Angeles artists Katano and Parlato; 1/7–2/20.

Tilton—49 Greene St. (941-1775). Recent works by De Beer, Lucas, Tallichet, Torumitsu, Ventura; 1/7–2/6.

Chelsea

DCA—525 W. 22nd St. (255-5511). "Wintertime," with works by thirteen Danish artists including Andersen, Brandes, Fomsgaard, Lemmerz, Olrik, others; through 1/23.

Elder—529 W. 20th St. (462-2600). Works of art that utilize light in different ways by Biello, Fawcett, Kimmel, Owen, Prisco, others; through 2/13.

Harris—529 W. 20th St. (463-9666). Recent works by emerging artists, Antonson, Childs, Grassie, Ivie, McDonald, Pipman, Stern, Solyrav, others; through 2/6.

Marks—523 W. 24th St. (243-0200). Photographs, drawings, and multiples by 30 artists including Baselitz, Beuys, de Kooning, Freud, Goldin, Johns, Moffatt, Richter, Twombly, Warhol, others; through 1/30.

Marlborough Chelsea—211 W. 19th St. (463-8634). An exhibition of paintings by Davie, Ellis, Hudson, Jones, Mueller, and Nelson that contrast Baroque affect with geometric abstraction; through 1/16.

Tibet House—22 W. 15th (807-0563). "The Spirit of Tibet," with illustrations from Peter Sís's book *Tibet: Through the Red Box* and photographs by Steinmann and Wright; through 1/30.

Trans Hudson—416 W. 13th St. (242-3232). Video works from the Middle East, Latin America, and Canada exploring contemporary notions of history, by Bard, Dahrouch, Rivera, Serrano, others; through 1/16.

White Box—601 W. 26th St. (727-0767). "Plural Speech," with language-centered works by Bing, Elaine, Koorland, Mingwei, and Romberg; through 2/6.

Other

Rotunda—33 Clinton St., between Cadman Plaza West and Pierrepont St., Brooklyn Heights (718-875-4047), Tues.–Fri.12–5, Sat. 11–4. Works exploring money by Azara, Cummins, Lombardi, Oh, Shales, Zawada, others; through 1/23.

Schomburg Center—515 Malcolm X Blvd. (491-2200). "Black New York Artists of the Twentieth Century," a retrospective including works of 123 artists, including Bearden, Conwill, Douglas, Feelings, Lawrence, Olugebefola, Ringgold, Woodruff others; through 3/28.

Photography

Ansel Adams/Edward Weston—Images by two patriarchs of twentieth-century photography; through 1/23. Danziger, 851 Madison Ave. (734-5300).

Alexander and Bonin—132 Tenth Ave. (367-7474) Photographs by Benedict, Cole, Doherty, Hatoum, and McBride; through 1/30.

Dick Arentz—Recent platinum and palladium prints collected in the artist's new book *The Grand Tour* through 1/16. Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. (517-3766)

Richard Barnes—Black-and-white photographs of the cabin that the Unabomber, Theodore Kaczynski, inhabited in Lincoln, Montana through 1/30. Urbach Architecture, 526 W. 26th St. (627-0974).

Virginia Beahan & Laura McPhee—Photographs from the collaborators' new book, *No Ordinary Land* through 2/6. Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. (505-5555).

Stephanie Chernikowski—Photographs of Patti Smith Sid Vicious, the Ramones and other members of New York's seventies punk scene; through 1/30 Great Modern Pictures, 17 W. 24th St. (242-2581)

Bruce Cratsley—A complete retrospective of the recently deceased New York artist famous for transforming urban areas into magical spaces; 1/6–2/14. Wessel + O'Connor, 242 W. 26th St. (242-8811).

Philip-Lorca diCorcia—Twenty new large-scale photographs of people taken on streets all over the world; through 1/16. PaceWildenstein, 142 Greene St. (431-9224).

Vincent Gallo—Poetic images of the human body through 1/14. Nosei, 530 W. 22nd St. (741-8695).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (768-4682) Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (voluntary contribution 5–8), Sat. and Sun. 10–6; $6, $4 students

Photography Between Skyscrapers

As city development continues to threaten all buildings shorter than the skyscraper, "Casitas: Gardens of Reclamation" flaunts large-scale photographs of the small, colorful structures built by Puerto Ricans in empty lots and gardens throughout New York City. At El Museo De Barrio, 1230 Fifth Avenue, at 104th Street (831-7272); through February 28.

Photograph courtesy of the Museo Del Barrio and seniors. A photo essay of a Brooklyn teenage gang by Bruce Davidson; through 3/7. . . . "Intimate City: The Photographs of Thomas Roma." Approximately 40 gelatin prints depicting various aspects of New York City life and drawn from five projects that became books, among them *Come Sunday* and *Sunset Park*; through 3/7.

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave., at 43rd St. (768-4682), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (5–8 admission by voluntary contribution), Sat. and Sun. 10–6; $6, $4 students and seniors. "Man Ray: Photography and Its Double." Two hundred and fifty photographs from the artist's personal archives, including nudes, fashion photographs, his famed Rayographs, and portraits of artists such as Dali and Joyce; through 1/24.

Kenro Izu—Large-format platinum/palladium prints displayed in conjunction with the release of his new monograph, *Still Life*; through 1/23. Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (334-0010).

Art Kane—The original photograph of Art Kane's 1958 reunion of jazz greats, "A Great Day in Harlem," featuring Basie, Blakey, Mingus, Hawkins, Monk, Rollins, Monk, others; through 2/20. Great Modern Pictures, 17 W. 24th St. (242-2581).

George Krause—A retrospective of works, many toned to his unique purplish blue; through 1/23. 292, 120 Wooster St. (431-0292).

Newseum—580 Madison Ave. (317-7596). "A Year in the World: 1968, the Magnum Photographs." International images from that turbulent year by Magnum photographers, including founders Capa, Cartier-Bresson, Eisner, Rodger, Seymour, Vandivert; "Runway Madness," photographs of New York's Fashion Week by Lucian Perkins; through 1/30.

Nicholas Nixon—More than ten years of photographs from the artist's "Family Pictures" series; through 1/23. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (752-1223).

Charles Pratt—Photographs of New York taken between 1954 and 1969 by an artist best known for his nature photographs; through 1/23. Mann, 42 E. 76th St. (570-1223).

Aura Rosenberg—Portraits of artists, including Baldessari, Durham, Graham, Heilmann, Kelly, Simmons, Smith, others; through 1/16. Wooster Gardens, 558 Broadway (941-6210).

Saul—A historical retrospective of "interior imaging, from X-ray to MRI," including scientific images and works by artists Liebovitz, Moholy-Nagy, Muniz, Rauschenberg, Spano, Suguira, others; through 1/16. 560 Broadway (431-0747).

Beverly Semmes—Recent photographs by an artist who manipulates costumes and strange landscapes to interrogate images of female bodies; 1/7–2/13. Inglett, 100 Wooster St. (343-0573).

Fazal Sheikh—New black-and-white photographs and ink-jet prints of Afghan refugees; through 1/16. PaceWildensteinMacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (759-7999).

Sandy Skoglund—Installation photograph that playfully integrates jelly beans and thousands of brightly colored silk and Mylar butterflies; 1/9–2/13. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

Museums

American Craft Museum—40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Papua New Guinea: Arts and Spirits, Photographs From the Middle Sepik River, 1953–54." Color and black-and-white photographs of Papua New Guinea's indigenous species, art, architecture, and people, taken by Museum ornithologist E. Thomas Gilliard during his 1953–54 expedition; through 3/28. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Asia Society—725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-ASIA), Tues.–Sat. 11–6, Sun. 12–5, Thurs. 11–8 (6–8 free admission); $4, $2 seniors and students.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"India: A Jewelry Spectrum." The first comprehensive exhibition devoted to Indian jewelry; through 1/31. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); $2, $1 students and seniors.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Japonism in Fashion: Japan Dresses the West." An exhibit exploring the influence of Japanese art and design on Western fashion through more than 70 costumes and accessories dating from the second half of the nineteenth century to the present; through 2/14. . . . "Royal Persian Paintings: The Qajar Epoch 1785–1925." Paintings, illustrated manuscripts, lacquer works, and enamels from the Qajar dynasty, which ruled Iran from 1785 to 1925; through 1/24. . . . "Lewis Wickes Hine: The Final Years." 110 photographs of New York, only ten of which have been seen by the public, including images documenting the construction of the Empire State Building, the arrival of immigrants at Ellis Island, and workers in mills and factories; through 4/4. . . . "Domestic Transformations: Working in Brooklyn." Wallpaper, carpets, furniture, and ceramic tiles by Brooklyn-based artists Ann Agee, Jean Blackburn, Ron Baron, and Andy Yoder; through 3/14. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–9 (museum open until 11 P.M. on the first Saturday of every month), Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution—"Unlimited by Design." An exhibition focusing on products, services, and environments designed to meet the needs of people throughout their lives; through 3/21. . . . "The Architecture of Reassurance: Designing the Disney Theme Parks." The first full-scale exhibition of works from the Walt Disney Imagineering archives, tracing the history of the theme parks from original concepts through recent developments; through 1/10. 2 E. 91st St. (849-8300), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (free admission 5–9); $5, $3 seniors and students.

Dahesh Museum—601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

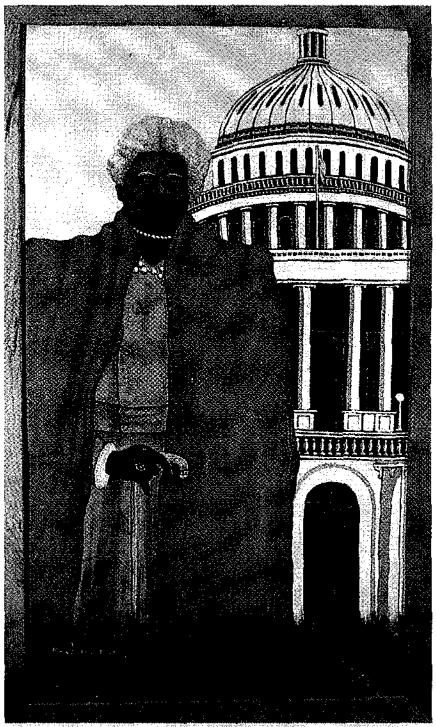
Dia Center for the Arts—"Andy Warhol: Shadows." A work the artist made in 1978 composed of more than 100 silk-screened and hand-painted panels; through 6/13. . . . "Thomas Schütte: Scenewright." Early installations, small-scale modeled figures, proposals for monuments, watercolors, and photographs by the German artist; through 6/13. . . . "Joseph Beuys: Drawings After the Codices Madrid of Leonardo da Vinci, and Sculpture." Works from Dia's permanent collection, including 96 drawings that were made in response to two sketchbooks by Leonardo da Vinci, and sculptures; through 6/13. . . . "Robert Irwin: *Excursus: Homage to the Square 3*." The second part of a site-specific installation by the California artist; through 6/13. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5566), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Drawing Center—35 Wooster St. (219-2166), Tues.–Fri. 10–6, Sat. 11–6; donation suggested.

El Museo del Barrio—"The Art of Jack Delano." Documentary photographs of interiors, people, and landscapes contributed by the artist to the Farm Security Administration during the thirties; through 2/28. . . . "Domino/Dominó: A Mixed-Media Installation by Bibiana Suárez"; through 2/7. . . . "Gods, Spirits, and Legends: Twentieth-Century Art in El Salvador." The first thematic show of paintings from El Salvador in the United States, featuring 40 works by 17 artists born between 1900 and 1960; through 2/28. . . . "Casitas: Gardens of Reclamation." Large-scale photographs of casitas, small structures built by Puerto Rican immigrants in vacant lots and gardens throughout New York City; through 2/28. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272), Wed.–Sun. 11–5; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Frick Collection—"Victorian Fairy Painting." The first comprehensive exhibition devoted to the distinctly British genre, with paintings, works on paper, and objects by Richard Dadd, Sir Edwin Landseer, Sir John Everett Millais, J. M. W. Turner, and others; through 1/17. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $7, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery—"Counter Culture: Parisian Cabarets and the Avant-Garde, 1875–1905." Illustrated books and journals, prints, posters, drawings, shadow puppet silhouettes, and ephemera from the Zimmerli Art Museum at Rutgers; through 1/16. New York University, 100 Washington Square East (998-6780), Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8, Sat. 11–5; donation suggested.



Talent **"The Great Folk Art of Texas" gathers work in paint, pen, and even crayon by eighteen self-taught artists, including Walter Cotton (above, *Mary McLeod Bethune*). At Phyllis Kind Gallery, 136 Greene Street (925-1200); through January 30.**

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"Rendezvous: Masterpieces From the Centre Georges Pompidou and the Guggenheim Museums." More than 300 modern paintings, sculptures, and drawings from collections of the two museums; through 1/24. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $7 seniors and students.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Premises: Invested Spaces in Visual Arts, Architecture, and Design From France, 1958–1998." An exhibition exploring 40 years of French artistic and architectural practice, with works by Christian Boltanski, Yves Klein, Le Corbusier, Annette Messager, and others; through 1/10. 575 Broadway, at Prince St. (423-3500), Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8 (6–8 pay what you wish); $8, $5 seniors and students.

Hispanic Society of America—"Images for the Spanish Monarchy: Art and the State, 1516–1700." Paintings, illuminated manuscripts, rare books, prints, and medals that were made during the reign of the Hapsburg family; through 2/21. 613 W. 155th St. (926-2234), Tues. Sat. 10–4:30, Sun. 1–4; free.

Japan Society—"The Art of 20th-Century Zen: Paintings and Calligraphy by Japanese Masters." Works by fourteen Zen masters; through 1/10. 333 E. 47th St. (832-1155), daily 11–6; $3 suggested contribution.

Jewish Museum—"Common Man, Mythic Vision: The Paintings of Ben Shahn." The first major museum exhibit of the artist's paintings since 1976, comprising works made by the artist between 1936 and 1965; through 3/7. . . . "Light X Eight: The Hanukkah Project." Video projections and light sculptures by eight artists installed in unexpected locations inside and outside the mu-

Photograph courtesy of the Phyllis Kind Gallery.

seum; through 1/31. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $8, $5.50 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Anselm Kiefer: Works on Paper, 1969–1993." A selection of works on paper that offer an overview of the ideas and themes of the first two decades of the German painter's career; through 3/21. . . . "Cubism and Fashion." Cubism-influenced clothing by Madeleine Vionnet, Callot Soeurs, and Gabrielle Chanel, as well as examples of contemporary fashion; through 3/14. . . . "Donato Creti, Melancholy and Perfection." Paintings by the nineteenth-century Italian artist; through 1/31. . . . "Charles Burchfield From the Collection." Watercolors, paintings, and prints created between 1915 and 1963; through 2/28. . . . "Mary Cassatt: Drawings and Prints in the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Rarely displayed works by the nineteenth-century American Impressionist (1844–1926) who worked in France for much of her career; through 1/24. . . . "Heroic Armor of the Italian Renaissance: Filippo Negroli and His Contemporaries." Classically inspired Renaissance armors made in Milan during the years 1530–50 by Filippo Negroli and his workshop; through 1/17. . . . "Sacred Visions: Early Paintings From Central Tibet." Approximately 60 Tibetan thankas and painted objects dating from the mid–eleventh to the mid–fifteenth century; through 1/17. . . . "From Van Eyck to Bruegel: Early Netherlandish Painting in the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Works by the great masters of the period, among them Petrus Christus, Hans Memling, Rogier van der Weyden, and Joos van Cleves, as well as works by Jan van Eyck and Pieter Bruegel the Elder; through 1/17. . . . "Jade in Ancient Costa Rica." Pendants, mace heads, ear ornaments, beads, and other objects carved from jade in Costa Rica between 300 B.C. and A.D. 700; through 2/28. . . . "Louis Comfort Tiffany at the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Decorative art objects drawn from the museum's holdings, including leaded-glass windows and lamps, blown-glass vases, furniture, metalwork, enamels, and jewelry; through 1/31. . . . "Félix Vallaton: Woodcuts and Three Paintings." Woodcuts from the 1890s paintings from the 1920s by a Swiss artist who worked in France; through 2/21. . . . "Clay Into Art: Selections From the Collection of Contemporary Ceramics"; through 5/30. . . . "The Academy of the Sword: Illustrated Fencing Books, 1500–1800." More than 25 rare books accompanied by swords, daggers, shields, and gauntlets from the museum's collection; through 8/30. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $8 contribution, $4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $8, $4 seniors and students.

Museum for African Art—593 Broadway (966-1313), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. 12–8, Sun. 12–6; $5, $2.50 seniors, students, and children.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Masterpieces in Wood: American Folk Marquetry From the Hirschhorn Foundation." Nineteenth-century American folk marquetry chairs, tables, boxes, frames, game boards, and other furniture and decorative works from the collection of Robert and Marjorie Hirschhorn; through 1/10. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Jewish Heritage—"ORTworks: Modernizing Jewish Labor in the Early 20th Century." Rare photographs of Jewish beekeepers, seamstresses, blacksmiths, and other workers who received vocational and agricultural training from ORT (Organization for Rehabilitation through Training) programs from the twenties through the forties; through 2/11. 18 First Place, Battery Park City (968-1800), Sun.–Wed. and Fri. 9–5, Thurs. 9–8, eve of Jewish holidays 9–2, closed Sat. and Jewish holidays; $7, $5 students and seniors.

Museum of Modern Art—"Jackson Pollock." The first retrospective of the Abstract Expressionist's work since the one mounted by the Museum of Modern Art in 1967; through 2/2. . . . "Focus: Pollock and Printmaking." A selection of prints by Jackson Pollock from the museum's collection; through 2/2. . . . "Dubuffet to de Kooning: Expressionist Prints From Europe and America"; through 2/2. . . . "The New York School." Drawings ranging in date from the late forties through the early fifties by artists affiliated with the New York School, from the museum's collection; through 1/12. . . . "Miró's Black and Red Series: A New Acquisition in Context." The eight etchings of Joan Miró's 1938 Black and Red series, as well as 150 prints, illustrated books, drawings, posters, photographs, paintings, and sculptures by Miró and his contemporaries; through 2/2. . . . "Structure and Surface: Contemporary Japanese Textiles." A selection of 100 works by influential fiber artists, textile designers, and fashion designers currently working in Japan; through 1/26. . . . "New Photography 14: Jeanne Dunning, Olafur Eliasson, Rachel Harrison, Sam Taylor-Wood." Photographs and works incorporating photography by four artists whose ideas have been nourished by their work in other media; through 1/12. . . . "Projects 66: Campana/Ingo Maurer." The first American museum exhibition of the furniture of Fernando and Humberto Campana, from São Paulo, Brazil, and the lamps of Ingo Maurer, of Munich Germany; through 1/19. . . . 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $9.50, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"The Little Apple: Souvenir Buildings From the Collection of Ace Architects." A selection of miniature models of New York buildings created over the past 100 years; through 3/28. . . . "New York Horizontal: Cirkut Camera Views by William Hassler." Thirty rare panoramic views of WWI-era New York; through 5/2. . . . "New York Vertical by Horst Hamman." Photographs that emphasize the verticality of New York's skyscrapers; through 4/18. . . . "New York on the Rise: Architectural Renderings by Hughson Hawley"; through 4/4. . . . "Broadway! The Great White Way in 1898." Photographs, costumes, manuscripts, and other memorabilia of New York's theater district of the 1890s; through 1/31. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; suggested contribution $5, $3 students and seniors.

Museum of the Fashion Institute of Technology—"Claire McCardell and the American Look." Clothing, design sketches, photographs, and ephemera documenting the designer's career; through 1/9. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217-7642), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

National Academy Museum and School of Fine Arts—"Treasures Revealed: 19th- and 20th-Century American Masterworks on Paper From the Collection of the National Academy." Drawings, prints, watercolors, and pastels by Kenyon Cox, Thomas Moran, Paul Landacre, William Trost Richards, and others; 1/9–3/7. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (369-4880), Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun. 12–5, Fri. 12–8 (Fri. 5–8 pay what you wish); $5, $3.50 seniors and students.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Xu Bing: Introduction to Square Word Calligraphy." An installation of a classroom in which visitors are provided with traditional Chinese calligraphy instruments and practice pads and invited to learn the fundamentals of calligraphy; through 1/10. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs., Fri., and Sat. 12–8, (free Thurs. 6–8); $5, $3 students, artists, and seniors, free for youths 18 and under.

New York Public Library—"*In thy map securely saile*: Maps, Atlases, Charts, and Globes From the Lawrence H. Slaughter Collection, Map Division." Seventeenth- and eighteenth-century works that were donated to the library's Map Division in 1997 by the estate of Lawrence H. Slaughter; through 3/20. . . . "Eight Million Stories: Twentieth-Century New York Life in Prints and Photographs From the New York Public Library." Works by Berenice Abbott, Lewis Hine, Edward Hopper, Martin Lewis, Weegee, and others; through 1/9. . . . "Barney Tobey." A selection of cartoons by one of *The New Yorker*'s first staff cartoonists; through 1/9. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"Treasures From Mount Vernon: George Washington Revealed." A rare collection of Washington items that have never been exhibited outside Mount Vernon, among them his letters, his camp bed used during the Revolutionary War, and his pistol and four swords, and a variety of personal objects; through 2/22. . . . "New York's Finest: A History of the New York City Police Department." Photographs, newspapers, weapons, uniforms, and crime detection equipment; through 3/21. . . . "19th-Century Etchings From the Collection of Reba and Dave Williams." American prints by Blance Dillaye, William St. John Harper, Thomas Moran, and others; through 1/10. . . . "George B. Post: Great American Architect." Architectural renderings of some of New York's early skyscrapers by the nineteenth-century architect (1837–1913); through 1/10. . . . 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"Cities on the Move 3." Works by artists, architects, and urbanists exploring the effects of modernization, globalization, introduction of new technologies, and the explosive population growth in Asian cities; through 1/31. . . . "David Levinthal: Cowboy Corridor." Photographs of cowboy dolls from the artist's "Wild West" series; through 1/24. . . . "Yoshie Ueki." Recent embroidery works; through 1/17. . . . "Robert Brinker: Nine Lambs (A Flock)"; through 1/24. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave. (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $5 suggested donation.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Master Drawings From the Hermitage and Pushkin Museums." Approximately 120 Western European drawings from the fifteenth to the twentieth century; through 1/10. . . . "Russian Arts and Letters." Manuscripts and printed books from the late imperial and early Soviet eras, drawn from the library's permanent collection; through 1/17. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008), Tues.–Thurs. 10:30–5, Fri. 10–8, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $7; $5 students and seniors.

Queens Museum of Art—New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3, $1.50 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"From the Studio: Artists in Residence 1997–1998." Works created over the past year by Sheila Batiste, Brett Cook-Dizney, and Julio Valdez during their yearlong tenure with the Studio Museum in Harlem's Art-in-Residence Program; through 2/28. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500).

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Duane Hanson: A Survey of His Work From the 30s to the 90s." A retrospective of works by the sculptor (1925–1996) known for his life-size, realistic renderings of ordinary people; through 2/28. . . . "Pale Guide to Transparent Things." A related group of photographic works by Seton Smith; through 4/4. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8 (6–8 pay what you wish); $9, $7 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Shirin Neshat: Turbulent." A film installation examining the boundaries of gender roles in contemporary Iranian life; through 1/15. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550), Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (546-1119). 1/15 at 2: "John Gordon Collection of American Folk Art." 1/16 at 10 and 2: "The Collection of James L. Britton, Rugs, Porcelain and American Furniture."

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 1/13: "Americana."

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 1/8 at 10:15 and 2: "19th-Century Old Master Paintings." On view from 1/3. 1/14–1/15 at 10:15 and 2: "Americana Art." On view from 1/13.

restaurants

The Good Books...Orinoco...Glass Tactics

Opening

Great Scott

When chef Scott Bryan and partner Gino Diaferia closed Luma earlier this year, they'd already planned to transfer its sophisticated spirit from west Chelsea to larger quarters in Gramercy, where it's reborn this week as Veritas. Bryan, above, melds his signature Asian and French influences in dishes like tuna tartare with taro-root chips, pickled cucumbers and lemongrass, and braised veal cheeks with truffled celery-root purée (entrées, $19 to $28). Of special interest is the 1,300-bottle wine list, available for perusing and pre-ordering via e-mail—to ensure adequate decanting time, one would imagine. (43 East 20th Street; 353-3700.)

Manhattan

Lower New York

lison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

rqua—Traditional Northern Italian fare—think homemade pastas, octopus salad, Venetian shellfish soup—served in a dining room that is as spare and elegant as downtown gets. Owner Leo Pulito has an impressive wine cellar. *281 Church St. (334-1888). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

o Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

an—This elegant SoHo canteen for the hip and the stylish excels in Asian seafood concoctions like hot-pot salmon, South Sea prawns, and seafood paradise, a mélange of lobster, clams, and scallops with a mild black-bean sauce. *482 W. Broadway (533-6333). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

hanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

he Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE, MC, V.*

iva—Another hip spot at the nexus of a hip neighborhood, with Italian specialties like homemade gnocchi and lobster-stuffed black ravioli. Iron candelabras and scarlet walls set the perfect sexy downtown mood. *341 W. Broadway, nr. Broome St. (941-9024). (M) AE, MC, V.*

elley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

ayla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

ontrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Pierino—An Italian dining room full of businesspeople and city politicians for lunch and dinner for the bankers on their way uptown offering meta-traditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that was Peter Vallone. *107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. *38 MacDougal St. (475-7500). (M–E) AE.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

S.O.B.'s—Few people know there's a kitchen in this popular Latin American music hall. The menu—a fusion of Latin, Caribbean, and Brazilian flavors—includes dishes like grilled shrimp tossed with tropical relish and chicken breast stuffed with plantains and chorizo. *204 Varick St. (243-4940). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Salaam Bombay—A far cry from the curry canteens of 6th Street, this Indian restaurant is a good alternative to TriBeCa's medley of French and Italian standbys. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. Regional specialties from all corners of the country include dahi batata poori from Bombay, khaman dhokla from Gujarat, and lamb pasanda from Kashmir. *317 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Taliesin—This power dining room inside the Millenium Hilton attracts its fair share of bankers and brokers with creative New American cuisine. Sample the chef's Italian-influenced fare by ordering an appetizer degustation menu or the three-course Tuscan Tastings prix fixe for $45. Open for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. *55 Church St. (312-2000). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

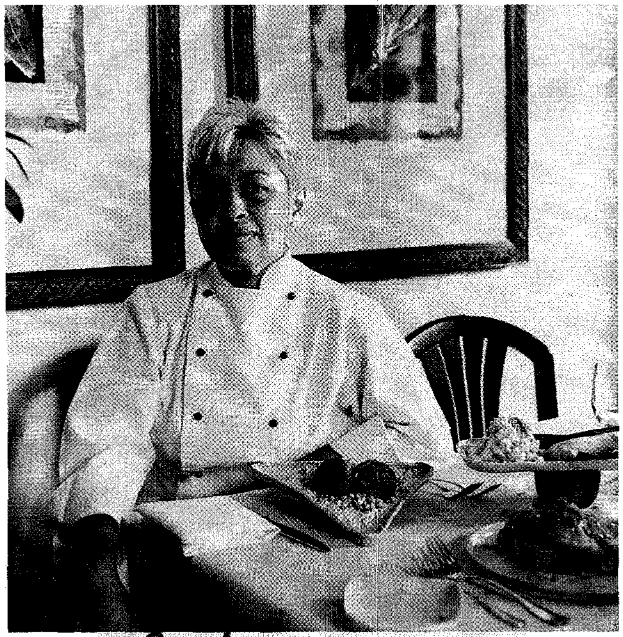
Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef Michael Lomonaco, formerly of the '21' Club, has landed at this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His new menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including skillet-roasted bluepoint oysters with sweet shallot-caviar cream; open raviolo of forest mushrooms, pumpkin, and sage; and Maine lobster with truffles, root vegetables, and buttermilk biscuits. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's superlative wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

B-Bar—Surprise—the hot spot that used to be impenetrable unless you were Someone Important has metamorphosed into an American restaurant happy to serve everyone. Nibble on seafood from

hotograph by Kenneth Chen.



Opening

Go With the Flow

Named for the South American river, Orinoco has sprung up on the former site of Pacifico, replacing the seafood menu with a Venezuelan take on all things Latin American. Chef Miriam Cordoba offers the almost-standard (by now) roster of seviches, arepas, empanadas, tamales, and tostones; as well as entrées (priced from $15 to $19) like beer-and-sugarcane-basted pork loin. (1484 Second Avenue, near 77th Street; 717-2204.)

the raw bar, or order more substantial entrées like cod or lamb. The patio garden is a wonderful warm-weather oasis. *40 E. 4th St. (475-2220). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the Sixth Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale decor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Miracle Grill—One of the earliest pioneers on the East Village dining scene, this comfortable Mexican cantina is especially welcoming in warm weather, when the garden is a serene urban oasis. The grilled-vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—Elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. *36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. *488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We *love* the white-peach sangría. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection, and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. A new attraction is a weekend brunch accompanied by live Irish music, and fifteen versions of that most archetypical brunch drink, the Bloody Mary. *156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Candela—A soaring space just off Union Square with medieval-theme décor and a contemporary American menu. Seared yellowfin tuna, braised lamb shank, and the random Asian influence as epitomized by the spicy chicken wontons indicate the chef's range. Light bites and a range of wines can be had at the already-buzzing bar. *116 E. 16th St. (254-1600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormou selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishe like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotl glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer' much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiro American standout doesn't disappoint. The mai dining room manages to be both impressive an cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio' food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equall delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course an sample the varied selection of wines by the glass *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims t prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemad sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, th garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27t St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Ban bistro seems like it has. This is the place to com for onion soup, steak-frites, celeri rémoulade crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE CB, DC, MC, V.*

Medusa—A lot of thought went into the décor a this new restaurant: The floors and bar are re travertine marble, and decorative ironwork detail the sconces and door frames. The au couran Mediterranean menu includes such specialties a poppy-seed-encrusted tuna with lime sauce an rack of lamb with Chianti and grilled golden apples. *239 Park Avenue South, nr. 19th St. (477 1500). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavor and big portions. He developed his own signatur style, plundering the ingredients of the America Southwest for such mouthwatering creations a roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St (807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Metronome—One of the biggest in a neighborhoo known for cavernous dining. The Deco them and American kitchen are pleasing. *915 Broadway, at 21st St. (505-7400). (M) AE, CB, DC MC, TM, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful Flatiron restaurant with upscale nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects o all the fashion types and Elite models who'v made this room their home away from home. *10 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Osteria Laguna—A stone's throw from Grand Central, this rustic Italian restaurant features mostl Venetian fare. Risotto and pizza are particular popular. *209 E. 42nd St. (557-0001). (M) AE, DC MC, V.*

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered thi Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientel were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselve at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired and the regulars are taking their places at th counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafoo preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Terminal 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (490-6650). (M) AE CB, DS, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and serve with notable agility in an intimate—sometime crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689 1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you i a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-stor dining room suits the changing mood of diners bright and airy by day and warm and earthy b night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miam via a childhood in New York. Really. Try the Mo-

Photograph by Robert Wright

jito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Piccolino—A country-style Italian restaurant offering homemade pastas and thin-crust pizzas in a peach stucco duplex. (The building is a century old.) Worth trying are the risotto pescatore, shrimp-pesto pizza, and veal quattroformaggio. *8 E. 36th St. (683-6444). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Water Club—This romantic spot overlooking the East River is a favorite for formal affairs, but even your average demanding New York diner would be happy with the American menu and the airy, yacht club–like setting. As to be expected in this nautical environment, there's a heavy emphasis on seafood like lobster and soft-shell crabs, and a massive spread for Sunday brunch. Jackets suggested in the main dining room. *F.D.R. Drive via 23rd St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Ben's Kosher Delicatessen—This casual delicatessen—the Art Deco–ish Manhattan offshoot of a Long Island chain—brings a full roster of pastrami, corned beef, sour pickles, potato latkes, and other highlights of kosher cooking to the garment district. All baking is done on the premises, and for those who hanker for something a little stronger than Dr. Brown's, there's a full bar. *209 W. 38th St. (398-2367). (I) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Chelsea Bistro & Bar—This friendly bistro became a neighborhood hangout virtually the day it opened. Try the delicious hangar steak and lamb shank, and experiment among the 200-odd wines on the well-chosen list. *358 W. 23rd St. (727-2026). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

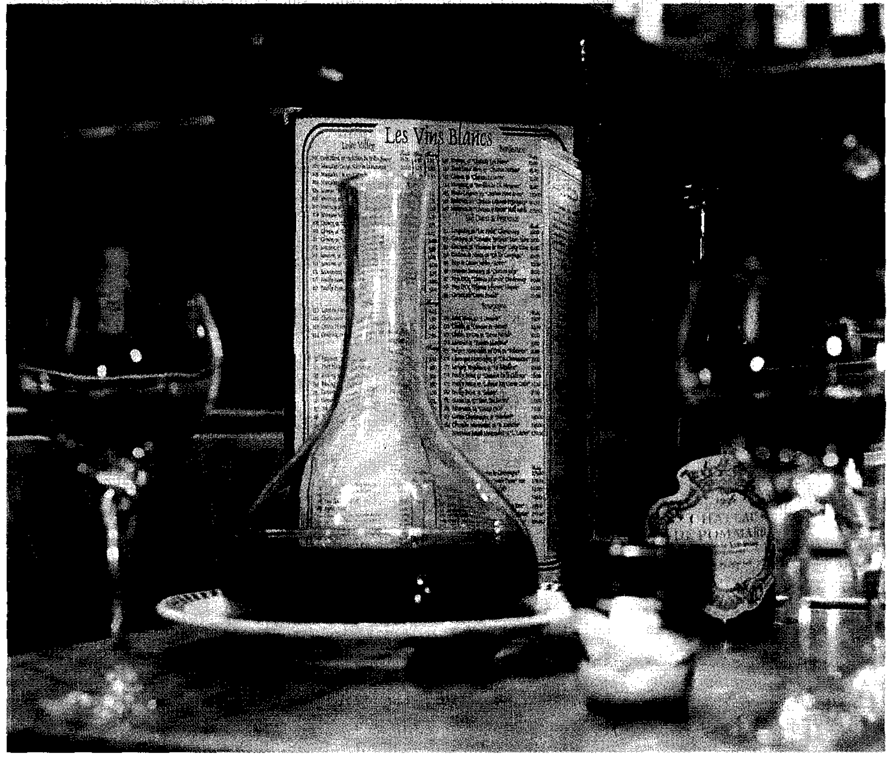
Le Madri—This Chelsea mainstay has long enjoyed a reputation for informality and flavorful Italian fare. The garden is a wonderful warm-weather spot for a light lunch of salad and pasta or a more substantial repast like osso buco with gremolata or risotto with lemon and zucchini. *168 W. 18th St. (727-8022). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner, which could be a hearty serving of filet mignon or Chilean sea bass, topped off with cheesecake, our city's major contribution to the confectionery world. The lux-

Opening

France on 250 Bottles a Day

In true bistrot à vins *fashion, the new Turtle Bay wine bar Le Bateau Ivre—"drunken boat," an unsubtle homage to Rimbaud's bad-boy poem—offers a healthy selection of 250 bottles, nearly all available by the glass, and a simple bistro menu served continuously from 8* A.M. *until late night. Besides a prodigious raw bar, there are tartines (open-faced sandwiches served on country bread), rilletes, cheese plates, escargots, and a few grilled entrées garnished with fries and salad. (230 East 51st Street; 583-0579.)*



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ury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten, during which time you'll dine and dance to the music of a live band. Jacket required. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Bice—It's always buzzing at this midtown Italian hot spot, where the fashionable crowd takes a hiatus from air-kissing to partake of dishes like lobster salad with baby vegetables, porcini risotto, and veal chop Milanese. *7 E. 54th St. (688-1999). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Caviar Russe—The owners of this caviar bar and boutique are also importers, which means that you're getting your Beluga—and golden Osetra, and Sevruga—right from the source. The petite restaurant ensconced in a midtown townhouse will gladly feed you a spoonful or a more substantial meal, like a foie gras sandwich with Armagnac-soaked figs, or steak tartare with baby-beet-and-black-truffle salad. Afternoon tea and prix fixe menus also available. *538 Madison Ave., nr. 54th St. (980-5908). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Divine Bar—This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can often be found, unwinding. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck-breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. *244 E. 51st St. (319-9463). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Upscale Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Jimmy Sung's—This elegant midtown restaurant serves classic Hunan cuisine and a sampling of dishes from other regions. Private dining rooms are perfect for special occasions, business meetings or mini-banquets. *219 E. 44th St. (682-5678). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Moscow Restaurant & Cabaret—This Russian theme restaurant melds art, food, and entertainment in a three-story celebration of the homeland. Downstairs, folk singers perform in the rustic Cabaret, decorated with the owner's enormous horseshoe collection. Upstairs, massive sculptures and paintings dominate the Gallery Bar and the Russian Room, where diners can partake of house specialties like Siberian pelmeni, chicken Kiev, and blini with Beluga caviar. *137 E. 55th St. (813-1313). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Mr. K's—After years of wining and dining Washington's politicians and their retinues, Mr. K has spun off an elegant New York branch in the soaring Art Deco environs of the old RCA building. The menu trumpets fresh, seasonal vegetables—a rarity in most Chinese restaurants—and other house specials like the Peking duck, firecracker lobster, and basil-ginger prawns. Jackets preferred. *570 Lexington Ave., at 51st St. (583-1668). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Simply Caviar—One of the newest caviar bars in midtown offers a lavish selection of caviar sampler and luxurious entrées like truffle tortellini, filet mignon in a tarragon demi-glace, and a foie gras platter. An adjacent retail counter sells caviar and other indulgences to go. Jacket required. *350 Park Ave., at 51st St. (838-3900). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, cherubs, jazz onstage, and New American cuisine. Executive chef Neal Myers has a flair with meats and creatively prepared seafood, like pepper-crusted tuna with black bean-and-mango sauce, and crab cakes accompanied by cole slaw rolls. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—After extensive renovations, the elegant American restaurant in this posh midtown hotel reopens with a new look and a new, sophisticated menu. A few of the more notable entrées include a grilled turbot "chop" with cèpe jus, organic chicken en cocotte with morels and fava beans, and coriander-and-black-pepper-crusted rack of lamb from Jameson Farms. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula (903-3918). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Barbetta—This elegant theater-district landmark is still owned, incredibly, by its founding family. The elaborate interior provides a peaceful background for regional specialties like fonduta, rabbit alla Piedmontese, and a variety of wild-game dishes. The pretheater prix fixe menu runs $41; for $55 you can sample an all-fish tasting menu. The garden is a summertime oasis. *321 W. 46th St. (246-9171). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is entirely devoted to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Bistro Latino—This nightclub and restaurant evokes the tropics with its south-of-the-border décor, its luscious cocktails, its tango dancers, and especially chef Rafael Palomino's exotic South American menu. Start with the Colombian empanadas or the Ecuadoran seviche before moving on to the inevitable, flavor-packed paella. *1711 Broadway, at 54th St. (956-1000). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Bombay Palace—This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent selection of Indian breads. *30 W. 52nd St. (541-7777). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Commonwealth Grill & Brewery—This Boston brewery import in Rockefeller Center attracts a riotous after-work crowd for its craft beers. The lunch and dinner menus feature American fare like grilled swordfish over lemon pasta, braised lamb shank, duck breast, and tuna, not to mention the obligatory burger. *35 W. 48th St. (977-2269). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Estiatorio Milos—The New York outpost of a Montreal favorite, this stylishly spare Greek restaurant specializes in perfectly fresh seafood, arranged market-style on ice and grilled simply with organic herbs and imported olive oil. The fish selection runs from the familiar—red snapper, pompano—to the more exotic, like loup de mer, Moroccan pageot, and Greek dente. Finish with super-creamy goat's milk yogurt with honey. *125 W. 55th St. (245-7400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Julian's—This casual Mediterranean restaurant doesn't get as frenetic as its sister establishment next door, but it still qualifies as a fun place to dine in Hell's Kitchen. The menu offers grilled swordfish, sautéed chicken breasts with grapes and pine nuts, and a range of Sicilian and Southern Italian specialties. *802 Ninth Ave. (262-4288). (I–M) AE, DS.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops, and pasta. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mangia e Bevi—Dancing on the tables is an essential part of the dining experience at this lively Clinton spot. This is the place not for quiet conversations but for moderately priced Italian pasta, pizza, meat, and fish. *800 Ninth Ave., at 53rd St. (956-3976). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Mars 2112—Theme restaurants go intergalactic at this big-budget newcomer, which transports diners to the red planet via space shuttle. The food—applewood-smoked pork chops, lobster-mango sushi, smoked-duck quesadillas—will be, for the most part, familiar to earthlings. *1633 Broadway, at 51st St. (582-2112). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Molyvos—This interpretive Greek restaurant a stone's throw from Carnegie Hall is a large, stylishly rustic showcase for chef Jim Botsacos's serious Mediterranean menu. Sit at one of the tables up front for drinks and meze, or indulge larger appetites with dishes like grilled octopus, rabbit stifado, and vegetable dolmades. *871 Seventh Ave., nr. 55th St. (582-7500). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Palio—Stylish midtown duplex restaurant, with a famous muraled bar and elegant preparations of Italian dishes like spinach-and-ricotta gnocchi with a vegetable ragout, and artichoke-and-marjoram ravioli in fresh tomato sauce. *151 W. 51st St. (245-4850). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pierre au Tunnel—Traditional French cuisine, served in thoroughly charming and comfortable surroundings. *250 W. 47th St. (575-1220). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rio de Janeiro—Meat is back in a big way at this churrascaria rodizio, where eighteen different cuts of beef are barbecued over a charcoal pit and served nonstop, until you say uncle. Live Brazilian music Wednesday through Sunday; prix fixe menus available. *127 W. 43rd St. (575-0808). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (397-3737). (M–E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tino's.com—This duplex Italian restaurant, done up in an unusual blend of Victorian and modern styles, provides a welcome respite from Fifth Avenue's crazed shopping scene. The Northern Italian menu offers an array of risotti, and the wine list is extensive. *40 W. 56th St. (262-9300). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

awat—You can't miss with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in the big ovens in the back—or with any of the more unusual regional specials. Actress and cookbook author Madhur Jaffrey supervises the very popular and wide-ranging menu. *210 E. 58th St. (355-7555). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

ifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

es Célébrités—Plush and elegant, this Art Deco dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen, turning out dishes like pyramid of tuna tartar and grilled tuna, and roasted lobster with vanilla bean and lemon pasta. And the artwork on the walls is by some very high-profile, and surprising, nonprofessionals. Dinner only; jacket required. *155 W. 58th St. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

he Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

irvana—The only Indian restaurant with a superb fifteenth-floor-view of Central Park and a varied menu of Bangladeshi and Pakistani specialties. Sample from a selection of curries, kormas, biryanis, kababs, tandooris, and vegetarian dishes. *30 Central Park So. (486-5700). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Decade—This place bills itself as the Classic Rock Supper Club, and thus appeals to the sort of over-30 crowd that would know exactly what classic means. Besides dinner—which could be pan-seared wild salmon with a horseradish-potato crust, duck-confit-and-vegetable spring roll, or Arctic char in a fennel consommé—there's a 4,000-bottle wine vault, nearly 200 humidors, and original artwork by Warhol and Rosenquist. And dancing, of course. Jackets required. *1117 First Ave., at 61st St. (835-5979). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

540 Park @ The Regency Hotel—Named for its address, this American grill at the Regency Hotel has a clubby, comfortable atmosphere. The regional, eclectic menu ranges from seared-tuna spring roll and chicken-fried lobster to barbecued duck and black-bean quesadilla. If the term "power breakfast" didn't originate here, it should have. *540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (339-4050). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. *1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

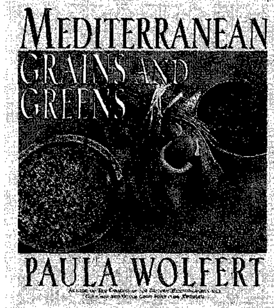
JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

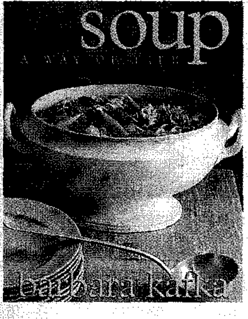
La Soirée d'Asie—The family behind this graciously elegant Vietnamese restaurant on one of the Upper East Side's most charming blocks has already established a stronghold in Connecticut. The Manhattan branch is more upscale, but serves a similar mix of classic and contemporary dishes like spring rolls, curries, and special soups. *156 E. 64th St. (421-7899). (E) AE, MC, V.*

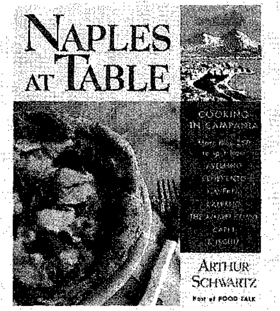
Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

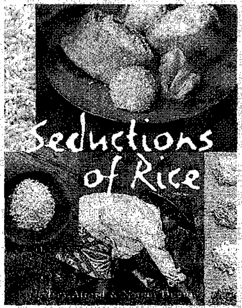
Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this hand-







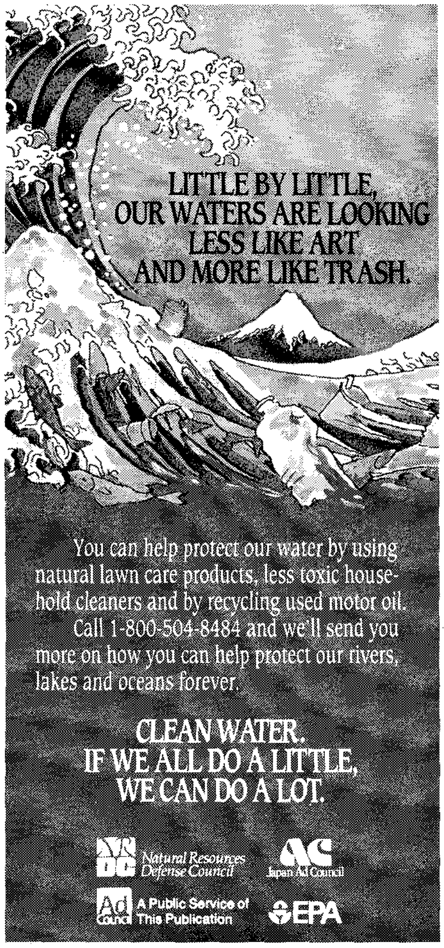
JEAN-GEORGES
Cooking at Home with a Four-Star Chef
JEAN-GEORGES VONGERICHTEN
AND MARK BITTMAN



ASK GAEL

Is there such a thing as too many cookbooks?

The double whammy of Christmas and an avalanche of review copies reminds me I am not insatiable when it comes to cookbooks. Still, every gift season brings a boodle of keepers. Forgive a trickle of nepotism, please, and take the latest from Paula Wolfert and Barbara Kafka, two of the most opinionated women I know. I fell in love with Paula's food when she let me taste-test the recipes for her first, *Couscous and Other Good Food From Morocco.* (I'll never forget how she tore the date-stuffed-fish platter out of my hands and tossed it into the garbage. "It's so rich. We've had enough.") Cooking with Paula's books is like tagging along on her travels. In *Mediterranean Grains and Greens* (HarperCollins) she gossips, introducing you to the cooks she barged in on and confessing when a flavor eludes her. But she won't give you a recipe for anything that isn't delicious. Kafka is a consummate professional and fussy cook. Her encyclopedic *Microwave Gourmet* sold gazillions of those scary machines most folks only use for rewarming coffee. In *Soup: A Way of Life* (Artisan), her chicken soups range from grandma's to Jean-Georges Vongerichten's to the Vietnamese *faux* pho and an African chicken stew with peanut butter. The recipes are laced with tips and pointed advice. *Naples at Table* (HarperCollins) has been a labor of love for WOR's "Food Talk" host, Arthur Schwartz. If he hadn't told me himself—blunt, impudent, passionate voice of the people that he is—I would know it from reading his book. I plan to use it as my travel guide to Naples. I can't quite believe Jean-Georges Vongerichten actually has time to cook at home. But friends who've already tested *Jean-Georges: Cooking at Home With a Four-Star Chef* (Broadway Books) tell me it works. I tried his beet tartare with cooked beets I found at Fairway, and his peanut-crusted ribs were my contribution to our New Year's Day brunch. Finally, even if I never hoped to find time to cook, I would want *Seductions of Rice* (Artisan) with its haunting photos and insights into Far Eastern ways.



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some dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Regional Thai Sa-Woy—The well-spiced, artfully presented food at this two-story Thai restaurant costs a bit more than it would at your run-of-the-mill pad thai parlor, but the peaceful ambience and elegant, antique-strewn décor may very well put you in the mood to splurge. *1479 First Ave., at 77th St. (744-6374). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Vermicelli—The décor of this restaurant is meant to evoke a much milder version of the Vietnamese jungle, with birdcage fixtures and a bamboo bar. Try the crispy shrimp rolls, cracked lobster with a ginger-scallion-and-honey sauce, or the grilled pork chop. *1492 Second Ave., nr. 77th St. (288-8868). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

City Grill—This casual Upper West Sider is a low-key compendium of all things American: California quesadillas, cobb salads, and Kansas City sirloins are offered at prices that don't break the bank. Or, should you lack an appetite, have a drink at the 100-year-old mahogany bar. *269 Columbus Ave., nr. 72nd St. (873-9400). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Gabriela's—Real Mexican food. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. *685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (961-0574). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel—*and* a completely au courant sushi bar. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provide a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. *2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (874-2780). (I) ($).*

La Vela—A comfortable, unpretentious spot for Northern Italian food. Worth sampling are the zuppa di pesce, the risotto, and the wild-mushroom, black-olive, and goat-cheese pasta. *373 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 77th St. (877-7818). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—*slow*-cooked to order. *2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St. (234-6114). (I–M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (864-7326). (I) ($).*

Merlot Bar & Grill—This wine-besotted restaurant near Lincoln Center offers a French-American menu that complements offerings from the 600-bottle cellar and features two-week-long vintner's dinners. Signature dishes include wild-mushroom strudel, jumbo lump crab cakes, and osso buco of monkfish. Also open for lunch and late-night dining. *48 W. 63rd St. (363-7568). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass c port to accompany the amazingly rich and wel chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585 (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel c a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated Ne American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The menu full of high-ticket items like Beluga caviar, Kob steak, truffles, and foie gras, which makes th $29.95 pretheater dinner, available from 5 to 6:3 a great deal. And now, lunch is served Tuesda through Friday. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (I AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a home place for upscale down-home food like chicke potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children menu and a mouthwatering bakery counter, wit homemade, award-winning jams and preserve *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (496-6280). (M AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sylvia's—A staple of the neighborhood, with a tradi tion and ambience strong enough to draw loy customers from uptown and downtown. Live en tertainment that truly aids digestion. *328 Leno Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (996-0660). (I) ($)*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an ele gant and very well appointed room. Sensation antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-23 0711). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Lundy Bros.—This restored landmark restaura serves a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicke and steak but specializes in lobster and other var eties of seafood. Don't miss the oyster bar or th reconstructed shore dinner. Sunday brunch buff available. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M AE, MC, TM, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak f four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your ow house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a wai er who tells you what you want to eat. The do ble-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooke pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the wee and call ahead on weekends. Regular private pa ties make getting a table frustrating, but it's alwa worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union S (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as the queue up for a table at this Greek fish taver Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instea eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerin look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetc es the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-frie pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24–01 31st St at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Pearson's Texas Barbecue—Deservedly heralded New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens joi draws fans from much farther than across the Ea River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. *5-1 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). (I) ($*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to th charming bistro and garden that serves inventiv bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis o handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebar (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

nightlife

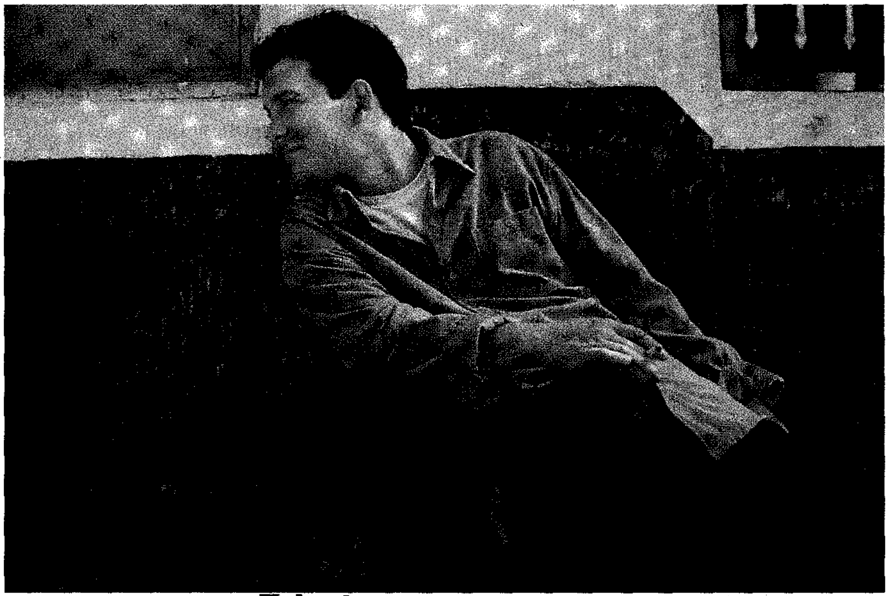
Chesnutt . . . Moore . . . Black Crowes

Concerts

Lyrics & Lyricists"—The 92nd St. Y begins its Hollywood-heavy 1999 schedule with a three-night tribute to the RKO musicals. Adriane Lennox, Kevin Ligon, Ty Stephens, and others give up highlights from *The Gay Divorcée, Snow White and the Seven Dwarves,* and others. 1/9 at 8; 1/10 at 2:30 and 8; and 1/11 at 2 and 8. *92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100). $38–$40.*

Sofrito!"—Salsa storyteller David Gonzalez gets the Garden State in a multiculti frame of mind with this family-oriented hootenanny. With Karry Harlow; Latin Legends Band; Adalberto Santiago; Yomo Toro. 1/10 at 2. *New Jersey Performing Arts Center, 1 Center St., Newark (888-GO-NJPAC). $18.*

largaret Leng Tan—Backing vocalist Toby Twining, avant-garde pianist Tan—who may be best known for her adventurous work on the toy piano—performs musical settings of Herman Hesse's *Wandering,* along with her second performance of a long-lost turn-of-the-century operetta based on Poe's *The Raven.* 1/8 at 8. *Pace Downtown Theater, 3 Spruce St. (346-1715). $15.*



Talent
Trio Con Brio

It took a lot of nerve for Brad Mehldau to name an album 'The Art of the Trio.' But on that 1997 disc (and its follow-ups, including the just-released 'Songs: The Art of the Trio, Vol. 3'), the 28-year-old pianist displayed more than just guts: The swinging, reserved, and tastefully adventurous Mehldau leads his ever-artful trio at the Vanguard, January 5 through 10.

Clubland

ottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 1/6: Susan Tedeschi; Flying Neutrinos. 1/7: Terrance Simien & the Mallet Playboys. 1/8: Buster Poindexter & His Spanish Rocketship Band. 1/9: Christine Lavin. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

owery Ballroom—1/11–1/12: The much-discussed demise (or least downturn) of rock is not without its upsides. One of which is the smaller scale on which sometime monster acts can currently be caught. Not long ago Alanis made sure the people still loved her with a gig at the comparatively cozy Hammerstein Ballroom. Now the Black Crowes, whose Stones-loving shtick has won them an arena-size following, come to the Lower East Side to unveil their new album, *By Your Side.* And of course, like all other overhyped music-biz phenomena, the rock-sales dip is surely not the catastrophe the Jeremiahs are saying it is. Which means you better get your noodle-dancing butt to this gig, 'cause next time they'll be at the Garden. 1/7: Illuminati. 1/9: Vic Chesnutt (see box, page 84); Lambchop. *6 Delancey St. (533-2111).*

rownies—1/7: Amy Rigby's recent *Middlescence* was a triumph of witty, vulnerable, mature songwriting. It wasn't quite the complete shock that the Williamsburger's solo debut, *Diary of a Mod Housewife,* was, but then, few albums are. Live, Rigby's nervous energy and obvious talents make for an intriguing blend: You never know exactly what's coming next, but it's sure to be good. 1/8: Fontaine; Steak. 1/8: Knockout Drops; Punch Havana. 1/10: Mooney Suzuki; the Rondells. 1/16: Funk Face. *161 Avenue A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

BGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flyer-strewn pit—in a good way. Dig the new, unscuzzy basement lounge. 1/7: Walkin' Bird. 1/8: Elvis '77. 1/9: Latin Rock Night. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Ground Rules:
In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 1/5: Sheena & Swampdogs. 1/6: Steve Marshall. 1/7: Mason Casey. 1/8: Bobby Bell. 1/9: Shemekia Copeland. 1/11: Herd of Blues. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

China Club—Having moved out of its Upper West Side basement and into a second-floor Hell's Kitchen location, the eighties' most infamous den of iniquity has gone more or less legit, with a swank restaurant, cigars aplenty, and bathroom attendants to keep the stalls nice and, er, clean. *268 W. 47th St. (398-3800).*

Coney Island High—Originally a glam-trash revival hall, this two-level East Village funhouse now reflects the neighborhood's cultural diversity, with indie-rock and punk bands sharing the venue with some of the city's wackiest parties. 1/10: Earth Crisis. *15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).*

Connolly's—Saturdays, hometown faves Black 47 get 'em pogoing to the Celtic bounce. *14 East 47th St. (867-3767).*

The Cooler—A former meat locker, this subterranean haunt offers spooky-cool atmosphere and cutting-edge sounds in equal measures. The free Monday-night series is one of the best musical bargains in the city: Past performers have included free-jazz great Rashied Ali, free-jazz wannabe Thurston Moore, and out-and-out freak Beck. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785). $.*

Don Hill's—South and west enough to scare away the rabble, this inconspicuous bar hosts sophisto rockers, club kids, and vinyl gourmets—all of whom groove to some of the best D.J.'s in the city. Fridays, the gay bacchanalia SqueezeBox takes over. *511 Greenwich St. (219-2850). $.*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today. 1/9 and 1/11: Martin Hayes, Dennis Cahill, and Anam crank up the Celtic tunes. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Knitting Factory—The ever-expanding Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, four stages, four microbrew-bearing bars, and some of the biggest names in now music. Chill out in the sub-basement Old Office lounge. 1/5: "Subject: Detroit," with D.J. Bone. 1/6: Marc Ribot, solo. 1/7: MC5 alum Wayne Kramer, still going strong and burning the nitro at both ends. 1/8–1/9: Thurston Moore; Thurston Moore–John Voigt–Laurence

otograph by Andrea Marouk.

Cook trio (see box, page 85). 1/10: New-music ensemble Sequitur spices up your cerebellum with "Songs of Sex and Solitude." The program features numbers by such well-known boudoir crooners as Thomas Adès, Matthew Tierney, and Dave Soldier. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055). $*

Manny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for ladies' night. Every Sunday, it's Manny's World Famous Blues. Mondays: Craig Dreter & Friends. 1/5: Notorious Jimmy O'Donnell. 1/6: The New Orleans Klezmer All-Stars. 1/7: The Robert Charels Band. 1/8: Water Street. 1/9: The Christine Santelli Band. *1558 Third Ave., bet. 87th and 88th Sts. (369-BLUES).*

Maxwell's—After a couple years' dormancy, New Jersey's (and perhaps the tri-state area's) finest rock club is back with a vengeance. 1/6: The Rondelles; the Kiss-Offs; the Kung Fu Monkeys. 1/8–1/9: Freedy Johnston; Debbie Schwartz; Jenny Mae. 1/10: Wayne Kramer; the Heartdrops. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-653-1703).*

Meow Mix—Jonathan Richman's "I Was Dancing in the Lesbian Bar" ("In the first bar, things were controlled / In this bar, they were way, way bold") could well have been inspired by this femme-friendly Lower East Side hang. *269 E. Houston (254-0688). $5 cover after 9 P.M.*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more au courant time slots of MTV. 1/4: Big Fat Love. 1/6: Los Dudes. 1/7: Mary Lee's Corvette. 1/8: Mark Geary; Skyrocket; Brendan O'Shea. 1/9: Johnny Smoke, Jessie Evans & Crash; Straight Wired. 1/10: Estzer Balint; Clem Snide. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Speeed—One of the last Manhattan "megaclubs," Speeed features three floors of dancing, a V.V.I.P. room (for those occasions when plain V.I.P. just won't cut it), and a swank roof deck. Now if they could just dig up a club kid or two. . . . *20 W. 39th St. (719-9867).*

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. Fridays and Saturdays at 8, the Supper Club's house big-band swings with abandon. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Wetlands—1/6: Philadelphia's Roots blend hard-grooving acid jazz and rock-solid rap chops, creating one of the most energized hybrids in hip-hop. The group's Herbie Hancock–groovy electric piano and thumping beats have got nothing, though, on show-stopping vocalist Rahzell. Aptly named "the Godfather of Noise," this one-man record library can re-create virtually any moment from hip-hop history—from Doug E. Fresh's "The Show" to L.L. Cool J's "Rock the Bells"—using only his mouth. The Fatboys are turning over in their graves. 1/7: Al & the Transamericans. 1/8: Rhythm Republik; D'Tripp. 1/9: Zen Tricksters. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. Monday is the long-running drum-and-bass extravaganza "Konkrete Jungle." *161 Hudson St. (966-5244) $.*

Jazz

Birdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Every Sunday night, Chico O'Farrill's smoking Afro-Cuban Jazz Orchestra. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Every Friday, the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30. 1/5: Gil Evans Orchestra. 1/7–1/9: Kurt Elling Quartet; Charlie Hunter duo, with Leon Parker. 1/10: Eric Reed Trio; Dave Holland Quartet; Jimmy Cobb & Cobb's Mob. $15–$20 cover; $10 minimum. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30. 1/4–1/6 and 1/8–1/10: The Manhattan Transfer. 1/7: Stefon Harris. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Cajun—A brassy and brightly lit bit of New Orlea in Chelsea, dedicated to Preservation Hall–sty Dixieland. Regulars include Joe Muranyi, cla inetist for the last six years of Louis Armstrong All Stars; Eddy Davis, a jazz banjoist; and Chuc Folds, a stride pianist and sometime accompani to trumpet legend Doc Cheatham. *129 Eigh Ave., at 16th St. (691-6174).*

Dharma—An elegant little gem of a club, servir sounds from funky bop to "out" experimentalis on the historic shopping thoroughfare—just dor pay retail. Sets at 7 and 10. *174 Orchard St., be Houston and Stanton. (780-0313).*

Iridium—In the cozy basement across from Linco center, you'll find some of the finest chow in jaz land, plus formidable jazz comers and the occa sional legend. Thoughtful table-placement min mizes a couple of structural columns' potential disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday night the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. 1/5–1/10: P anist Fred Hersch has, with recent albums, pa tribute to Thelonious Monk, Rodgers & Han merstein, and Billy Strayhorn. But he's a genuir stylist in his own right, adding his own nuance intelligence to whatever material he touches. Se at 8:30 and 10:30 Sun.–Thurs., with extra mid night set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across fro Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Jazz at Noon—East midtown's long-running, Frida afternoon jam session—where Dizzy Gillespi Clark Terry, and Elvin Jones have all been visitir scholars—returns for its thirty-third season, wi the usual high-caliber house band. Noon–2:30. cover. 1/8: Derek Smith. *San Martin Restaurar 143 E. 49th St. (832-0888).*

The Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrif sound and the best club menu in the city, the Ja Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-bo pers, living legends, and hungry young comer Mon., Tues., and Fri. at 5:30 and Sat. at 7, guitar David O'Rourke swings in the upstairs 27 Sta dard bar. Sets Tues.–Thurs. at 9 and 11, Fri. ar Sat. at 8, 10:30, and midnight, Sun. at 7. $15–$ cover; $10 minimum. 1/5–1/10: Elaine Elias Tri *116 E. 27th St. (576-2232).*

Savoy Lounge—Nestled beneath the Port Authori Bus Terminal, this truly funky joint features sav dust on the floor, cheap beer in bottles, and Hammond organ in the corner. $3–$7 cover; minimum. *355 W. 41st. St. (947-5255). $.*

Showman's Café—Reopened right on 125th Stre (though not, unfortunately, in its original locatic adjacent to the Apollo), the legendary jazz wate ing hole offers slow-cooked soul-jazz and funk fied hard bop every night. No cover; two-drir minimum. *375 E. 125th St. (864-8941). $.*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offeri after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit bas ment whose nightly jams start round about A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Va guard visit (it's right around the corner)—and c ten involve free beverages and food. Shows start 10. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

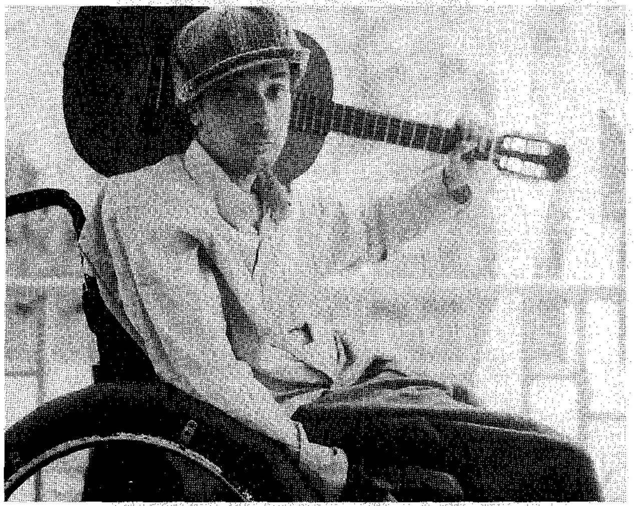
Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant wi good food and high-profile jazz acts. 1/5–1/1 Renee Rosnes Quartet. 1/12–1/17: Don Byro Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahi Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original ja brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life E semble. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. ar Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker (242-1785).*

Tonic—Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Si avant-jazzerie, this alcohol-free sub-Delanc hole-in-the-wall's got its sights set on the Knitti Factory crowd. 1/6: Zeena Parkins, Alan Licht, ar Lukas Ligeti. 1/7: Eyvind Kang & Ted Reichma Guy Klucevsek. 1/8: Cyro Baptista. 1/9: Eyvi

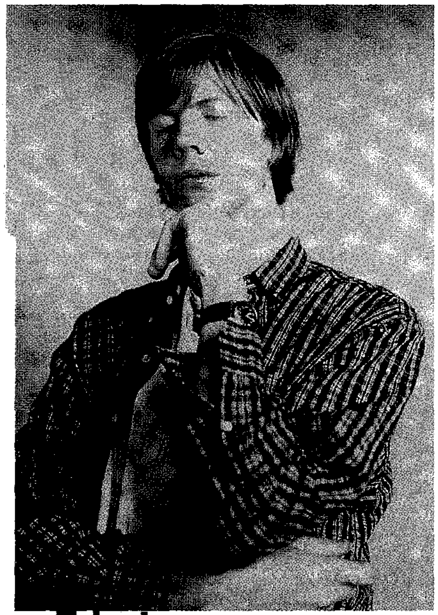
Talent

Emperor of Ice Cream

The last time Vic Chesnutt played New York, at an industry-packed private party, the singer-guitarist performed sitting at audience level, backed only by another guitarist and using the pauses between songs to ask his listeners, ironically, for "a big fatty!" The next time he's in town, at the Bowery Ballroom, January 9, Chesnutt will still be seated (he's been in a wheelchair since a 1983 car accident), but otherwise it'll be a whole different ball of wax. Backing Chesnutt will be twelve members of Nashville country-soul orchestra Lambchop, who also played on Chesnutt's new album, *The Salesman and Bernadette.* The group's swinging twang is the perfect backdrop for the singer's deeply literate country-folk ruminations. But Chesnutt confesses an ulterior motive for the collaboration: "I really wanted to make a record when I wasn't lonely," he says matter-of-factly. "But I'm also a huge Lambchop fan. I've actually fantasized about singing with them before." The pairing paid off, regardless of its motivation: The disc, which loosely (and somewhat obliquely) chronicles its two title characters, is literary enough to call to mind *Spoon River Anthology* and *Our Town;* at the same time, though, it's as earthy and unpretentious as the best folk music. "Travelin' will do him in," he sings in the album's first song. "Trudging through the waves of people till his heart is cluttered and feeble." And what does this salesman peddle? "I probably shouldn't tell you," says Chesnutt. "But I always thought he sold pumps for ice-cream machines, in factories. I don't know why, but that's what I picture." ETHAN SMITH



Photograph by Danny Clin



alent
Free Bird

schewing the alterna-pop constraints of his day ›b with Sonic Youth, guitarist Thurston Moore ets in touch with his non-rock side in two night- ⁄ sets at the Knitting Factory, January 8 and 9. irst, in a move positively calculated to alienate ɛedback-loving indie rockers, he plays solo coustic. Next, joined by free-jazzers John Voigt nd Laurence Cook, Moore takes it outside with ome mind-bending improvisation.

Kang. *107 Norfolk St. (358-7503). $.*

illage Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 1/5–1/10: Brad Mehldau Trio (see page 83). *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

inc Bar—A tiny subterranean hideout, sheltered from bustling Houston Street by heavy red drapes. Weeknights, sets at 10, midnight, and 2 A.M.; weekends at 11, 12:30 A.M., and 2 A.M. *90 W. Houston St. (477-8337). $.*

inno—Recently renovated, this pretty Italian restaurant has moved its stage into the large dining room—affording good sight lines from most of the tables (though largely obscuring the view from the bar), and shifting the place's feel from restaurant-with-jazz to jazz-club-with-dining. Sundays: Joe Coleman and Bob Albanese. Mondays: Sol Yaged Combo. Tuesdays: Kendra Shawk; Frank Kimbrough; Ben Allison. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

Comedy

oston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Tues.–Thurs., shows at 9:30. Fri. and Sat., shows at 8, 10, and midnight. Jim Norton, DC Benny, Jim Gaffigan, Robert Kelly, Jordan Rubin, Nick Swardson & Macio. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

arolines Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. Wednesdays, "Gemini Lounge," with the Sklar Brothers. 1/6–1/7: T.K. Kirkland. 1/7–1/10: Nick DiPaolo. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). $12.50–$24.50, two-drink minimum.*

Catch a Rising Star—Chelsea's high-class variety showplace offers sketch and alternative comedy, theater, and music—all in a theater vaguely reminiscent of the old *Late Night With David Letterman* set. Shows Tues. at 8:30; Wed. and Thurs. at 9; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11. *253 W. 28th St., (244-3005).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11; Sat. at 8:30, 10:15, and midnight; and Sun.–Thurs. at 9. 1/1–1/10: Greg Giraldo; Louie CK; Tom Papa; Dave Attell. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15; Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat.; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30. Cover is $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights. Two-drink minimum. 1/8–1/9: Jim Gaffigan; Mike Sweeney; Tony Powell. *34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Cover is $7–$12. Shows: Sun.–Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri.–Sat. at 7, 9, and 11:30. 1/8–1/9: Paul Michael Mercurio; Eric Kornfeld; Tom Cotter; Jeff Ross. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Fresh from a major overhaul, the Oak Room hosts some formidable names in its cozy environs (early shows Tues.–Sat., late shows Fri. and Sat.). 1/5–1/16: Buddy Greco. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta, are the keynote of this Village landmark. Late dining. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Bemelmans Bar—$10 music charge; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Carlyle—Through March, the growlingly great (and timelessly sexy) Eartha Kitt is in for her annual winter run. Every Monday, Woody Allen swings through the early set with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band. Sets at 8:45 and 10:45. $50 ($25 for Davis's late, Woody-free set); no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Pierre—Tues.–Sat., singer-pianist Kathleen Landis performs the work of George Gershwin in "Things Are Looking Up." $12 minimum; jacket and tie required. *Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (940-8195).*

Danny's Skylight Room—Through January: Blossom Dearie. $20, plus $15 minimum. *346 W. 46th St. (265-8130).*

Eighty-Eight's—A West Village venue whose unassuming façade conceals a top-notch little theater within. $15, with a two-drink minimum. Show starts at 8. 1/4–1/5: Tim Draxl. *228 W. 10th St. (924-0088).*

FireBird Café—The theater district's newest post-show snuggery, right next door to an overwrought Russian restaurant—steer clear of the Cossack-dagger-toting doormen and you'll be fine. Tues.–Thurs., sets at 9. Fri. and Sat., sets at 9 and 11. $30 cover; two-drink minimum. 1/5–1/22: K.T. Sullivan. *363 W. 46th St. (586-0244).*

Michael's Pub—Julie Wilson's standing-room-only show has been extended into an open-ended run. Mondays, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Orchestra plays for the twenty-eighth year running. Sets at 9 and 11. $25 cover Tues.–Thurs.; $30 cover Fri.–Sat. $15 cover Mon. $15 minimum all week. *The Park Restaurant, 109 E. 56th St. (758-2272).*

Sardi's—Fridays, John Malino's combo plays jazz standards (no cover). $12 minimum. Thursdays: Mark Nadler. $15, $12 minimum. *234 W. 44th St. (221-8444).*

Bars

Avenue B Social Club—Just down the street from Charlie Parker's old apartment, this cozy, two-floor joint is the perfect place to down a Brooklyn wheat beer and kick your feet up. The music—always free—ranges from excellent (pianist and downtown stalwart Matt Shipp is a regular) to the irritating (Unabomber-look-alike Reverend Vince Anderson Sunday-night sets are eminently skippable). But no matter who's on the bill, the jukebox is among the best in the city. *99 Ave. B, between 6th and 7th Sts. (982-2511). $.*

Bar 5757—At the Four Seasons Hotel. This swank mausoleum has thirteen different martinis on its menu. Included among the various fruity mutations is the James Bond Original—yes, you guessed it: "shaken, not stirred." *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700).*

Bar 6—Do you have to shave and peroxide your head to work here? Regardless, a well-stocked bar—poison and people. But $10 for a glass of top-shelf bourbon? *502 Sixth Ave., nr. 13th St. (645-2439).*

Beauty Bar—The theme *restaurants* may be going under, but the East Village institution shows no signs of giving up the ghost. With distinctly sixties/Baltimore feel, the former Thomas's Beauty Salon caters to pierced-and-tattooed types, the occasional yuppie, and thrill-seekers from near and far. *231 E. 14th St., at Second Ave. (539-1389).*

bOb—A house party in some out-of-town aunt's living room. A tribute to the city's night-crawling diversity—fashion divettes, funksters, losers, and hippie girls. Fat-lady mud wrestling on the televisions above the exit and the bar keeps the traffic at these vital transaction points light. *235 Eldridge St., at Houston St.*

Chez Es Saada—A subterranean orientalist fantasia, replete with fountains, Egyptian pop on the sound system, and exotic drinks with unpronounceable names. Don't be misled by the lack of street-level signage, though: Chez Es Saada is no trendoid-free oasis, and on weekends the bouncers give entry preference to Euro-partyers. *42 E. 1st St. (777-5617).*

Ciel Rouge—If you can get a table, you're in luck: The extensive and perfectly executed drink selection, the Second Empire décor (which includes a paint job that matches the moniker), and the French-café-style entertainment all make Ciel Rouge the perfect setting to pass a winter evening. If you get stuck standing at the bar, though, the half-Euro-trash, half-reverse-slumming-downtowner crowd might be a bringdown. *176 Seventh Ave., bet. 20th and 21st Sts. (929-5542).*

Idlewild—It's an airliner's fuselage! It's a plasticky airport terminal! It's . . . Idlewild! Named after JFK's (the airport's) original incarnation, this all-too-convincing mock-up of an airplane's interior is guaranteed to induce claustrophobia. But hey, how 'bout those bathrooms? Mile-high club, anyone? *145 E. Houston St. (477-5005).*

Drinkland—Just off Avenue B, this psychedelic candy-colored playland borrows décor elements from Beck album covers and the same sixties Italian sci-fi flicks that inspired Austin Powers. Dig the neighborhood's ongoing transition from boho enclave to yuppie bedroom community, embodied in the place's schizophrenic clientele. *339 E. 10th St. (228-2435).*

Dusk of Miami—Known until recently as Dusk of London, this low-key Chelsea lounge effected its identity makeover primarily by adding a row of fish tanks (complete with blue plastic Shamus) behind the bar and a lighter shade of paint on the walls. Intact are the beyond-eclectic clientele and the one-way mirrors that allow customers using the rest rooms to keep a disconcerted eye on the action at the bar. *147 W. 24th St. (924-4490).*

ıotograph by Christina Lantry/DGC Records.

the mix

Tiffany Tour...Mark Green Sounds Off

John Leonard's TV Notes

In My Sister's Shadow (1/5; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) marks the welcome return of Nancy McKeon—the only reason ever to have watched *Facts of Life*, to prime-time television. Alas, she's the sad-sack flower-shop sibling of a perky blonde Alexandra Wilson, and so desperate for affection that she takes over her sister's old boyfriend, a mentally unstable novelist played by Thomas McCarthy, who rides his motorcycle harder than his laptop. Of course, Thomas is only toying with Nancy in order to stalk Alexandra. Meanwhile, through many black-and-white flashbacks, we learn that the father of these two sisters committed suicide, which accounts for Nancy's low self-esteem because she blames herself instead of her mother (Janet Leigh!), whose fault it really was. (Janet Leigh? Yes, looking good to no useful purpose.) Amusement parks! Pickup trucks! Shotguns! Fish tanks!

Lateline (1/6; 9 to 9:30 P.M.; NBC), the lame Al Franken sitcom about a TV news show, returns after dread hiatus to prove all over again that if we want something as snappy as *Murphy Brown* used to be, we're better off watching *Sports Night*. In a go-for-broke-with-guest-stars episode, sobersided numbskull Pearce McKenzie (Robert Foxworth) crosses the line into "infotainment" with a series of satiric "breaking-news special reports" on Conan O'Brien, who plays himself, as well as Regis Philbin, Kathie Lee Gifford, and even, I am sorry to report, William F. Buckley Jr., who cracks an anti-Clinton joke. Franken will also impersonate Henry Kissinger.

The Mississippi River of Song (1/6 through 1/27; 10 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13), every Wednesday night for a month, is an audiovisual encyclopedia of water music from one end of the Big Muddy, in northern Minnesota, to the other, in New Orleans. On the first Wednesday alone, we hear from and talk to Chippewa drummers, Scandinavian fiddlers, Twin Cities rockers and post-punk riot grrrls, folkies and/or bluesies, Southeast Asian Hmong *qeej* players who break-dance while whistling into bamboo reeds, gospel, soul, Dixieland jazz, and a button concertina unleashed on polkas-from-hell. Next week: bluegrass, marching bands, and country punk. Followed by step dancing, honky-tonk, the Memphis sound, and the chitlin circuit. Concluding with zydeco swamp gas. Quite wonderful, actually.

Out at Work (1/6; 10:30 to 11:30 P.M.; HBO) follows "America Undercover" into the belly of the beast of anti-gay discrimination in restaurant chains, in securities trading firms, and on the automobile assembly line, with ugly case histories and even uglier on-camera expressions of ignorance and hatred. Retired Army colonel Grethe Cammermeyer narrates this bad-news indictment of corporations and unions. Clearly, the 1964 Civil Rights Act needs an update in at least 40 states of our disunion.

Purgatory (1/10; 8 to 10 P.M.; TNT), directed by Uli Edel, plays an interesting variation on the Old Western by introducing some Rod Serling woc woo to the shoot-'em-up. It takes Eric Rober and his fellow baddies too long to realize that th small town they intend to terrorize is populate by people who ought to be dead but are, insteac waiting around for a ten-year cooling-off peric to see if they can redeem themselves through nor violence—people like Sam Shepard, who turi out to be Wild Bill Hickok; and Randy Quai who turns out to be Doc Holliday; and Donn Wahlberg, who turns out to be Billy the Kid. C course, some of these ghostly gunslingers chang their mind about turning the other cheek, but s apparently, does God Himself in time for the la coach to the great beyond.

Murder in a Small Town (1/10; 8 to 10 P.M.; A & E the cable network's first domestic mystery movi tries hard to be as stylish as the usual British in ports, with Gene Wilder as a Broadway theater d rector who quits the big city in 1938 for Stan ford, Connecticut, after the death of his wife, bı is drawn into the investigation of the murder of a exceedingly wealthy and unpleasant Teri O'Quinn, not to mention, in a bathtub, Franc Conroy, and not to inquire too closely into th ambivalent sexuality of their 23-year-old sor Matthew Edison. Did the loyal, lovelorn secretar Dierdre O'Connell, do it? Wilder, assisted by loc police chief Mike Starr and local squeeze Cheri Jones, will block out the truth in Stamford as, c the stage, he blocks out plays for his repertory the ater. A lot of talent stuffed into a creaky vehicle.

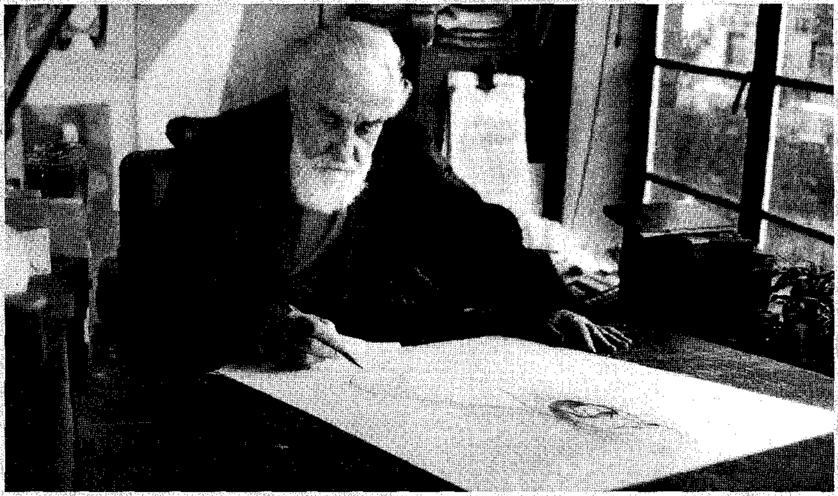
Leif Garrett: Behind the Music (1/10; 9 to 10 P.M VH1) goes back to the late seventies to feel ba about the teen idol whose various excesses led t the paralyzing of his best friend in an auto acc dent, the bust-up of his long romance with Au tralian sex kitten Nicolette Sheridan, and an ac diction to heroin that cost him his career and a most his life. His mother blames everybody exce Leif. But Leif, without his golden locks ar screaming prepubescent fans, telling the came that he kicked his habit on his own, does not e: actly inspire our confidence.

Hit and Run (1/11; 9 to 11 P.M.; Lifetime) stars Ma garet Colin as a happy suburban housewife–PT mother–charity-fund-raising superstar who ru down a young girl on a rainy highway, calls th cops but neglects to turn herself in and tries t hide the evidence against her, is cat-and-mouse by police detective Lisa Vidal, gets no support at a from her husband (Drew Pillsbury) or her be friend (Sherry Hursey), and grows up a lot too la to the fact that there are no exemptions even fe nice and previously privileged persons. Standa: stuff, well played.

Race for the Superbomb (1/11; 9 to 11 P.M.; Chann 13) picks up where *Hiroshima* left off in an instal ment of "The American Experience" that pe suades us, if of nothing else about the science ar politics of the weaponry of mass destruction, th absolutely nothing will ever change Edward Te ler's mind about anything at all. No sooner had th Oppenheimers started feeling bad, in Sanskr: about what they'd wrought at Los Alamos, tha they fused themselves into the chase for som thing even bigger and better. Historians Joh Lewis Gaddis, Elaine Tyler May, David Hollowa Laura McEnnaney, and Vladislav Zubok are inte viewed, as are physicists Teller, Hans Bethe, He bert York, Harold Agnew, Richard Garwin, Ma shall Rosenbluth, German Goncharov, and Vita Ginzburg, plus American and Soviet generals ar writer Richard Rhodes. The archival foota

On Air
Line 'Em Up

Arthur Miller has written that "people in a Hirschfeld drawing all share the one quality of energetic joy in life that they all wish they had in reality." On January 6 at 9 P.M., Channel 13 celebrates the artist's generous vision with a one-hour version of the Academy Award–nominated documentary 'American Masters: The Line King, The Al Hirschfeld Story.'

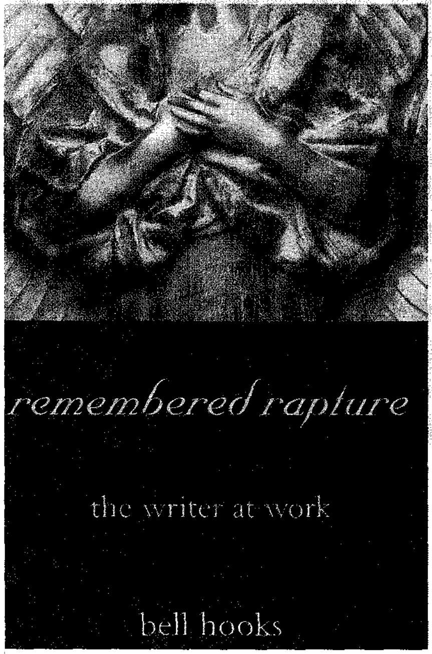


Photograph courtesy of Susan W. Dryfo

In Print

The Book of Revelation

Never one to shy away from confessions in her writing, bell hooks has had to pay the price for her candor in life. "Autobiographical writing is hard for many reasons," she says, "not the least of which is that every time I meet some guy, I realize that by our first date he's already read all of my darkest secrets." The latest of her seventeen books, *Remembered Rapture,* reveals hooks's inner thoughts on her most passionate obsession of all: writing. "I do it every single day—it is my way of talking back to myself," she says. The only drawback to being so prolific is the difficulty of remembering everything she's said. "One of the worst moments of my career came when a woman stood up at one of my lectures to tell me how much she hated something I'd written, and I said, 'Oh, that's ridiculous, I never would have said that.' Unfortunately, she proceeded to pull out one of my books and read me the exact quote." As usual, hooks is already well into work on her next book, which is about love. "I'm often the other woman," she admits, "so I'm preoccupied with triangles and adultery." She is not interested in the ongoing saga of our country's most famous cheater, however. "I find the Clinton thing depressing, and not much more," she says. "First of all, it has reduced Hillary to the martyred-victim wife, when she'd always been a consensual player in the complicated dynamics of desire, and second, Bill's acts were *so* boring. It was not adult passion—more like adolescent groping." Hooks will read at Three Lives on January 12 at 7 P.M. See "The Written Word" for details. **ARIEL LEVY**



ought to have been cautionary enough. And the thought of Andrei Sakharov as part of this insanity is saddening.

Radio Highlights

he Lewis Burke Frumkes Show—Sundays at 8 P.M. 1/10: Susan Isaacs, author of *Red, White, and Blue.* WPAT, 930 AM.

asper Citron—Saturdays at 10 P.M. 1/9: New York City public advocate Mark Green shares his world—and city—view; Andrew Tad Hunter, adventurer and rock climber, on his new book *Fall of the Phantom Lord.* WOR, 710 AM.

The Written Word

ell hooks—1/12 at 7 P.M.: Reading from recent work. Three Lives, 154 W. 10th St. (741-2069); free.

Smash"—1/11 at 8 P.M.: Jeffrey Hatcher's version of George Bernard Shaw's *An Unsocial Socialist* performed by Mary Lou Rosato, Erika Rolfsrud, Andrew Weems, and Robert Sean Leonard. The Salon, 432 E. 91st St. (564-3510); $30.

onathan Rosen, Joseph Skibell, Daphne Merkin, and William Styron—1/12 at 6:30 P.M.: The first of six Tuesday-evening literary discussions curated by Jill Krementz in conjunction with her new book of photographs, *The Jewish Writer.* CUNY, 33 W. 42nd St., eighteenth floor, (642-2634); free.

Lectures and Panels

Hal Sirowitz, Tom Devaney, Elena Alexander, Laura Sydell—1/6 at 6:30 P.M.: A Poets & Writers Literary Horizons panel discussion on how the literary community can help boost poetry sales and expand the audience through creative initiatives. Housing Works Used Book Cafe, 126 Crosby St. (226-358); free.

"Man and the Universe: The Big Bang and After"—1/7 at 7 P.M.: Astrologer Trinh Xuan Thuan with a slide lecture on the human cosmic connection to the universe. French Institute Alliance Française, Tinker Auditorium, 22 E. 60th St. (355-6100); $8.

Tours

Louis Comfort Tiffany's Stained Glass—1/9 and 1/10 at noon: Journey inside the famous historic churches of Brooklyn Heights for viewings and discussion of some of Tiffany's finest windows in their original settings. For reservations and meeting place, call 465-3331; $13.

If These Walls Could Talk: Secrets of the Chelsea Hotel—1/10 at 1 P.M.: Get the inside scoop on the fabled Victorian Gothic hostelry that has housed Mark Twain, Willem de Kooning, Virgil Thomson, Arthur Miller, Thomas Wolfe, and other celebs. Call 996-1100 for details; $25.

Metropolitan Opera Backstage—Weekdays at 3:45 P.M. and Saturdays at 10 A.M.: A unique, behind-the-scenes view of the creation of the opera. Includes costume and set design, the performers' rehearsal facilities and dressing rooms, and the opulent auditorium. At Lincoln Center; call 769-7020 for reservations and times; $8.

Benefits

American Friends of the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra—1/12 at 7 P.M.: A concert at Carnegie Hall featuring Itzhak Perlman and Pinchas Zukerman as both conductors and soloists followed by a black-tie dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria. For reservations call 697-2949 or 800-422-3476; $1,250–$25,000.

Exhibitions

"A Promise to Care"—1/11–1/22: An exhibition of photographs documenting the history of health care in New York State. Citicorp Center's Atrium, 153 E. 53rd St. (559-6758); free.

Winter Solstice Garden—Through 1/10: A display of lights, hedges, fruits, flowers, topiary trees, and craftsmanship that turns the chill of winter into an outdoor garden season. The Conservatory Plaza of the New York Botanical Garden, 200th St. and Kazimiroff Blvd. in the Bronx (718-817-8700); $2.50–$6.50.

"Celebrating the Wreath: Interpretations"—Through 1/14: Artists use feathers, copper wire, newspaper clippings, lights, wood, aluminum cans, and antique African masks to create an eclectic mix of wreath interpretations. The Arsenal Gallery, Fifth Ave. and 64th St. in Central Park (360-8163); free.

"New York's Finest: A History of the New York City Police Department"—Through 3/21: Enter this 3,000-square-foot exhibition of early-nineteenth-century police memorabilia through a "dark alley" echoing with screams and gunshots that evoke the dangers of policing New York in colonial times. The New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); $5.

"Mi Familia Mi Comunidad"—Through 2/27: Trilingual taped oral histories and family album photographs of Chinese immigrants in Latin America and the Caribbean. Three families, from Peru, Guatemala, and Cuba, are highlighted. Museum of Chinese in the Americas, 70 Mulberry St. (619-4785); $3 suggested donation.

"just windowdressing?"—Through 1/30: Photographs of storefronts and window displays, featuring the work of Gene Moore, Robert Currie, Simon Doonan, Candy Pratts Price, Tom Lee, and Henry Callahan. Municipal Art Society's Urban Center Books, 457 Madison Ave., bet. 50th and 51st Sts. (935-3960); $5.

"Japonism in Fashion: Japan Dresses the West"—Through 2/14: More than 70 costumes and accessories dating from the second half of the nineteenth century to the present day. The exhibition explores the influence of Japanese aesthetic principals, art, and design on Western fashion. Brooklyn Museum of Art, 200 Eastern Pkwy. (718-638-5000); $1.50–$4.

"In Thy Map Securely Saile"—Through 3/20: One hundred nautical charts, manuals of instruction in the arts of oceanic navigation and compass

GAME WEEK

HOME ● AWAY ●

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
RANGERS	SJ MSG 7PM		NJ MSG 7PM	WAS MSG 6:30PM			TB MSG 1PM
ISLANDERS		CHI FSNY 7PM		PHI FSNY 7PM		MON MSG 6:30PM	
DEVILS		SJ MSG 7PM	NYR MSG 7PM			WAS FSNY 7PM	
	1/4	1/5	1/6	1/7	1/8	1/9	1/10

With U.S. Savings Bonds, the more you give, the more you receive.

Every day, we pass a little of ourselves on to the next generation. Why leaves change colors, what makes a noun different from a verb, how to add fractions, where to find Alaska on the globe. The knowledge that we give stays with them forever. And we hope we've made their lives a little richer for the learning.

Giving U.S. Savings Bonds also passes an important lesson on to the future generation. Bonds can teach our children how to save, how interest grows and how a small investment can help make their dreams come true.

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A public service of this magazine

Happening Jill Krementz, court photographer to New York's literati, celebrates the publication of her latest collection, *The Jewish Writer,* by bringing Jonathan Rosen, Joseph Skibell, William Styron, and Daphne Merkin (pictured with her daughter) together for a discussion of "The Truth of the Imagination" at CUNY on January 12.

use, and decorative maps used as cartographic illustration. New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. a 42nd St. (221-7676); free.

Hanukkah Project—Through 1/31: In celebration o the holiday, a new video installation or light sculpture for each of the eight nights. The Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); $8.

"Eight Million Stories: Twentieth Century New York Life i Prints and Photographs"—Through 1/9: Seventy-six portraits of New Yorkers of all ages and socia strata going through city life. New York Publi Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. (221-7676); free.

"Seinfeld's Diner"—Through 8/1: The set of the famous diner frequented by Jerry, Kramer, Elaine, an George is on display along with props and costumes American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077); $4.50–$8.50.

"Street Trees: The Hunts Point Sculpture Garden"—Through 4/3: A collaboration between artists an community residents: sculptural interpretations o a city-street tree at two sites. Crames/Monsigno Raul del Valle Square, 163rd St. at Hunts Poin Ave., and the courtyard of the Pio Mendez Houses on the corner of Hunts Point and Lafayett Aves., the Bronx (212-831-2189); free.

Sports

Muscle Team Gala 1999—1/11 at 6 P.M.: Joi Michael Strahan, Dave Patten, Jessie Armstead and Tiki Barber of the Giants, Marcus Camb and Charlie Ward of the Knicks, Adam Graves o the Rangers, Kisha Ford of the Liberty, M Lewis of the Jets, and other celebrity athletes fo gala dinner to benefit the Muscular Dystroph Association. Pier Sixty, Chelsea Piers (679-6215); $350.

Online

New York Magazine on the Web—"Stephanie's Su Report" (in the "Today" section o www.newyorkmag.com) visits a new Websit each weekday. This week: David Bowie take Major Tom from outer space to cyberspace; th radio free Web according to Phil; relive the glory days of Max's Kansas City; follow the ba boys of the law at APB Online; then soup u your browser with ZDNet's Killer Downloads And while you're visiting us a www.nymag.com, browse through all our othe great features, like selected articles from the current issue and a searchable "Cue" section, plu Web exclusives like daily deals from Angie Maximo in "Cheap Thrills," "First Words" for bibliophiles, our helpful Subscriber Service Cente and a daily New York trivia contest.

Photograph by Jill Krement

kids

Big Bear Band...Moms on Flutes

Children's Events

Ground Rules:

- ● = free
- ● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Voodwind—Peter Schickele demonstrates why some music comes to life on the flute and some dies a horrible death. A performance of Elvis Presley's "Hound Dog" on flute and piano, with some howling here and there, drives the point home. Schickele performs two of his own compositions, *Fanfare for the Well-Read Baron* and an excerpt from *Monochrome V.* He is joined by the Three Flute Moms, a.k.a. Carol Wincenc, Linda Chesis, and Laura Gilbert, all accomplished flutists individually, and several of their students. Other works on the program, which is intended for kids ages 5 and up, include Mozart's *Overture to the Magic Flute,* and Sousa's *Stars and Stripes Forever.* 1/9 at 11 **SYMPHONY SPACE** (Broadway at 95th St., 864-5400; tickets $6) Afterward, the Three Moms mosey down to the **CHILDREN'S MUSEUM OF MANHATTAN**, where they perform flute lullabies at 1:30 and again at 3, and you can, too. With a ticket stub from Symphony Space, admission to CMOM during this "Just Kidding" series is $3 (a $2 savings.) ●

Big Little Top—In the **BIG APPLE CIRCUS**'s show *Happy On!,* ringmaster Norman Barrett ushers in a delightfully absurd budgerigar act. No one sits farther than 50 feet from the sawdust, but be warned—those of you in the first couple of rows risk getting pulled into the ring. The circus tent is pitched at Damrosch Park at Lincoln Center (307-4100) through 1/10. Tickets are $12–$58.

Animal Crackers—Jim West stars in a new **THEATREWORKS** production with circus lions and tigers made from boxes, Ananzi the Spider on a shadow screen, and a madcap Barnyard Opera performed with rod puppets, all to music by Mozart, and Rossini. As part of the show, West demonstrates how cardboard boxes, rags, bags, and paper can turn into whatever you decide. 1/9 and 1/10 at 12:30. Next week, 1/16, *Freedom Train* tells the story of Harriet Tubman and the Underground Railroad—one of the theater's most popular productions, with traditional music from the period. Shows are approximately an hour in length. The Promenade Theater, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (627-7373). Single tickets are $18.50.

Mixing Colors—**TOOTSIE'S TOO**—a new sister store to the beloved original Tootsie's Children's Books and Toys—offers art classes. Choose among painting, drawing, collage, poster-making, and various craft projects, including jewelry-making, weaving, and making scrapbooks, picture frames, and puppets. Under-6's take single classes; older kids sign up for a series. Call 242-0182 for a schedule. 554 Hudson St. $16 for 45-minute classes.

Beach Time—Watch your child fill buckets with sand, make up puppet shows, and play house at **PLAYSPACE**, on the Upper West Side, a beautifully designed pay-to-play environment that looks exactly the way your apartment would if little kids had their way. Sundays in January, David Grover and the Big Bear Band appears at 11 and 2 for sing-along, dance-along concerts. 2473 Broadway, at 92nd St. (769-2300). $12 admission is good all day and includes the concert.

Seeing Is Believing—Magical David Yorke levitates a member of the **CAROLINES KIDS CLUB** audience in a show of magic, comedy, and ESP experimentation. 1/9 and 1/10 at 2. 1626 Broadway, near 49th St. (757-4100). Tickets are $12. Reservations are required.

The Gift of Winter—**TADA!**, a youth theater group, revives *The Gift of Winter,* a musical for all ages based on a book of the same name by John Leach and Jean Rankin. The story tells about the origin of snow, and explains the enormous debt we all owe three brave souls who long ago told Winter face-to-face that they just weren't willing to put up with those bleak snowless seasons anymore. (Eight-to-17-year-old kids audition for parts from all over the city.) Through 1/18, 120 W. 28th St. For reservations and information about future auditions, classes, and the Annual Playwriting Competition, call Julie Renn at 627-1732. $6 for kids, $12 for adults.

cue

Barbara Ensor
Kids

Patricia Falvo
Movies

Sam Grobart
Sports

Nick Meyer
In Concert

Ariel Levy
Books
Events
Radio

John Leonard
Television

Edith Newhall
Art

Robin Raisfeld
Restaurants

Stephanie Saulmon
Online

Jennifer Senior
Theater

Ethan Smith
Nightlife

Media

Physical Attraction

***Zoom* was always the kind of television show that might inspire a 9-year-old to set up a marble run down the staircase. But during its six seasons in the seventies, producers were careful to avoid scaring off their audience by pointing out much of a link between activities like that and words that might smell of school like *gravity* and *science.* Such sensitivity to where their audience of 6-to-12-year-old kids was coming from allowed the free-wheeling educational program to draw a huge public-television audience across the country, at one time second only to *Masterpiece Theatre's.* But Kate Taylor—executive producer of the nineties reincarnation, which, like the original, is being produced by WGBH—says focus-group studies show that for nineties kids, science has become a selling point. The new show (which airs on WNET weekdays at 4 P.M. beginning January 4, with a repeat on Sundays at 10:30 A.M.) identifies "ZOOMsci" science right out in the open and, in keeping with what kids today seem to want, includes more of it in the mix.**

A lot of the credit for pulling the white lab coat off the discipline has to go to science museums, where kids in every sizable city can now hoist bubbles around themselves or test physics principles on a seesaw. *Scientific American,* which recently came out with the premier issue of a family magazine, *Explorations,* tracks such exhibits across the country and, like them, needs an adult to guide kids through the rich material, presented on several dizzying levels. Featuring a science experiment that corroborates what Mom always told you about washing your hands before dinner, though, *Explorations* is in some danger of coming off as part of a sinister adult conspiracy.

BARBARA ENSOR

hotograph by Mark Ostow/WGBH.

in concert

New Sounds Live at Merkin Hall

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Classical Music

Wednesday, January 6

Jeffrey Siegel, Piano—A concert and discussion of Beethoven's *Pathétique Sonata, Für Elise,* Sonata in E major, and other works. *92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $20.*

Thursday, January 7

New Sounds Live—Steve Reich performs a concert of his music, with an ensemble including percussionists Garry Kvistad, James Preiss, and Frank Cassara; violinists Elizabeth Lim and Calvin Weirsma; and others. *Merkin Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 8; $17.50.*

Bargemusic—Performances of Beethoven's Cello Sonata in C major and Violin Sonata in F major, and Mendelssohn's Piano Trio in D minor. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $23.*

Friday, January 8

Ruth Laredo, Piano—Performs a "Concert With Commentary" of Beethoven's *Adagio Sostenuto* from the *Moonlight* Sonata, Sonata in C major, Sonata in F minor, and Sonata in A major. *Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (650-3949), at 7; $25.*

Saturday, January 9

Rhythm & Brass—Trumpeters Wiff Rudd and Rex Richardson, horn player and pianist Alex Shuhan, trombonist Thomas Brantley, tuba player Charles Villarrubia, and percussionist David Gluck perform works by Ellington, Bach, Corea, Coltrane, Shostakovich, and Pink Floyd. *Brooklyn Music School Playhouse, 126 St. Felix St. (718-638-5660), at 8; $10.*

Lyrics & Lyricists—Skitch Henderson hosts "The Great Hollywood Studios: Songs From Original RKO Musicals," a concert series featuring vocalists William Bolcom, Joan Morris, Robert White, and others performing songs from *The Gay Divorcée, Too Many Girls, Snow White & the Seven Dwarfs,* and others. *92nd St. Y, 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; $38–$40.*

Guarneri String Quartet—Violinists Arnold Steinhardt and John Dalley, violist Michael Tree, and cellist David Soyer perform Arriaga's Quartet No. 1 in D minor, Dvořák's Terzetto in C major for Two Violins and Viola, and Grieg's Quartet in G minor. *Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1000 Fifth Ave. (650-3949), at 8; $30.*

Sunday, January 10

American Composers Orchestra—Performs Duke's Piano Concerto in C major, Levant's Piano Concerto, Gershwin's Second Rhapsody for Piano and Orchestra, and Ravel's Piano Concerto for the Left Hand in D major. With pianists Leon Bates, Scott Dunn, Alan Feinberg, and Ursula Oppens. Dennis Russell Davies, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 3; $15–$45.*

L'Antica Musica New York—Performs early-seventeenth-century music by Schutz, Schein, Buxtehude, and Bernard, on period instruments. *St Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 51st St. (378-0248), at 3; $20*

Rhythm & Brass—See 1/9, at 2.

Lyrics & Lyricists—See 1/9, at 2:30 and 8.

Carol Rodland, Viola—Performs works by De Falla, Penderecki, Britten, Brahms, and Gershwin. *Merkin Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 3; $17.*

Monday, January 11

A Musical Tribute to Shirley Horne—With John Hicks, Teri Thornton, Harold Mabern Jr., and others. *Merkin Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 8; $2*

Lyrics & Lyricists—See 1/9, at 2 and 8.

Bargemusic—See 1/7, at 4.

Previews
Altogether Now

Trapeze acrobatics, Chinese opera, and Irish step dancing will be a few of the dance styles in the mix at this year's Altogether Different Festival at the Joyce Theater. The work of (clockwise from top) Kevin Wynn, H. T. Chen, Seán Curran, Lisa Giobbi, and Sally Silvers will be performed through 1/17.

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—Performs Janácek's *Káta K banová,* 1/5 at 8 and 1/9 at 1:30; Strauss's *Die Fl dermaus,* 1/6 and 1/9 at 8; Verdi's *La Traviata,* 1/ at 8; Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor,* 1/8 at and Massenet's *Werther,* 1/11 at 8. *Metropolit Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $2 $210.*

New York Gilbert & Sullivan Players—Perform *Ruddi ore,* 1/7 at 7, 1/8 at 8, 1/9 at 3 and 8, and 1/10 3. Through 1/17. *Symphony Space, Broadway at 95 St. (864-5400); $25–$45.*

Dance

New York City Ballet—Performs works by Stravinsk and Balanchine, 1/5–1/8 at 8, 1/9 at 2 and 8, ar 1/10 at 3. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Cent (870-5570); $10–$80.*

Altogether Different—Performance of new dances Seán Curran Company, 1/5, 1/7, and 1/8 at 8; t Kevin Wynn Collection, 1/6 and 1/10 at 8, ar 1/11 at 7:30; and Lisa Giobbi Movement Theate 1/9 at 8. Festival runs through 1/17. *Joyce Theat 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $18.*

Hit & Run Festival—Dance Theater Workshop pr sents a series of evenings of experimental dan and theater performances by Babs Davy, Matthe Maguire, Sonoko Kawahara, Clarinda MacLo and others, 1/6–1/9 at 8. Through 1/16. *Bes Schönberg Theater, 219 W. 19th St. (924-007 $12–$20.*

White Wave: Young Soon Kim Company—Perforn Kim's *Apres La Pluie; Totem, Part I: Eternal Dan* and *Duet With the New Moon,* and Molissa Fe ley's *La Muse Menagere,* 1/10 at 3. *92nd St. Y, 92 St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $10.*

Sarah East Johnson—Performs *Volca Love,* combining dance, wrestling, ar acrobatics to examine and re-crea volcanic eruptions and the effects their surroundings, 1/7–1/9 at 8 ar 1/10 at 7. Through 1/16. *The Kitche 512 W. 19th St. (255-5793); $15.*

The Holy Body Tattoo—Performs O *Brief Eternity,* a work for three dance about the trials of interpersonal rel tionships in the age of technolog With choreography by Noam Gag and Dana Gingras accompanied projected text and video, 1/7–1/11 8:30. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th (477-5288); $15.*

Alessandra Belloni and Glen Velez—Pe form *Rhythm Is the Cure,* a program Southern Italian drumming, chan and dances, 1/8 and 1/9 at 7:3 *Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amst dam Ave. at 112th St. (662-2133); $1*

Meredith Monk & Vocal Ensemble—Pe forms "A Celebration Service," a pr gram combining dance, choral mus and elements of worship rituals wi religious texts and poems, 1/7–1/ at 8:30. Through 1/17. *St. Mar Church, Second Ave. at 10th St. (67 8194); $20.*

Photograph by Lois Greenfie

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Successful Executive—6'2", slim, fit, early 30s, nonsmoking white male - seeks smart, beautiful lady (33 or younger) who loves international travel, great dinners and NYC nightlife. Photo/note. 6670 ✉

Wanted: Beautiful Russian—Handsome American banker wishes to meet Russian woman. Previous Russian girlfriend taught me how special you are. I am looking for a happy, healthy, pretty, kind and loving woman under 36 (okay, so maybe I will have to compromise a little). I am a managing director for a large bank in NYC, 47, 5'8", good-looking, fit and kind. Enjoy tennis, skiing, swimming, music, dining. Love kids and family. Photo appreciated. 6662 ✉ ☎

Infectious Laugh, Great Legs—Beautiful, striking, playful, alluring, single Jewish lady, 39, 5'6", *slim, native* Californian, new to NYC. Desires funny, fun, successful, fit, slim Jewish mensch, 40-53. Nonsmoker. Photo, please. 6627 ✉ ☎

Stunning, Sensual, Shapely—Killer shoulders, legs and lips...long thick auburn hair - and I'm Jewish, educated and successful. You are a successful, nice guy, fit and funny, 43-50 years old. 6617 ✉☎

Fun-Loving, Passionate, Wise—Expressive, good-looking, active, contented, successful NY professional, young 50, skier, seeks naturally beautiful, kind, gentle, delicious, active, humble, satisfied, expressive lady with rock 'n' roll soul, who loves long hugs and kisses, etc., serenity, embraces partnership and, like me, is happily growing on a spiritual path. Note/photo. 6629 ✉

Asian Female—Seeks male of integrity who's interesting, 40-54. 6682 ✉

Jump-Start Your Heart—With a communicative, cerebral, leading surgeon/inventor, an old-fashioned romantic, Renaissance man with more than okay looks, trim frame, 5'10", funny, 43, passion for life, fitness, travel, laughter. Seeks bright woman under 37 with generous heart. Phone/photo necessary. 6695 ✉ ☎

Standup Guy—Honest, reflective, funny and good-looking, 49, easy, Ivy, in publishing. Likes symphonies, ballgames, good books, nature and conversation. Seeks bright, positive and pretty, (212) woman, 30s-40s, for sincere relationship. Recent photo appreciated with genuine note (no form letters, please). Hugs reciprocated. 6674 ✉

Meet Me In Miami—I'm an attractive, successful Jewish female, 31, 5'6", looking for a mensch. You are a professional, handsome Jewish man, 32-40, with good ethics, morals, and an incredible sense of humor, who is looking for a soul mate and best friend. Photo, please. 6628 ✉

For The Selective Male Only—Naturally beautiful brunette woman, 5'7", with outstanding body - a former model and divorced Jewish Manhattan lady of quality, possessing class, style and substance. I have a warm, passionate, outgoing and creative personality; am sensual, spiritual and spirited. I love world travel, the arts, good friends, fine restaurants, the city, being on water and good times. I'm seeking high-caliber NY man, tall, *handsome, in-shape, warmhearted,* successful, upbeat and upscale, 45-60, who is truly emotionally and financially secure, kind, having good values. Object: mutual spoiling and a romantic, loving, long-lasting committed relationship. Note/phone/current photo necessary. 6654 ✉☎

Can You Keep Me On My Toes?—Very attractive, petite, dark-haired, dark-eyed, career-minded, successful, *independent, strong-willed, fun-loving, very witty,* intelligent female with a big heart. Avid sports fan (hockey and baseball); enjoys anything from black tie to tailgate. Loves travel and able to discuss/debate any subject. Would like to meet someone with same qualities/interests. If you are a handsome, well-educated, successful, strong, quick-witted, tall, athletic-looking male, 34-43, who is confident, spontaneous, fun and can give me a run for my money, send note/phone/photo a must. 6678 ✉

More Than Anything Else—I'm looking for a woman who is a real person, decent through-and-through. I am a 42-year-old psychologist who is very warm and funny, a good communicator and handsome. Photo helpful. 6643 ✉

Seeking Fun, Romance And Family—41, good-looking and financially secure - keeps mind, body, heart and spirit in balance. Wants to meet special, fit, 25-35-something lady who's easy on the eyes and gentle on the soul, to share with me life's special things. I offer integrity, laughter, affection and a good time. Note/photo. 6659 ✉

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Handsome—Successful consultant, 40, 6', 172, blue eyes, seek *the right woman. Dark eyes preferred* Photo/note/phone. 6624 ✉

Make A New Year's Resolution Match—Single Jewish female, gorgeous, intelligent funny, vivacious, marriage-minded blon bombshell, 32, seeks handsome, romantic *witty, tall, professional, single Jewis* male, 30-38, to share in special times an *hopefully a serious, long-lasting relation*ship. Photo/phone a must. 6611 ✉

Ensnare Me—Attractive, single Jewis man, 40, Anne Rice fan, cultured, literary romantic and playful, seeks to abando the pedestrian and explore the esoteri *with a strong-willed woman, average t* Rubenesque, who will literally captivate m with her charms. Can dance if forced to Seeking friend, lover, captress - in an combination. 6687 ✉ ☎

Controversial Publisher—Who is a 62 *year-old fat man looking for love in al* the wrong places. Seeking a pretty an bright companion, slender, 30s, 40s or 50 ...for coach-fare trips to his four homes If you're looking for laugh-filled day and fun-filled nights, look no further Sorry, but, no photo - no reply. 6667 ✉

Lovely Lady—Several years ago underwent complete, full sex-chang operation. Interested in meeting handsome gentleman for marriage. 6677✉☎

Professional Man—Late 60s (look younger), slim, fit, nice-looking, warm witty, affluent, seeks pretty, slim, well *educated woman, 55-60, to share a goo* life. Note/photo, please. 6683 ✉

Sensual And Curvy Brunette—38, 5'6" 125, divorced, Jewish, seeks professional outgoing male. Note/photo. 6614 ✉

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If You Are—A 55-70-year-old man who is kind, caring and has a clue...I am a woman who likes some things and dislikes others. Let's enjoy NYC together. 6645✉

Lovely MD—Tall, elegant, warm, compassionate, cultured, 44, Jewish, divorced, seeks loving, bright, active male to share the arts and good times. 6648 ✉

My Adorable, Funny—Athletic Ivy-League brother seeks smart, pretty, clever woman, 24-28, 5'7" and under, who gets his jokes. 6686 ✉

A Genuine Woman—Truly honest, pretty, vivacious, with a great sense of humor - fit Jewish professional, 5'3", brown hair/eyes, seeking 40-50, nonsmoking, financially secure, handsome, fit Jewish professional male for stable, committed relationship. Adventurous mantics a plus. Note and photo. 6649✉

all, Slender, Sexy—Vital, verbal, active d attractive female seeks white male,)-65. 6634 ✉

andsome Physician—37, interested in eeting successful, attractive, happy, hletic woman, 26-34, who has a great nse of humor and a passion for work d life. 6681 ✉ ☎

retty Professor—Fascinating, slim, nuinely attractive woman, 5'7" - loves ozart, Monet and Vail. Seeks warm, ccessful, smart man, 48-60, for smiles, mance, long-term relationship. 6637 ✉

ivorced, Nonreligious—Jewish-avored math professor, 69, 5'9", YC, two children, Ivy League, bookish, eks woman, 59-71, to share life of the ind. 6666 ✉

all, Jewish And Handsome—6'2", een-eyed, 46-year-old CEO; just ended ten-year relationship with the wrong oman. I enjoy waterskiing, theater, running marathons, acquiring and observing t, lifting weights, reading by the fireplace d being silly. My homes include a 39th-oor Fifth Avenue apartment overlooking entral Park and a country house by a ke in CT. What I cherish for in '99 to love and be loved. Your photo and andwritten note a must, but will be ciprocated. 6650 ✉

e My Valentine—To share passion, iendship and romance. You are 49-59, highly accomplished, nonsmoking, andsome, fit Jewish man with a sense of umor and a sense of style to match, who elieves in integrity, compassion and commitment. If looks are important, I'm a very etty, slim (size 6) woman who can look orgeous in a gown or adorable in jeans, it the best of me is a warm, happy, ight, confident, sincere, passionate male who loves life. Together, we enjoy avel, dancing, tennis, golf, mutual spoilg and our families. Photo/note. 6653✉

appy New Year!—CT banker, male, 5, 5'11", secure. Enjoy NYC, music, ovies, walks...life. Are you an Asian lady ith these traits - and seek a committed lationship? If so, let's meet! 6622 ✉

eep It Simple—(For awhile). Tennis, iing...then find a hot tub to soothe r bodies and souls. I am male, you are male (30-42). Please send note/photo : Antietem62@aol.com. 6608 ✉

ur Town—Back in Manhattan after ree years elsewhere. Looking for soul ate/partner to help me feel at home ain. Sexy, slender, fit, pretty brunette, dventurous and smart, 45, 5'7", eking simpatico man, ready for love. oto. 6619✉

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Warm, Witty, Handsome—Articulate, trim Jewish man seeks caring, bright, striking match, 53-63. Photo. 6618 ✉

Help My Mom—She's worried her good-looking (30) MD son will never meet an unconventional, easygoing, sweet, petite/fit Jewish female. Let's make her (and us) happy! nycmd@hotmail.com 6647 ✉

Believe You're Out There—Attractive, energetic, petite woman, 39, great shape, creative, open-minded - loves animals, the arts, outdoors, life. Seeking affectionate, giving man - soul mate. Photo. 6640 ✉

The Best—Sensuous, attractive, terrific size 2/4 body, Jewish, educated, sarcastic, funny wit, strong, outgoing, divorced (no kids), young-looking (really) woman, 43. Would love to meet a man, 39-47 (only), Jewish, extremely successful professional/entrepreneur (emotionally/financially - I like a man two steps ahead of me without trying). Open to possible family, terrific sense of humor. We're both ready to re-commit to a "forever" relationship. No married men. Send picture. 6655✉☎

You're The One That I Want—This cute brunette, petite, early 30s, single white female is looking for a Manhattan male who knows only the finest things in life. Please be good-looking, financially secure and ready for a relationship. Photo and bio a must. 6632 ✉

Tee For Two—I am a fun, funny, beautiful, slim, honest professional, highly educated golfer...seeking 50s male golfer with similar attributes. Your photo and note gets mine. Looking forward to playing a round! 6612 ✉

Attractive Avant—Creative professional woman in her 40s seeks man of integrity, emotional depth and financial security. Handwritten note/photo, please. 6644 ✉

Beautiful, Slender—5'6", witty brunette; has great job, too much co-op space for just one person. Looking for a kind, cultured, established and attractive man with lots of books or maybe a piano. If you are Jewish, 33-50, have gone to the opera more than once (or are willing to do so), and are taller than I am, you may be perfect. Note/photo appreciated. 6630 ✉

One-Of-A-Kind—Petite, slender, romantic female, 51, loving, kind, warm, spiritual, deeply compassionate. Seeking best friend/soul mate. Photo. 6636 ✉

Attractive, Wealthy, Athletic—Harvard MBA, banker, white male, 31, seeks white or Asian female, 20-29. Likes dining out, movies, museums and travel. 6604 ✉

Successful, Witty—44, 6', blue-eyed, handsome financial professional, Jewish, nonreligious, nonsmoker, interested in sports and health-related activities. Seeks intelligent, pretty pal with similar interests, for friendship plus. Photo. 6679 ✉ ☎

Successful Jewish Professional Man—Fit and funny, 60, seeks warm, sexy, slim female, 45-52. Photo appreciated. 6692 ✉

Help!!—I need a lover who won't drive me crazy. Please be mature, responsible and fun, and not given to excess. I want a good friend who has a sense of balance and wants to [illegible] part of a team. I am down-to-ea[illegible] attractive, black hair with hazel [illegible] I am 43, 5'5", a little plump (but going to Weight Watchers), open-minded, health-care professional and trained pianist. I am not seeking an Adonis, but a truly decent person who has his house more or less in order and can enjoy a walk in the park or a night on the town. 6620 ✉

Pretty, Professional Jewish Female—Seeks professional Jewish male, 35-45, for the New Year and beyond. 6610 ✉

Serene, Soulful Scorpio Woman—Cute and friendly, 40s, petite, bright, affectionate, successful, dynamic editor, writer, astrologer - seeks cool and confident, warm and kind, secure, smart, accomplished man with open arms, open mind and open heart. 6638 ✉

You Keep Your Place - I'll Keep Mine—Very pretty, engaging entrepreneuse - lapsed brunette, hazel eyes, 48, 5'4", fit and trim. Seeks upscale, classy, distinguished Manhattan gent, mid 50s-60s, with a touch of humor, for good tennis, bad golf, weekends in northwest CT, the arts, travel. Pix a plus. 6621 ✉ ☎

A Friend Of Mine Once Said—That I was uncommonly sweet. Good-looking, educated German-American female, 32, looking for highly intelligent, well-traveled, handsome man who's passionate about life and has a heart of gold. 6693 ✉

Articulate, Athletic, Caring—Handsome and intelligent, divorced Jewish man, 6'1", 195, with smoldering dark features and a great sense of humor, is seeking a female for fun, romance and a chance for something special. 6691 ✉

Pretty, Great Figure—Early 50s, seeking that special guy from Manhattan, business professional, tall, late 50s-60s. 6680 ✉

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If McCorkle's Rendition—Of "The Waters of March" makes you grin, fill me in. Single Jewish female attorney, 5'6", 33, intelligent, attractive, shapely, charming, kind, witty person of integrity. I enjoy Judaism, the arts, running, hiking. Photo or sketch, please. 6658 ✉

Blond, Beautiful European Woman—Educated, ready for respectful relationship with nonsmoker, distinguished, well-established gentleman, 55 plus. 6664✉☎

Pianist—Fit, fun male seeks female, 20-40. I love karate, writing, the outdoors and laughing. Note/photo/phone. 6642 ✉ ☎

Spock Seeks Troi—Alien (to NY) needs empath for wind meld. All ages, species. 7 of 9 welcome. Visual scanner for hailing frequency. 6625 ✉

Oriental, Petite Female—Seeking Caucasian soul mate: refined, mature gentleman - sense of humor, lover of art, food and travel, financially secure, Italian-speaking a plus. Photo, please. 6609 ✉

Handsome CEO—Fit Jewish widower, young 52, father of two college boys. I love family, friends, travel, outdoors and salsa dancing. Seek bright Jewish woman - fit, pretty, 37-45, for long-lasting commitment. Photo/note/phone. 6631 ✉

Intelligent, Warm, Creative, Pretty—Single white female, 38, seeks healthy, intelligent man with open mind, open heart, an unimpaired sense of balance and his own subscription to Granta. Note/phone/photo. 6661 ✉

White Picket Fence, Dog, You—Are all this sweet, pretty, 37, and son in Scarsdale are missing. Please be honest, kind, financially secure Jewish man. 6652 ✉

Sexy Registered Nurse/Actress—Beautiful Jewish female, 33, 5'5", with dynamic personality, interested in meeting very handsome male, 32-42, who is financially secure. Photo a must. 6607 ✉

Head Full Of Curls—Heart full of love. Intelligent, tall, curvy, pretty Jewish professional with downtown soul seeks man, 50-60. Gerard Depardieu/Benjamin Netanyahu types preferred - but in the end zest for life, love of laughter and character matter more. Note/photo, please. 6665✉

Wanted: 50s Female Wasp—City and country, by male New Yorker. 6641 ✉

Professional Man—50, very fit, 6', salt-and-pepper hair, Upper East Side, financially secure. Likes theater, concerts, modern dance, reading, walks in the park and time spent with friends and a special partner sharing happy thoughts and good conversation. Seeks like-minded, attractive woman with integrity and sexy demeanor for that special partner. Photo appreciated, note and phone number. 6639 ✉

Bisexual?—Now that I have your attention, professional Jewish man seeks woman. Call for details. 6684 ✉ ☎

Man Wanted—For a quality marriage with children. I'm European, 30s, 5'5", dark, successful, Catholic, and seeking a simple and passionate earthling. 6615 ✉

Successful, Semi-Retired Investor—Very youthful 60s, 5'10", 175, humorous and sensitive, with a variety of interests, Jewish agnostic - seeks slim, attractive, outgoing female, early 50s or thereabout, for friendship, travel and whatever. Note and recent photo, please. Thanks, and have a very happy New Year. 6671 ✉

Einstein's Brain—Woody Allen's wit, Marilyn Monroe's body - combined to produce Jewish professional female, 50. Seeks male counterpart. 6696 ✉ ☎

Pretty, Passionate, Sincere—Jewish, cultured, 33, 5'7", 135, seeks soul mate, 30-40, with class, character. 6656 ✉ ☎

Brooklyn—Retired professor, 60, tall, slim, affluent, Irish, reads a lot, owns large beach house near subway. Seeks retired lady. 6626 ✉

Is There A Genuine Man—No games, highly educated, moral and warm, 48-62, who seeks a 5'4" PhD, blond and cute but reluctantly single? No form letters. 6657 ✉

Successful, Divorced, Jewish—Nonreligious, self-employed entrepreneur with great sense of humor, searching for a "*Meg Ryan type*" *in her 40s*. Believe me, it will work - forever! Photo appreciated. 6676 ✉

Italian-Born - Rome, 1959—Handsome *male fashion professional would love to* meet secure, fit, pretty woman who would enjoy my Italian background, for an uncommitted but intimate and romantic relationship. Photo/note/phone. 6605 ✉

Tall And Sexy—But elegant and classy, 5'9", 47, former beauty queen with incredible values, financially secure, successful educator with a passion for life and fitness. Seeks *tall, successful, highly athletic male* for a monogamous relationship. Nonsmoker. Tennis a plus. Photo. 6660 ✉☎

Exceptional Woman Wanted—For *dinner, dancing and theater partner* - and possible soul mate. Must be college grad, 5'6"-5'9", under 125 lbs, blue-blond preferred, age 30-37. He: CEO of telcom company, self-made and affluent, world-traveled. Enjoys theater, gourmet dinners, travel, golf, boating, bicycling and horseback riding. Comfortable in jeans or tux, age 47, looks 40, 5'11", fit, trim, sandy blond-blue. Note/full-length photo/phone, please. 6663 ✉ ☎

Blue-Eyed Beauty—With brains, great figure - vibrant Manhattan attorney, Jewish, dancer, traveler, skier. Seeks handsome, successful man, 40-52. 6651✉

Doubleblack Diamonds Anybody?—Very cute, energetic professional, 41, female - enjoys skiing and wind-surfing. Seeks smart, outdoorsy and confident guy. 6633 ✉ ☎

Warm, Sensitive, Educated—Spiritual black woman, warm brown eyes - loves *travel, theater, laughter, good* conversation. Seeks educated man with integrity, 42-50, for commitment. 6613 ✉

Make My Day—This fortyish, single *white female is fun-loving, warm, sincere,* loves beaches and dancing. If you're like Clint, get in touch. 6672 ✉

NYMessage

Attention:—Attractive, successful professional men over 45, interested in meeting pretty, successful professional women (MDs, LLBs, PhDs) over 40, at a small buffet dinner party (15 men/15 women) in midtown co-op (private party, by invitation only), please respond with note (photo would be nice). 6669 ✉

BEST LETTERS GET INVITE
To Sunday brunch - for intelligent,
warm gents, 40-60 - by three attractive,
nurturing women. 6455 ✉

Manhattan Female—Heterosexual attractive, sophisticated, seeks othe women, 60-65, for friendship. 6635✉

Single, Attractive Asian Female—Professional, fun-loving, looking fo charming, sincere, educated, responsibl Christian male, around 50. 6690 ✉ ☎

Internet Marriage—Corporate exec, 40 5'11", fit, seeks committed relationship marriage with Jewish woman. Photo. 6688✉

Shapely Brunette, NYC—Attractive well-educated professional woman (5'5" Marcia Clark-type looks), nonsmoker Jewish (nonreligious), seeks principled well-educated, commitment-minded widowed or divorced NYC male profes*sional (nonsmoker)*. Prefer also Jewis (not religious), age 48-55. 6685 ✉

Dear Soul Mate, Where Are You?—Sincere, fun-loving male, 47, 5'9" *good-looking, seeks intelligent, down-to* earth woman to share the finer thing in life. Photo/note/phone. 6675 ✉

Long Island Guy—49, 6'1", good *looking, financially secure, seeks a slim* very pretty, tall lady, 35-45, for long-tern relationship. Photo a must. 6689 ✉☎

Winter Warmth/Blossoming Spring—*Professional woman seeks Vivaldian ma* (45-65). Nonsmoking. 6646 ✉ ☎

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Massing *continued from page 43*

then, it's both easier and more profitable to have clients remain on welfare. And most do—for years at a time. In short, the city's methadone programs have themselves become dependent on welfare—a reality that troubles even some providers.

It certainly troubles Rudolph Giuliani. Getting people off welfare has been one of his top priorities, and the city's drug-abusing population has been a major obstacle. One study of the city's welfare recipients found that 30,000 of them—nearly 10 percent of the total—were excused from working because of a drug or alcohol problem.

HRA wanted all treatment clients on public assistance—like other welfare recipients—to enroll in workfare programs. To help bring this about, HRA officials in late 1997 began meeting with New York treatment providers, methadone administrators included. While most of the treatment officials were cooperative, the methadone providers posed many questions. They agreed that their clients should work, but they worried that the city was rushing them along. One participant, Ira Marion, who runs nine clinics operated by the Albert Einstein College of Medicine in the Bronx, summed up the methadone position: "For many patients, this is a way of life. They have been on public assistance and in methadone maintenance for years. Some are working off the books. Some are dysfunctional and aren't doing very well. Yet the city wanted all these people instantly to say, 'I'll give up this entire lifestyle and go seek meaningful employment.' "

To HRA, this sounded like so much special pleading, and the meetings got quite heated. Irv Finkelstein, a deputy director of Greenwich House, which runs two downtown methadone clinics, approached the meetings as he would "a contract negotiation," as he put it. Finkelstein clashed frequently with Rose Manchel, the HRA official in charge, and relations between them at times grew tense.

Worried about a possible rupture, a state official asked Mark Parrino, the president of the American Methadone Treatment Association, to intervene. A polished, articulate man who for years ran a methadone clinic in Manhattan, Parrino is something of a paradox. As head of the AMTA, he is the national spokesman for methadone, yet he is more willing than many to admit its shortcomings. Many programs, he believes, have become too rigid and wed to the status quo. Troubled by the reports he was getting about the HRA meetings, Parrino agreed to attend one in May, and at it he attempted to clarify the methadone field's position on work: "I said, 'Methadone is supposed to help people return to a state of normalcy. If a patient is not using heroin and not getting arrested, why can't he be expected to work?' We couldn't take a position against that."

The HRA officials listened attentively, but Parrino came away from the meeting with the distinct impression that HRA had already decided to go ahead and require that all methadone clients participate in workfare.

On July 20, Mayor Giuliani gave a major address on welfare to officials at the Republic National Bank. He originally planned to announce his intention of ending welfare in the city by the year 2000. One section was to address the city's efforts to get more people in drug treatment to work. As drafted, the speech made only a passing reference to methadone, but Giuliani—clearly frustrated by the reports he was getting from HRA—veered from his prepared text to lob a grenade. "Over a period of time, hopefully within the next two, three, or four years, we will phase out and do away with methadone-maintenance programs in the city of New York," Giuliani said, giving a self-righteous, ideological tone to what in fact had been a serious effort to address some of the shortcomings in how methadone was being delivered in the city.

As the press hastened to point out, the mayor does not have the authority to phase out methadone maintenance in the city. Giuliani does hope, however, that HHC's new abstinence-based model will set an example. "If things go well, and I think they will, we will be sending out a message," Luis Marcos observed. Marcos sees the city's new approach as part of a grand trial in which one model "will drive out the other." On August 12, in a first step toward implementing the new policy, Marcos told me, the city's clinics began accepting only those patients who express an interest in eventually becoming abstinent.

To help minimize the risk of relapse and other attendant dangers of detox, Marcos said, HHC is hiring more counselors and plans to offer job training and other services; to finance this, the city is providing $5 million in new funds.

Given HHC's extremely optimistic judgment that three quarters of the methadone population could make a rapid transition to abstinence, what will become of clients who resist? "We will work with them," Marcos says. "We will not decrease the methadone of a patient who refuses to take less. This has to be done together with the patient."

In fact, since the new policy went into effect, the city's methadone clinics are showing far more flexibility than official pronouncements would suggest. I discovered this on a recent visit to Bellevue Hospital, site of one of the city's five clinics.

A 39-year-old Brooklyn woman showed up expressing an interest in getting on methadone. She had a bloated face and distended stomach—the effects, she said, of the heavy doses of steroids she was taking to combat an asthma condition. She admitted to sniffing four bags of heroin a day and to using cocaine on the side. Had she ever before been in a methadone program? the staff wanted t know. Yes, the woman said, she had bee on meth in the early eighties and ha done quite well. Convinced she woul benefit from Bellevue's program, the sta decided to admit her. Once she was stab lized, she would be informed of the city new interest in abstinence, but her imm diate needs took precedence.

"The city's clinics are not going to con promise the medically based needs of pa tients," says Dr. Marc Galanter, a profe sor of psychiatry at New York Universit who directs substance-abuse services a Bellevue. "We're not going to termina patients' methadone to see if they can su vive." Instead, he says, patients will be fu ly informed of the range of options ope to them, including abstinence. In the en Galanter says, "the course of treatme will be tailored to the individual's needs.

At the city's private programs, too, ad ministrators are discussing new ways t serve their clients better. "The mayor's re marks have served as a springboard fo the field to discuss the services we provid and the ways in which we can continue t improve patient care," says Eileen Pence the president of the Lower Eastside Se vice Center.

So, nearly six months after Rudolp Giuliani promised to phase out metha done in the city, there seems little chanc of this actually happening. On the con trary, the mayor's comments have helpe spark a major reassessment of ho methadone is delivered in New York— process that, in the end, can only benef the city's clients.

The mayor would no doubt like t claim credit for this. And had he articu lated his concerns about methadone in reasonable fashion, he might deserve i By instead turning the issue into a mora crusade, he frightened the city's metha done clients, got into a spat with the na tion's drug czar, and handed the city methadone community a major PR victo ry. In the past few months, New York methadone providers have received mor favorable publicity than they had in th previous 25 years. And they have Ruc Giuliani to thank for it. ■

Love Needs No Pedigree

Actress Chita Rivera, Restaurateur Phillipe Masson, The Honorable Ed Koch, and Columnist Liz Smith with 4 animal orphans.

Photo by Mary Bloom

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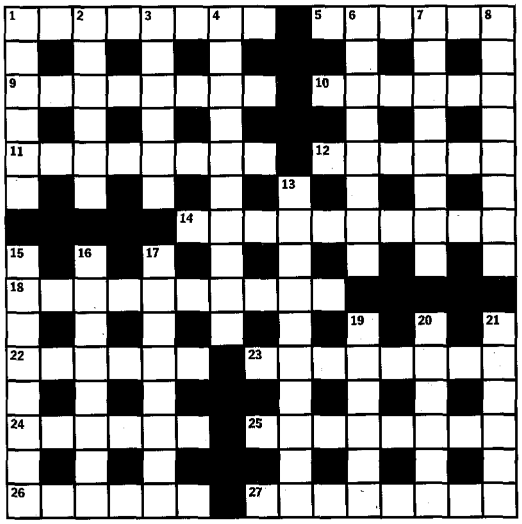
The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

1 "Value" is a paper newly in circulation. (8)
5 Masonry and wood god of the Romans. (6)
9 Relevant data. (8)
10 A drink, if cold, can go the wrong way. (6)
11 Mounting a revolt. (8)
12 Protection for TV viewers? (6)
14 A good man, and yet 16. (10)
18 The forecaster must look to the skies. (10)
22 No longer the attitude taken to risk. (6)
23 Sing a song composed about the pitch. (8)
24 A serving man gets into trouble when slow. (6)
25 Put an end to grants arranged by the French. (8)
26 A figure one's duplicated. (6)
27 A supporter—possibly he daren't show it. (8)



DOWN

1 Love outside right's defence. (6)
2 Favourite way to consume a banger. (6)
3 Stop a painter turning up before others. (6)
4 Deer people found in a foul state. (10)
6 Cowes has accommodation for the cabinet. (8)
7 Hang on, that's not clothing to be seen out in! (8)
8 Bank accepting foreign coin of late. (8)
13 Champion, age not revealed, appearing without fee maybe. (10)
15 Old American taking soft drink with a grimace. (8)
16 Arrest a boy for obstruction. (8)
17 Scheme involving pins being inserted in the heart. (8)
19 Majestic bearing to give delight. (6)
20 A complication, from the non-ma viewpoint. (6)
21 Leave due. (6)

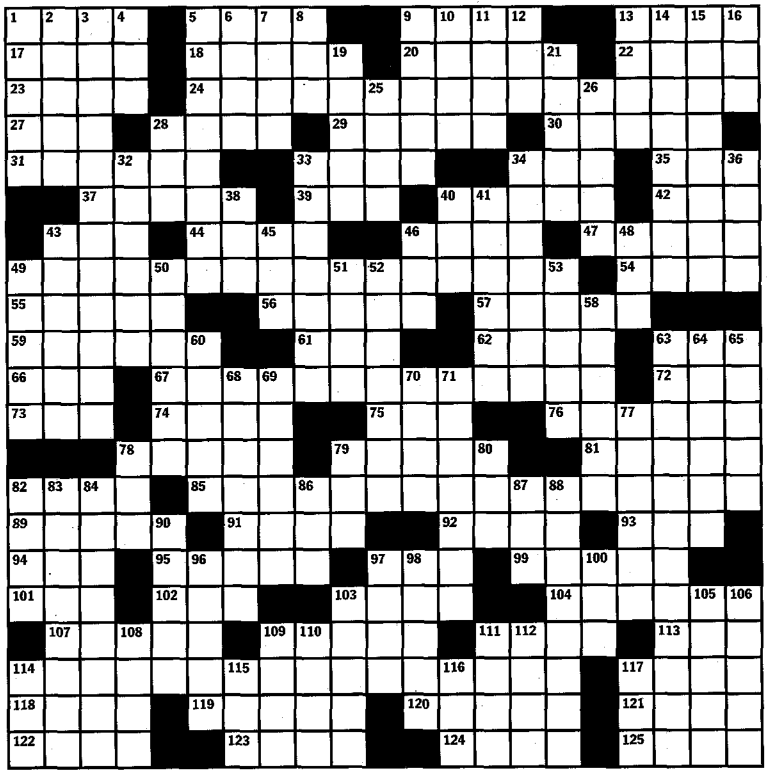
'Tenets, Anyone?': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

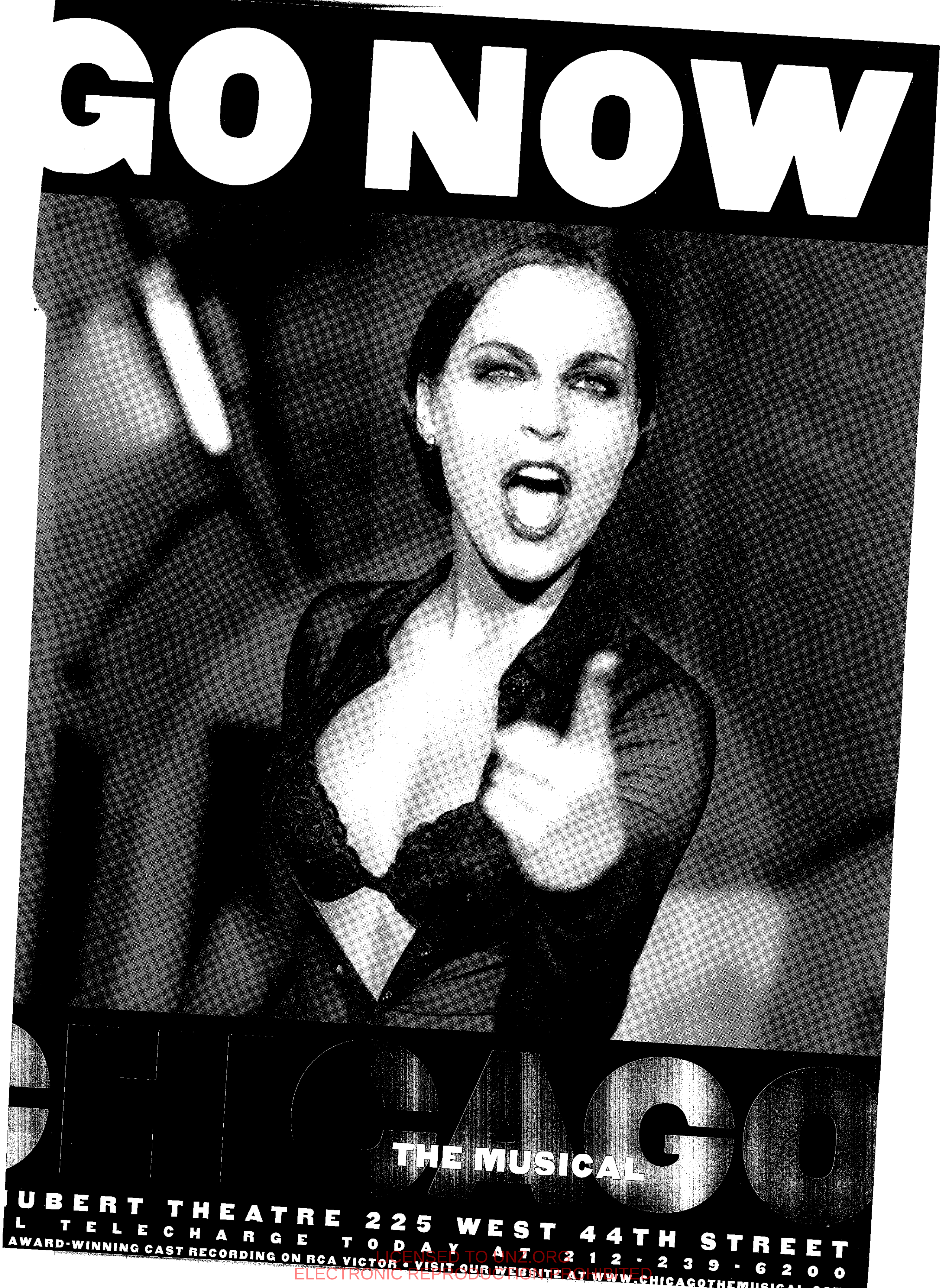
1 Order to the broker
5 Holy Tibetan
9 Bishop of Rome
13 Subsides
17 Phoner's code
18 Freezers
20 Hole —— (golfer's dream)
22 Dutch South African
23 Neighbor of Latvia: abbr.
24 Where a Western hero worships?
27 Play a role
28 Half a fortnight
29 Mephistopheles's victim
30 Hollywood family name
31 Smeary painter
33 Lawyer's undertaking
34 Bowler's target
35 Ordinal-number suffix
37 Closet wood
39 Smoker's evidence
40 Square root of nine
42 S.A. city of song
43 She, possessively
44 Skye caps
46 Slangy ending for buck
47 British carbines
49 Religious leader in London?
54 Slight advantage
55 A, as in Athens
56 Rose from a seat
57 Nick of "The Prince of Tides"
59 Blocks used to prevent rolling
61 Fourth notes of the scale
62 —— about (approximately)
63 Coll. in Nashville
66 Teacher's org.
67 Virgo?
72 Wise to the jive
73 Have a go at
74 Russia's —— Mountains
75 Notorious Amin
76 Logs in
78 Kin of a Stradivarius
79 Multiple Oscar–winner Previn
81 Discoverer of radium
82 Greetings from Sandy
85 Attending church?
89 Soda-fountain employees
91 Impose, as a fine
92 "Rule, Britannia" composer
93 Part of T.G.I.F.
94 Finder's exclamation
95 Beethoven's "Für ——"
97 Saloon furnishing
99 Suburb of Phoenix
101 Kind of doll
102 Dead heat
103 Symbol of peace
104 Sadat's predecessor
107 Deal a deadly blow
109 Bell town of fiction
111 Capricorn
113 40-Across, Italian-style
114 Mae West's mistake?
117 Loni's ex
118 Actress Russo
119 Shorthand pro
120 From a time when
121 Get an —— effort
122 "Thin Man" pooch
123 Prayer finale
124 Six-pack buy
125 '60s hairdo

DOWN

1 Dish of greens
2 Novelist Jong
3 What the vegetarian preacher suggested?
4 ——-di-dah
5 Men of letters
6 Need liniment
7 Earth inheritors
8 Provide weapons
9 Fit of displeasure
10 Burden
11 Versifier
12 Brian of British rock
13 Black, to Keats
14 Was next to, geographically
15 Scolding
16 Hit-show sign
19 Some beds, by day
21 Bergen dummy Klinker
25 Cummerbund
26 Districts
28 Left the singles scene
32 Big ——, WW I cannon
33 Pull free of the dock
34 Without fee (for the public benefit)
36 Hydrant attachment
38 Was a candidate
40 Before la la
41 Chum around (with
43 Aide
45 Flavor intensifier, fo short
46 Dadaism pioneer
48 Informal shirt
49 "—— that a dainty dish . . ."
50 Large champagne bottle
51 Coup d'——
52 In a hurry
53 "Why Do —— You?
58 Doughboys' ditch
60 Twilled silk fabric
63 Ceremonial items?
64 Calligraphy strokes
65 Unexpected win
68 Cole or Wood
69 Martini tidbits
70 Mussolini's daughte
71 Flier's payment
77 Garden bulbs
78 Make inquiry
79 No matter which on
80 Sense of pitch
82 Not quite closed
83 Goes over the same ground
84 Broken-off piece
86 "—— Been This Wa Before"
87 Bank-acct. earning
88 High-schooler
90 Begin fighting
96 Property claims
97 Willy Brandt's capit
98 Declares positively
100 Bath step-on
103 Broadway writer Runyon
105 Blooper
106 Fashionably nostalgi
108 Mental flash
109 Interrupter's sound
110 Metric unit of force
111 Last auction word
112 First Grimm word
114 Mme., in Spain
115 Incoming-flight abbr.
116 "Spare" bone
117 "Maude" star



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page



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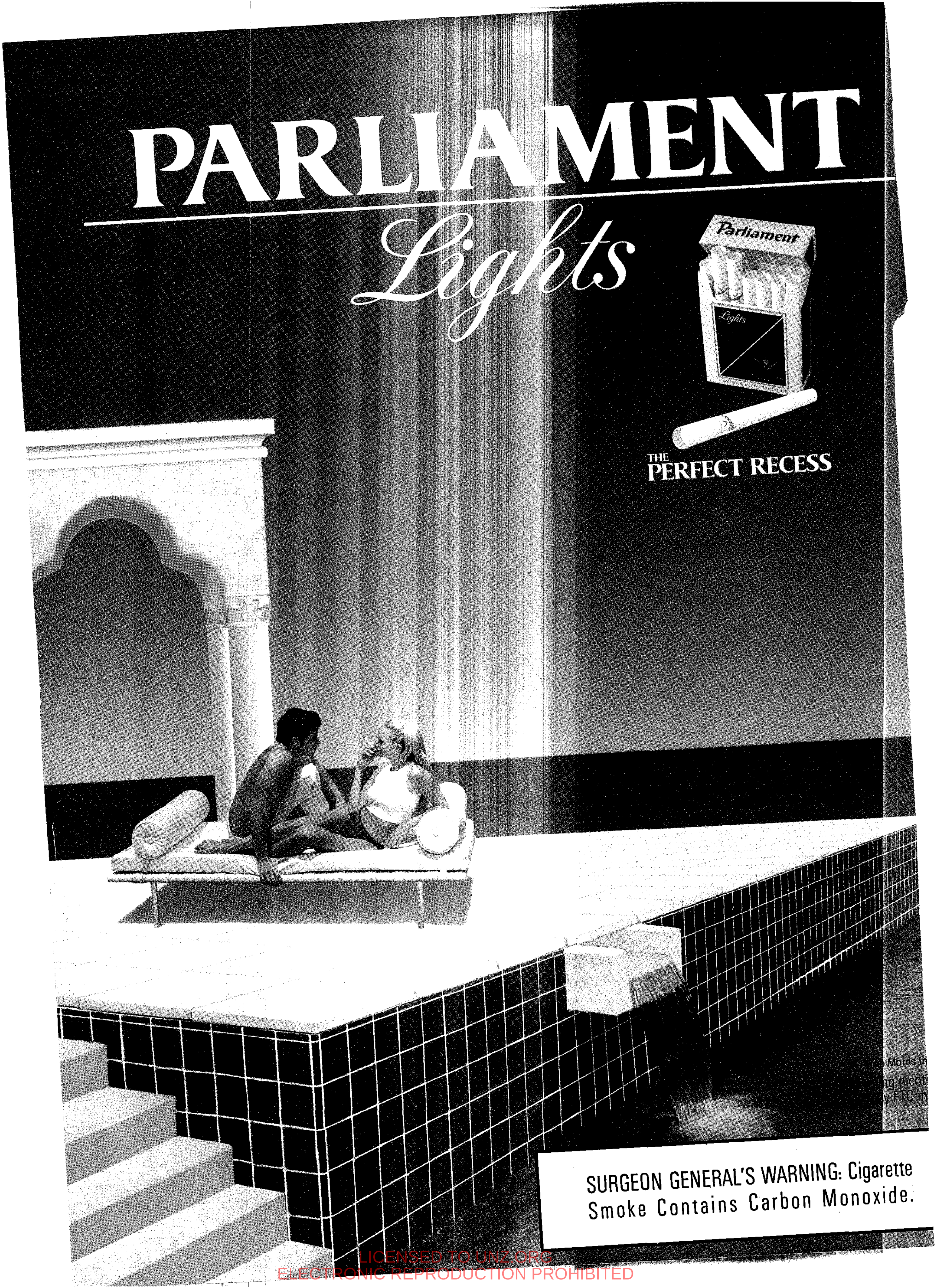
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